

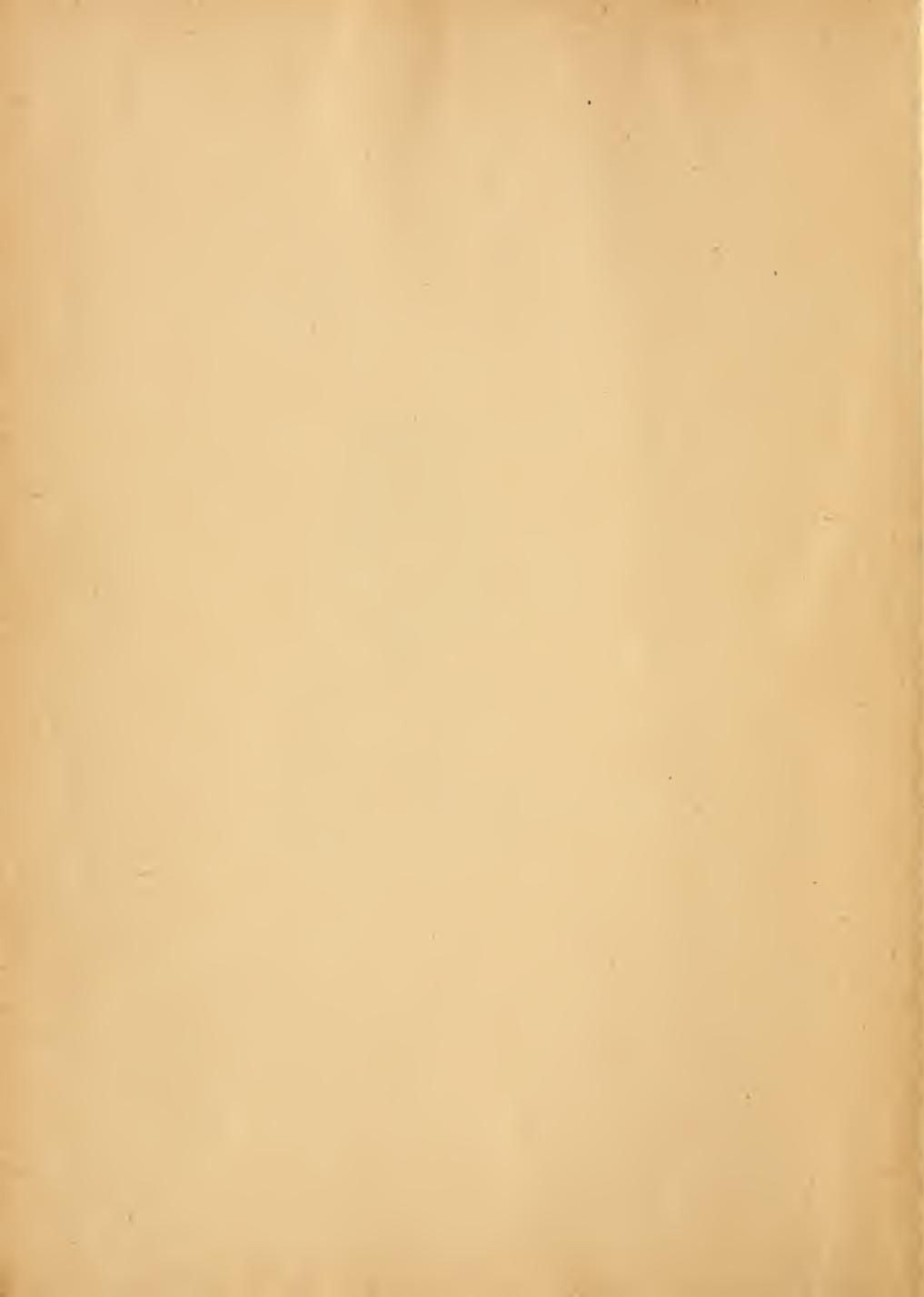


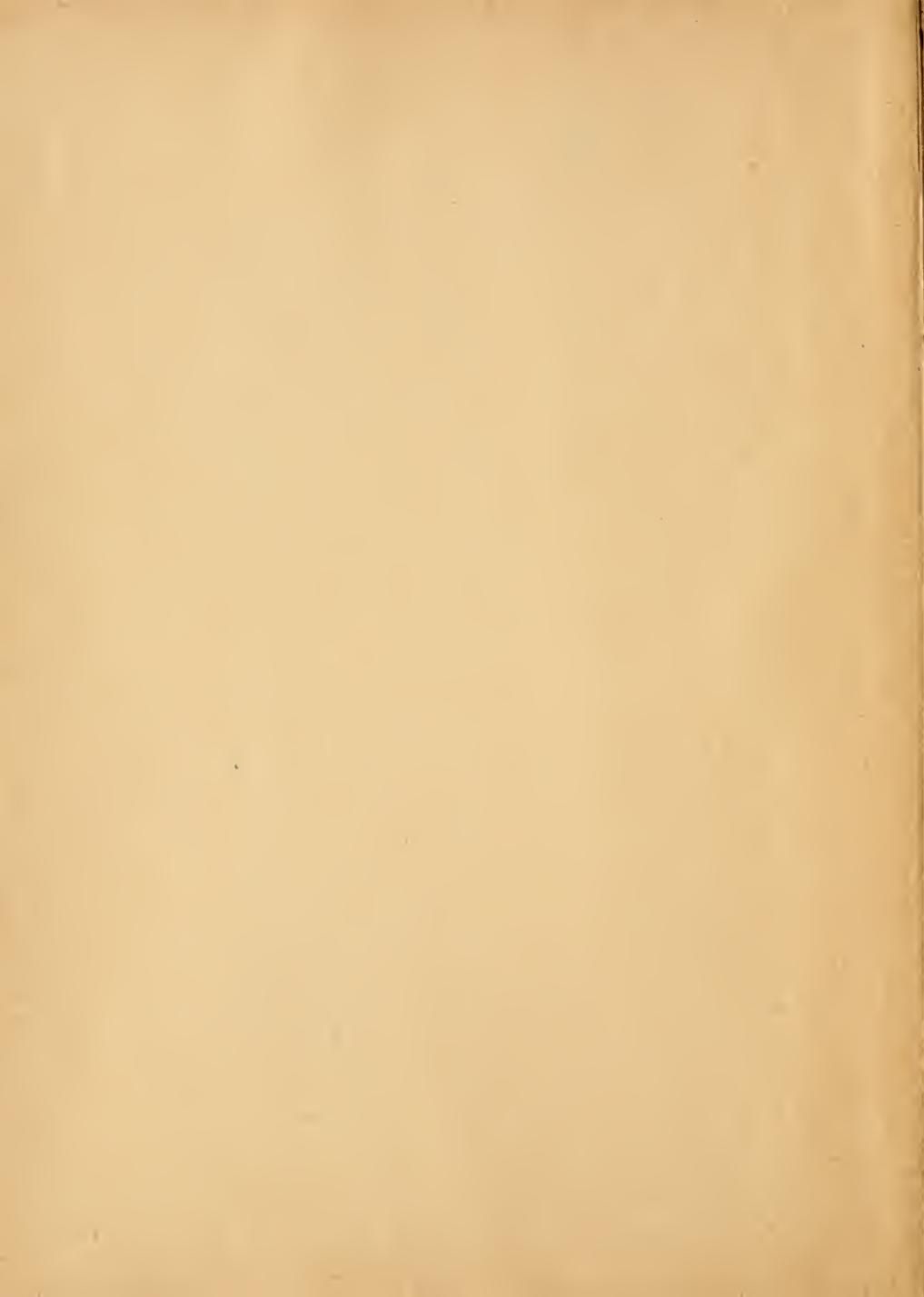
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The Wandering Yankee

The Wandering Yankee

or,

The Fun of Seeing Canada.

BY
ANSON A. GARD,

AUTHOR OF
MY FRIEND BILL,
THE YANKEE IN QUEBEC,
GARD'S LOG BOOK,
NATIONAL HYMN TO THE FLAG,
THE CUBAN BATTLE HYMN,
SOME DEED OF WORTH,
ETC., ETC.



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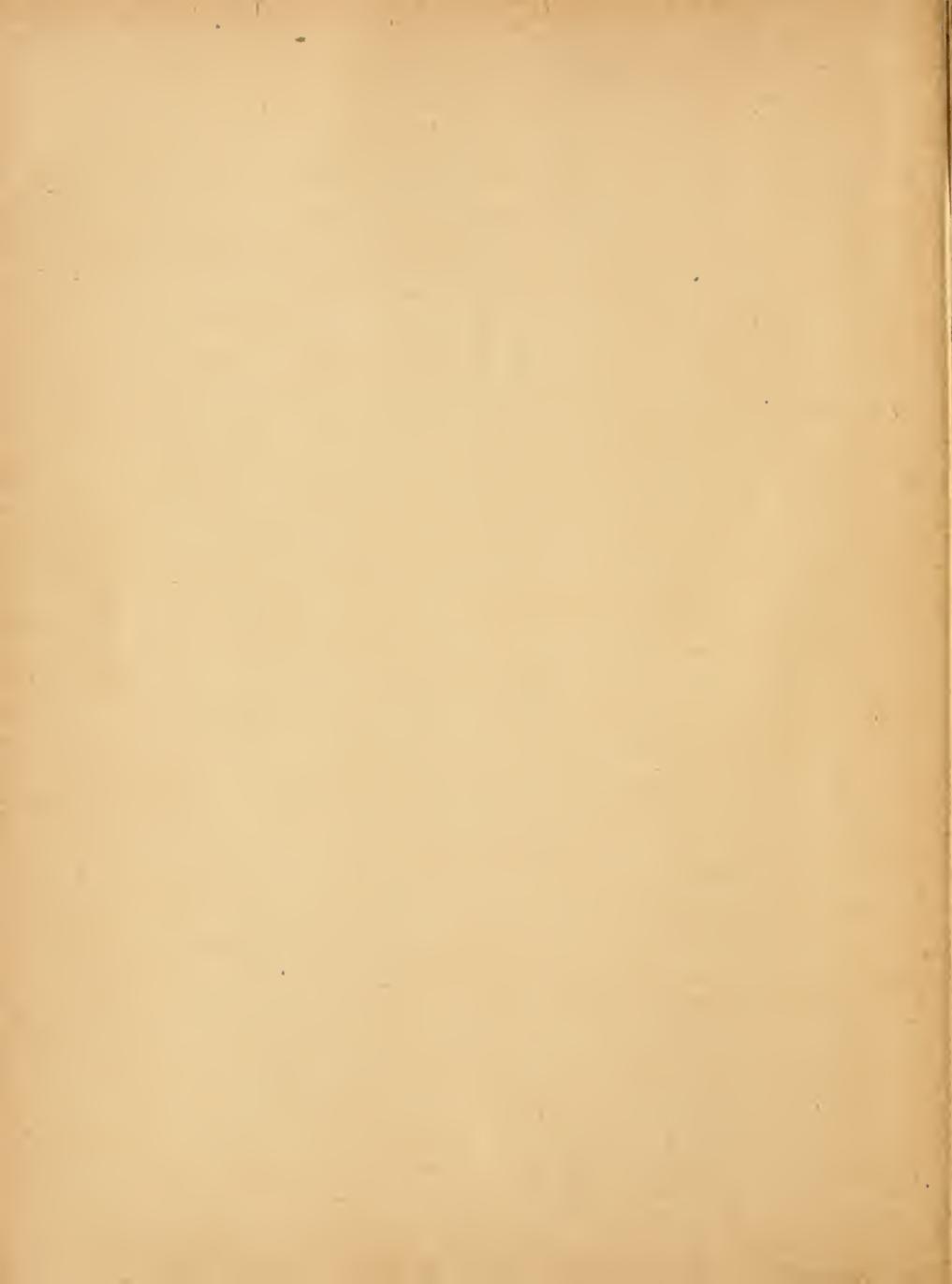
Dedication.



When one reaches a new country, one is not long therein until one learns who are the great men of that country. There will be in every city, local celebrities, men whom all accord the place of honor, but whose very names are often unknown outside the city limits. Again there are men whose names are known to the furthest corners of the land—known but not honored. Still, again, there may be a man whose very name brings a pleasing throb to the hearts of the humblest,—to the very boundaries of the Dominion. Go where you may, seek out the humble or the proud, and each will vie with the other in doing a loving homage to this man of worth.

When I thought to write of Montreal, I instinctively thought of the man to whom I wished to dedicate my work; but I could scarcely hope to be granted the honor, and yet I would ask the honor. Not because of his wealth or title—I care for neither; but because he was a man whose principles I could admire; because he was a man whom all his fellow men could love. I asked that honor. I asked to be allowed to dedicate my work to him. “Grant me the privilege,” I wrote, “it will help me put forth my best efforts.” In the most pleasing letter I have ever received, he replied, “I gladly accede to your request.” And I now herewith dedicate my humble effort to the man whom “The nation delighteth to honor,”

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.



INTRODUCTION.

“Colonel,” said I, one day, “I wish I knew some genial spirit, like yourself, in Montreal, I’d go over and see if I could find any fun in hunting up the old and getting acquainted with the new of that city.”

“Fun!” said the Colonel, with emphasis on the word, but more in his look: “Why, Rube, you’d find fun, as you call it, in a desert!”

“Well, Colonel, is that surprising? We must all find an occasional oasis in this Desert we call Life, else it would be one vast Sahara. My aim is to find the Oasis while the rest of the world go worrying over the Sands; then if I can share these oases with the passing traveler—make him forget for the time the ills and smile with me at the joys, I have done more of real worth than had I discovered a new star of the “Steenth’ magnitude, or found the variety of timber of which the North Pole is made. The world can do without the Star or worry along without the pole, but the world must needs have broken the monotony of life, and I mean to not only tell things but do my part toward the breaking. Yes, Colonel, if I knew some genial spirit in Montreal, I’d go over and see if I could find any fun while searching out the interesting features of Canada’s great metropolis.”

Introduction.

“Rube, let me tell you one thing right here. You will find Montreal a social zero. The people even freeze each other in their effort to hold their places. They never warm up lest it wouldn’t be proper.”

“See, here Colonel, I’ll wager that you’ve got that story from some ‘nobody’ who would not have been received in one of our own villages, much less in the society of our cities, and he calls Montreal cold because it would not throw its social doors open to him. When I hear a man express an opinion on a city or its people, I must first know the man before I give heed to his opinion, and even then I prefer seeing the city and its people before forming any opinion whatever of them.”

“Rube, you may be right, but I know a man of unblemished character, who was and is the associate of our own Generals, Senators, and is even recognized by our President who was two months in Montreal before he was invited out to dinner and even then the inviter changed his mind, at the last minute, and took him around the corner and offered him a drink.”

“Colonel Horatius—you’re a—well, no matter. I’m going over to Montreal, and I’ll wager you a Windsor dinner I’ll find it all right.”

And here I be, ready to win that dinner. The Colonel, who is never a busy man, has promised frequent visits to the Island City during my stay, and I assure you I will make good use of him since you all seemed to like him well in “The Yankee In Quebec,” throughout which he played no insignificant part.

The Wandering Yankee.

"There is no North, no South!" has rung up and down throughout the length and breadth of our land! It has been "Fourth of Julied" from the remotest Cross Roads to the stages of our great cities—and, no doubt, will continue to "ring" until our orators find something new to orate about.

This is all right for the States, but it would never do for Montreal. Why, Montreal has "four" Norths—North, due North, magnetic North and Montreal North, and with them all the sun rises in the South straight down Peel street, past the Windsor.

Neither the Colonel nor I can account for this. He says it may be owing to Montreal being on an island, or that it is bent out of plumb by the mountain at the edge of town, while Matt Quay's friend, John Conkling simply says: "Montreal, you're crooked, and have been ever since those New York aldermen got to coming up here!" As John is from near Philadelphia and used to help run its polities,

John ought to be authority on anything "crooked," so we will let it go at that. Yes, children, Montreal is on an island of the same name. You may have known it but I didn't. The Ottawa river comes down, and divides itself up indiscriminately among a lot of islands in trying to join itself to the St. Lawrence, and, apropos of the "joining" it's almost like trying to mix oil and water—one of them is mineral, clear and blue, while the other is vegetable—yellow and thick—one so unlike the other in color that you can see the line between the two distinctly marked for many miles down the river past the city. This island on which the city and mountain stand is about 30 miles long, and at the widest point 10 miles in width.

Montreal has had so many aliases that it is a wonder it can recognize itself. It started out as an Indian town called

HOCHELAGA,

then it was called

VILLE MARIE

"the city of Mary." It next was

MOUNT ROYAL

so called from the mountain. Finally this last named became

MONTREAL

or as the French would say, "Mo'real." The "nt" being silent—like about one half of the

letters in all their words seem to be until one wonders why they use them at all, in this busy age of shortening everything up to the limit.

Montreal waited 43 years—to be discovered—after Columbus made his historical entry, into the Continent.

WHEN JACQUES CARTIER CAME TO TOWN

(pronounce Gshok Karcha). Cartier came over, you know, from France along in the thirties to discover the Stadoconas, at Quebec. The Stadaconas were named after a Fishing and Hunting Club out on the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. After having properly discovered them he started up the river to visit the Hochelagans, much against the will of the aforesaid Stadaconas who were afraid that "Gshak's" supply of beads would run out before his return. They did everything possible except to use force to detain him, pretending to have a great love for him—the love increasing after each distribution of trinkets—but he would go.

THE HOCHELAGANS,

were expecting him as he had telegraphed to them that he was coming. So that on his arrival at the foot of McGill street they greeted him and his crew with great demonstrations of joy—equalling if not surpassing that given a Duke and Duchess. They were so new to all of them. This was on the evening of Oct. 2, 1535.

They would have had Jacques come up town that night yet, but he wanted to make a grand

entry and preferred daylight. Early on the morning of the 3rd, a large delegation of Aldermen were down at the wharf to escort him up. They were all bedecked with new paint and some feathers, and, no doubt, presented an imposing spectacle. History does not state the exact line of the parade, but I, having as much right to make history as anyone else who don't



THE WELCOME.

know, will state positively that the line of march was up McGill street to Victoria Square, through the centre of which "ran" Craig street, which they crossed by 'swimming'—a custom extending down to the present day. The aldermen not being civilized were conse-

quently honest, and as the party emerged "from" the street they explained to Cartier that they found it impossible for them to get rich themselves, and, at the same time, keep their streets in passable condition—save by canoes. After they had swam Craig street, they came up Beaver Hall Hill to Phillips Square, crossed St. Catherine, thence out Union avenue past the Colonial House to Sherbrooke, up which they led the way to their town proper, located just south of Sherbrooke,—across the way from McGill College—at Mansfield and Metcalf streets, and North of Burnside.



THE HOBSONISING OF MR. JACQUES CARTIER.

From Cartier's report, which he furnished to all the Guide Books of "Hoehelaga," he must have had an interesting, if not a hilarious time, when he got into the circular town proper. Jacques was not only a real hero of the Merrimac sinking type, but a very brave man as well, for as he admits

ALL THE WOMEN KISSED HIM.

“Brave man,” for to have been thus Hobsonized in so general a way would have called for a high degree of bravery—unless perchance the Hochelaganesses were “The Beautiful Indian Maidens” who existed in old historic times. In that case the Colonel—a brave ladies’ man—says Jacques Cartier, was really an object of envy. The Colonel also seems to think that there was some error about his being a married man as he would never have mentioned this particular fact, had he been.

Jacques is said to have been the first man to exclaim:

“ HOCH DER KI(S)SER !”

After Jacques had gone through this ordeal (?) the Mayor of the city, Agou Hanna, delivered the customary speech of welcome, a speech of the usual length—and interest. There is no record extant as to what particular branch of the Hanna family Agou belonged to, but it is supposed to be the same from which “Mark” sprang, as the propensity to “Boss” runs so generally through the lines of the two in question.

HONOURS OF CARTIER.

I would dearly love to tell you more of this Cartier story, but space forbids. But I must dwell long enough to say that Jacques is down in all the books as one of the real characters of Early Canada. They pay him all sorts of honours here in Montreal—where they have named Rubber Shoe and Pulp Companies for him,

given him a Square—on which they have built some one else's monument at one end, and used all the balance as a market where any market



THE MAYOR ADDRESSING JACQUES CARTIER

morning you can take your basket and buy anything you wish from a "hand" of home raised tobacco to a 300 pound shoat—and do many other things to honor his name. Yes,

Jacques Cartier was a real hero,—but he didn't stay long enough in town to get to know it as he should, else he would not have come in on Oct. 2nd., and gone away on the 4th. I got here myself one day and wanted to get out the next, but didn't have the price—now I like it so well I could stay always. Cartier wanted to have gone on up the river to Caughnawaga, but the Lachine Canal wasn't completed yet and he couldn't get up the rapids west of town, so he returned to Quebec, 190 miles down the river. It was a long time—76 years—until the next pioneer happened this way, then

SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN

found himself on the scene. He came across from France, stopping at Quebec long enough to found it, (in 1608), and get it in running order. He came up the river in 1611 and founded a trading post on the old Custom House Square afterwards called "La Place Royale."

MAISONNEUVE.

Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, with the Governor, De Montmagny Father Vimont, a Jesuit, Mlle. Mance, one other woman, and fifty-five men, on May 18th, 1642, landed and founded Ville Marie.

The Indians had, since the Jacques Cartier days of 107 years previous, done so much fighting among themselves, that they had lost all their former hospitality, and Maisonneuve had

to build a picket fort, and for a great many years the settlers had to keep within its bounds, lest they be attacked by the savage Iroquois.

ORIGINAL LIMITS.

The original village was very small. It extended north and south, back from the river to Fortification Lane, between St. James and Craig streets, and east and west from Dalhousie-Square, (Place Viger Station of the C.P.R.) to McGill street. It was really an island, as small creeks surrounded it on all sides. Craig street was then a considerable stream, River à Pierre, and if anything more navigable than at present.

THE PLACE D'ARMES

was then, as it is now, the business centre of the town, and since Maisonneuve figured so largely in those olden days, it is most appropriate that the really beautiful monument to him should stand as it does in the centre of this square, all about which are the great Bank of Montreal (with its millions of capital, making it one of the strongest monied institutions on the Continent), some of the largest insurance buildings in the city, and many other fine business institutions. But that which will be of most interest to the tourist is the great church of Notre Dame and the old Seminary of St. Sulpice across Notre Dame street to the south. The church will be noted among "The Churches of Montreal" further along. There are some

TABLETS

on buildings facing this Square, put there by the Antiquarian Society which is wisely marking the spots of historical interest in all parts of the old Ville Marie. This Society, however seems to take it for granted that the English-speaking public know all about it, as the tablets are mostly in French.

RUBE REDISCOVERS MONTREAL.

Having rediscovered Montreal, I am here to see this city and simply wander around, pick up what I can during the winter, give you an occasional impression of its sports, people, and whatever occurs worth noting, with no order of arrangement, just as you would find it were you to drop into town in the early part of winter to remain until the blossoms come again. At first I was disappointed as see my sketch on.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

It's Christmas Day. The Colonel and I refused all invitations to dinner, (the invitations are to be framed in gold and marked "exhibit A") and dined with the bride and groom, from Princeton and Baltimore respectively, who said they were going to have a little "play dinner" in their rooms, and have things "just like mother used to." Say, "mother" (they did not say which one's) must have had things fine at her Christmas dinners! At any rate, the Colonel and I will never, never forget the

"Play Dinner," Christmas Day of 1901. It's now late and the Colonel is not over it yet, but that's not telling you of "winter sports in Canada." I want to meet the man who invented those four words, and put them together! Here it is Dec. 25, and all in the world that "the only Percy" or genial "Matt" Murphy can show us of "winter sports" is a skating rink, which I thought was a flower conservatory until "Percy" told me different, and a lot of pictures at the M.A.A.A. of some boys and girls sliding down hill on a long board which "Matt" says is called "tobogganning," but which I could almost risk a wager, was taken of our old crowd, sliding down Wilson's Hill on a plank at Tremont. "Yes, Rube," said "Matt," one day, while standing in front of this picture, "tobogganning and icepalacing and hockey and snowsheeing and ski ing (I didn't ask 'Matt' if this was spelled 'sking' or 'skying' or 'ski ing'—at any rate, that's what 'Matt' called it) are great sport." "Yes," said I, "but when do you do it? Now I can't wait around up here till next summer just to have you prove that these pictures were not taken down there on the Fort Lee Hill—where everything slides all the year around. No, I want to see for myself." Then he took me down there where they have since built a beautiful shrine to a man whose greatness should have warranted him a monument instead, and showed me where had once stood an ice palace. "Here is where we icepalaced in 1889. Oh, it was a splendid spectacle." "Yes, I hear all that, but what did you build it out of?" "Why, ice, of course, what do you suppose?" pityingly.

"Well, I really don't know. You, people up here, have a way of building things that I can't follow the plans of. Some of you built that sentence 'Winter Sports in Canada,' and flooded our country with its photograph until you even made me bring all my winter clothes with me last June, then 'roasted' me after you got me up here. I tell you 'Matt,' it looks like a scheme of your tailors and haberdashers to make us bring out-o'-season clothes, then, in self-defence, buy their stock—why, I expected to, at least, find the ruins of your last palace, if not the palace itself, and all you show me is this shrine where it stood, and tell me, 'Oh, it was a beautiful spectacle!' I tell you 'Matt,' it would take a very strong pair of them to 'see' this 'winter sports in Canada' business."

"Rube, don't get impatient, we'll show you yet!" Here it is Christmas and he has only showed me the photograph. "Brown, here," said "Matt" one day, at the "Alphabetical Club"—"can bear me out."

Then Brown produced a pamphlet of the long ago, and let me read what Luke Sharp had said on tobogganing, and told me, "Rube, just wait. I'll let Paton take you down, and 'Luke Sharp' that he don't open your eyes!"

"Thirty days?" said I, and he deserved it.

I met a hackman the other day. Poor fellow, I felt sorry for him. He was lamenting the hard times. Said he: "You, Yankees, come up here and won't ride unless we can haul you around in sleighs!" That explained the mud sleighing they do. I couldn't understand it before. Why, I do think Montreal can do more sleighing on slight provocation than any place

I ever saw. They start as soon as it begins snowing and keep it up until the rain drives them in, which usually is in a very short while. But there, the Colonel is waking "What? No. I can't—I'm broke." He wants me to go out and buy him some ice. The Colonel is always wanting some luxury or other. "Winter Sports in Canada?" Dont' you believe it."

TOBOGGANNING.

"You see it happened this way, when I read to The Only Percy and Matt Murphy what I had to say about 'Winter Sports in Canada,' I saw at once that they felt something must be done to save the reputation of the aforesaid 'Sports,' else when my book got down into the States, the other Yankees would see that for years they had been laboring under a delusion about Canada being a place where everything is frozen up and the people have nothing to do during the long winter months but build ice palaces and feed its polar bears. "Percy," said Matt, "something must be done, else Rube here will ruin the reputation of our winter sports." "Yes, Matt," said Percy, "but what can we do, with the thermometer at 20 degrees above Weehawken and still rising?"

"Leave that to me!" said Matt, and that was all I knew of his intentions until one day about a week later, I read in the "Gazette" a prognostication from the pen of Montreal's Devoe, Prof. Perrin. It ran something like this. "Get out your skates, toboggans and snowshoes. A severe cold wave is coming. It left Arkansas yesterday at 12.29 for the Gulf,

where it will reverse sails, come up the Mississippi Valley, veer easterly by north across the Muskingum, reach Hackensack about Sunday-school time, and from thence, westerly by north, touch Chicago, near the Stock Yards, at 23.40 Intercolonial time, play around among the lakes on its way down the St. Lawrence and be here for breakfast on Wednesday."



When I read this I saw that Perrin had been "seen" by Matt, and as this great producer of weather had never been known to fail, I felt: "I might as well take my duster down to uncle Lazzarus, get what I can on it and buy an overcoat." It was lucky for me that I did, for sure enough the snow began to fall on schedule time, and kept it up until it must have been fully five inches deep by Saturday. I couldn't imagine at first why the small boy and his sister seemed so hilarious, but was told after-

wards that for four years there had been very little tobogganning. No wonder they were happy, dear children. Montreal could once more have real sliding and not have to content itself with the photograph. But, why delay the telling of my own toboggan ride ! Ah, that ride ! As I sit here in the hospital, now able to be wheeled to the window, I feel myself still going down, down that mountain slide, with all the thrills running up and down my frame. You see it had been arranged that the Colonel and the boys should go out to the slide with Will Geraughty, while Jim (I promised to forget the rest of it), took me out in his sleigh. "Rube," said Jim, "you must have a suit to do this thing proper."

"All right," said I, "but I've no time to get one—the snow may be gone before we reach there, if I have to hunt around for a suit."

"Let's see," said Jim, "I guess I may be able to find one for you that Mark Twain and Luke Sharp and other notables wore at various times, when I took them tobogganning, years ago." I was almost glad when he came back from the attic with an arm load of things, and said he feared the moths had eaten the old suit. I know I should have felt out of place in the suit worn by great men.

The only thing toboggan we could find, was one red stocking that came well above the knee. This we mated with a blue checked golf, with a rolling top. The "pants" were a corduroy pair of the well "puffed" riding variety, coat used in ice-boating and a curling cap, with a nice button on top. "So far so good," said Jim, "now you must have a ceinture to

hold your coat on, and a pair of snowshoe moccassins, and you'll be fixed," both of which he found, but the moccassins were his, and very tight for me, but Jim said they'd stretch, and we started.

"We'll first go round past the M.A.A.A. (I don't think I've lost any of the 'A's) rink and toboggan slide—I want you to see the people who patronize the sports."

I didn't know Montreal had so many pretty



THEY STOPPED TOBOGGANNING.

girls as I saw that afternoon, and they were all so pleasant, too—why, as I walked up and down along that slide there was hardly one of all the number, but who looked at me and smiled so sweetly—some of them even stopped tobogganning and laughed right out—they did seem so sociable. The Colonel said when he saw my toboggan suit: "Well I'm not surprised!" I'm going to have

Fitz Maurice draw me and the suit together—sort of a group, you know, when I get out and see if it would make you smile and stop tobogganing. From this rink Jim drove me up, up, up Montreal's own mountain, until we were on the very top. Oh, but the view from there was fine—as you looked out over—but I've no time to talk about views, this was my toboggan day. "Where's the Colonel?" I asked of Will Geraughty, who with Matt was waiting for us, "Why," said Will, "he and Percy have just gone up, here, Rube, follow us," as he and Jim and Matt started up a long pair of stairs—Say—these Montreal tobogganers are not content to slide down the side of a mountain respectable like—they have gone and built a high house right on the top and you have to climb up a long flight of steps and start off the roof like a Darius Green learning to fly.

"It's just no use, I am too innocent to travel alone! I never suspect anything or anybody until after the accident! What do you suppose that crowd did with me? Let me tell you. There they stood blocking up the way on that steep roof, pretending to quarrel as to how we'd go down, and then said I must take the seat of honor, in front. "No," said I, "you'll never get me to sit in front—in fact, you won't get me to sit at all, I'm going to lie down like I used to on Wilson's Hill, at Tremont. If I get killed I don't want to sit up and see it done right before my very eyes, even if I did take out a \$12,000 policy for this occasion!"

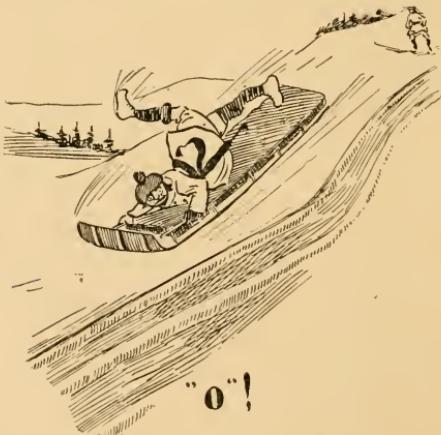
"Get out of the way!"

"Go back and sit down!"



“ Come off the perch !”

“ What’s the matter up there ?” and all along down that waiting line were thrown all sorts of exclamation and interrogation points at me until I feared I’d need that policy before I even got started. They wouldn’t give me time to tell you that a toboggan is nothing but a thin board, turned up at the front end, and long enough for a half dozen riders. “ Jump on, quick,” said Jim, “ any way you please !” I lay down and do you believe it there wasn’t



one of them got on with me, but, quicker than I can tell it, they pushed me off that roof alone, and I shot out like a 200 pounder with a 500 pound charge. Say, were you ever shot out of a mortar gun ?” “ No, well, then you’ll have to guess the rest. If the track had been straight I wouldn’t so much have minded it, but I hadn’t gone a hundred yards when I dropped clear off the earth and didn’t land again until I reached the other side of the moat or

ditch or valley or whatever they call that 'jump' place, and when I did land it was with a very large sized O, which instantly froze and veered over into the center slide where it struck a small boy. I was sorry for the poor lad, but he should not have been in the O zone. Down, down I dropped, getting more scared each second, (Tobogganining, you know, is done by seconds). The Empire Express was only a way freight in comparison to the speed I was going when I struck that dog, about half a mile from the roof. Never before had I left a track so



quickly as I did at that instant. I shot through a great wide snow bank at the side, doing the neatest bit of tunnel work I have ever seen done. I went through the wire fence, over piles of rock—every thing in that snow bank—just as though they hadn't been there. When I was coming to the Colonel and Percy and the rest of the boys were quietly discussing the best way to distribute that \$12,000 policy—and talking over the good points of the "late lamented." I heard the Colonel say, among

other things, "I always told Rube that that fast life of his would be the end of him yet--Poor Rube, he was a good fellow, but, oh, how 'easy.'"

Why, I felt almost gratified to think I'd been killed just to hear what an all round good fellow I had been. One never knows how good one is until one has struck a dog on a Montreal toboggan slide ! Apropos of



THE MONTREAL AMBULANCE SERVICE.

A Montreal horse that can't go better than 1.41 is taken off the track and hitched to the ambulance, and when you get in and start for the hospital, you instinctively feel for your watch--forgetting that your "Uncle" has it--to see if that horse isn't making it at 1.30 or better. And, again, apropos, this time of

THE MONTREAL HOSPITAL SERVICE.

It is simply perfect ! Why, the nurses have treated me so well that I'll be sorry when I

have to leave, and go out into the cold, cold world and take up my daily avocation, of hunting for things to tell you about. You see, the nurses had learned that I was the same Rube, who in "My Friend Bill" had paid the "nurse" so high and well deserved compliment.

"Which Montreal hospital am I in?" Excuse me. I'll not tell you, else you, too, will go hunting for a dog on the Mountain Slide. But, for that matter, I guess all the nurses in all the hospitals are about the same.



You know it is a conceded fact that the best nurses in America, if not in the world, are these same Canadian girls. Why, I do not know, but they are. I had often heard it said, and believed it—now I know it. "Will I go tobogganing again? Yes, and often, though I cannot promise to ever again 'try it on the dog first!' but go I will, dog or no dog."

A GOOD STORY.

Good stories like poor old Homer never lack for a place of birth. There wasn't a town of any size in all Greece but claimed the honor of being responsible for Homer's early start in life. I haven't yet found a Canadian town,

large or small, if it have a toboggan slide, but will tell you in all seriousness about how that a certain prominent visitor, who, when he was taken down their slide said, "I wouldn't have missed that for \$100—but I wouldn't take it over for \$1,000." It doesn't vary so much as a syllable. They all tell it the same, only changing the name of the prominent who said it. After considerable investigation I have, I think, traced the story to its real origin. H. C. Rowley, one of the publishers of the "Webster Dictionaries," of Springfield, Mass., was here, the guest of the well-known book man, Wm. Drysdale, on St. Catherine street. They went out to the old Montreal A. A. A. slide. Just as Rowley finished his first trip down, James Harper, then on the "Gazete," but now with the "Witness," asked, "Well, Mr. Rowley, how did you like the ride?" "Oh, it was fine, fine. I wouldn't have missed it for \$100!"

"Here, Mr. Rowley," said Jim Paton, with whom more prominent have gone down than with any other man in Canada, "come, try a ride with me."

"Wouldn't go again for \$1,000!"

WINTER IN CANADA.

How often have I wished for ideal winter. I've watched the snow fall, and hoped it might remain long enough to have some fun sleighing. In the old Ohio home where my social circuit extended over a wide area, in the days when I cared more for fun than work, I never dared to start away in a sleigh, lest I came

home in the mud. It was not because the weather was not cold enough, but in that country, it would snow, and melt and freeze, then snow and melt and freeze some more. There was no counting on what was coming. The winter, by its constant change from cold to warm and back to cold again, was the most unhappy season of all the year. I used often to wish that winter would be winter and stop at that, but it never would, it just kept on changing, with each change worse than the last.

Here I be, in Canada, in the winter of 1902. I cry out in the fullness of joy, "Eureka!" at last I have found the hope of my boyhood days! I have found the ideal winter of my young dreams and am happy. When winter started in, or rather after the time it should have started, it was so like our own that I was disappointed and wrote as I did in my sketch of Christmas Day, on "Winter Sports in Canada," and the subsequent one on "Tobogganning." Matt and the Colonel say that those sketches were bad enough to have brought about a change in even Canadian weather—at any rate, they had hardly been written when the change came and a more pleasing season than I have found winter Canada to be I have never seen in any land. I feared Canadian winter and only remained by force of circumstances, but, oh the joy of it all! It snows and remains just cold enough to keep it in perfect condition. It does not melt and run together in a mass as in our cities—weeks may pass and the snow shoveler can load his cart sled with a large scoop shovel—never having to use a pick to loosen the snow bank, but can throw it up as

though it had just fallen. It does not pack and become a mass of ice, save where it is beaten down by constant travel. Sleighs run here and there—everything goes on runners from the pleasure sleigh to the mournful hearse. Why, even the street cars—I am told—once slid along through the streets. The snow is not deep. I've seen deeper snow about New York City than in Montreal, but here a little snow serves all purposes of sleighing for, as I said, the weather remains just cool enough to keep it from melting—Ideal winter—winter in Canada.

Quebec held

“A WEEK OF SPORTS”

recently. I was there—and now listen to what I tell you. If ever one of my readers should, in the future, hear it barely mentioned that there is to be a Carnival, or a Week of Sports anywhere in Canada, don't wait to be begged to attend, but pack your trunks and come. Don't fear the cold—the weather is delightful. All winter I've gone about with the same shoes of summer, with no rubbers and am comfortable. I use this simple proof as best to convey to you the real conditions, for many of you think of this climate as I did, that it is bleak and cold, and barren and uncomfortable. Dispel that notion for on honour, it is, as I say, delightful.

But, then, a word on the “Quebec Week of Sports.” It was not a Carnival with its Ice Palace, but simply a week spent in the various sports characteristic of Canada. Without going into detail as to the tobogganning, skiing,

snow shoe parades, hockey and curling matches, fire-works,

THESE WERE VERY BEAUTIFUL.

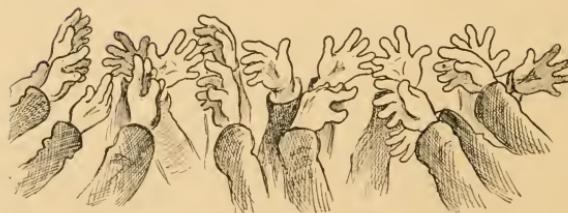
Sleighting parties to Montmorency Falls, where, at the Kent House, were often as many as two thousand visitors, and the other features, without, I say, going into details, I will simply speak of the

SNOW SHOE CLUBS' CONCERT,

which alone was worth hundreds of miles travel to see.

It was all so new to me. It was held in the great Drill Hall. The stage—a very large one—was one mass of color, made up by the gay uniforms of the combined snow shoe clubs, gathered from many parts of Canada. No one could conceive the beauty of it all—and when they joined in chorus it was beyond telling. The Canadians are naturally musical. Strike up a song among a body of young men, and instantly it is taken up and carried along as by a trained chorus. The most delightful part to me of the Duke and Duchess late visit, was that great Canadian chorus under the leadership of Vézina—that night on the Terrace—Vézina led again this night of the Snow Shoe Clubs' Concert. After the concert came the tug of war by many teams. It too was new to me. Some of the men on the teams were veritable giants in strength, but evenly matched. Their muscles were like bands of steel, and as they swayed, and pulled, ever and anon, sud-

denly letting slack the rope and quickly gathering it in—now seeming certain of victory—now losing—the vast audience first standing up,



RUBE GETS BOUNCED.

—(BY A. G. RACEY.)

then getting on the chairs, the better to see, showed the intense excitement as the opposing giants swayed and pulled until the referee called time. So evenly were the various teams

matched that they had to pull and pull again to determine the victors. Train time came for me, but what was a day longer—midnight was struck and still we held the chairs. I never cou'l have believed that so simple a thing as two teams of men tugging at a rope, could have so held my attention—but they did—and can do it again. During the waits, between the tugging of the teams—the snow shoers made merry by “bouncing” unwary victims.

Weldon's wily eye caught sight of me on top of a chair near by. He gave a signal and before I knew what had happened I was making journeys toward the roof, with the double fear of striking the roof on the up and the floor on the down turn. I felt like an overgrown “Oh !” in both the up and the down. I always thought the “Bounce” was done with the blanket, but instead the victim is thrown up and caught in the outstretched hands of the bouncers. Now that is all over and I wasn't either dropped or scared to death, I am greatly obliged to Weldon for catching sight of me on top of that chair.

SNOW SHOE PARTY.

During the winter the various Montreal clubs make life enjoyable by snow shoe tramps over the mountain. The ladies as well as the men take part and are very expert. Thanks to the M.A.A.A., I, too, became an expert.

In short, I repeat if you ever hear of a Canadian Carnival, or “Week of Sports,” don't question, but go, and thank me for the advice. I



G. M. FAIRCHILD

forgot to mention a very interesting feature of the "Quebec Week of Sports." It was the making of a number of

INDIAN CHIEFS

by the Huron tribe of Indians of Indian Lorette, about which I told you in "The Yankee in Quebec." Here is one of the new chiefs. He is a very large chief, but not at all dangerous as he is a "Good Indian," although a "live one."

CURLING.

Curling is a Scotch game and is played mostly with brooms—of course, they need some ice and a "curling iron" to play it properly, but to an onlooker the broom is the chief feature. I said it was a Scotch game, as I know of no other nation or people who would have the patience to play it. It is the other extreme of games, with hockey holding first place. It is as slow as hockey is fast. It is the tortoise and the rabbit all over again with men as the participants.

The Colonel and I went to see a game between the Rideau Club, of Ottawa, and the Montreal team, played in the rink of the Montreal Curling Club. We were told that the game was a very exciting one, but the only thing exciting, was in my trying to keep the Colonel awake long enough to see it out.

Did you ever see curling curled? No? Well I never had either until that night. I will tell you a little about it, so that if you

ever see it coming down the pike you won't pass as strangers. This rink has three alleys, some 20 feet wide and 140 feet long. At either end there are several black circles, each one, of course, smaller than the next larger one, like the circles on a target. The "bull's eye" is what you aim to land on. The thing you use to play with is called a "stone" because it is made out of iron. It is round and flat, with an "L" handle, turned at right angle on top. It is about eight inches across and about four inches high, and weighs from 50 to 60 pounds. You stand at one end as though bowling, but you swing easy like, then push it along, and the "stone" goes down the alley about as fast as you would walk if you were not in a hurry. It goes so slowly that you can't but wonder why it goes at all, but in the hand of an expert like Lieut. Colonel Sherwood it gets right there. Why, in that game, Sherwood could make that stone do more odd things than I could tell you of. He could make it fairly weave in and out, and stop where he pleased to put it, or knock other stones away. One time his side had a possible count, the Colonel looked at the bunch and said, "I think I'll strike this stone here, (indicating) carom that one and leave our three safe." Now, think of the consummate skill of the player! He walked to the further end, took his bearings, and started the stone down the 140 feet. It seemed to be going off to the side, but when within fifty feet, it began weaving or curling in, struck the exact spot on the stone indicated before the play, knocked it, and another of the opposing stones away, and left the three stones safe for his side. This play

even waked "my" Colonel up, and he didn't go to sleep after that. This Lieut.-Colonel Sherwood is the Chief of the Dominion Police. If he is as good a chief as he is a curler, then, Canada is a bad place for the criminal.

"What part does the broom play?" Oh, I forgot to tell you about the broom. You see when curling was played out doors the ice had to be kept clear and smooth with brooms—well, the descendants of those old open ice players have inherited the broom habit and they keep on sweeping as religiously on the smoothest of indoor ice as though the game were being played in a snow storm. It is the fun of the game to see two or three of them in front of the coming stone, sweeping as though for their very lives, acting for all the world as if their efforts were helping the inanimate stone along while the other players swing their brooms and cry out, "Soup, (sweep) soup, soup, for your lives!" Like everything else that a Scot does, he curls with his heart in the play. It is a game played by the finest men in the Dominion. One of the best curlers is possibly the most able preacher in Montreal. If he has an equal in the pulpit, I may find him later on.

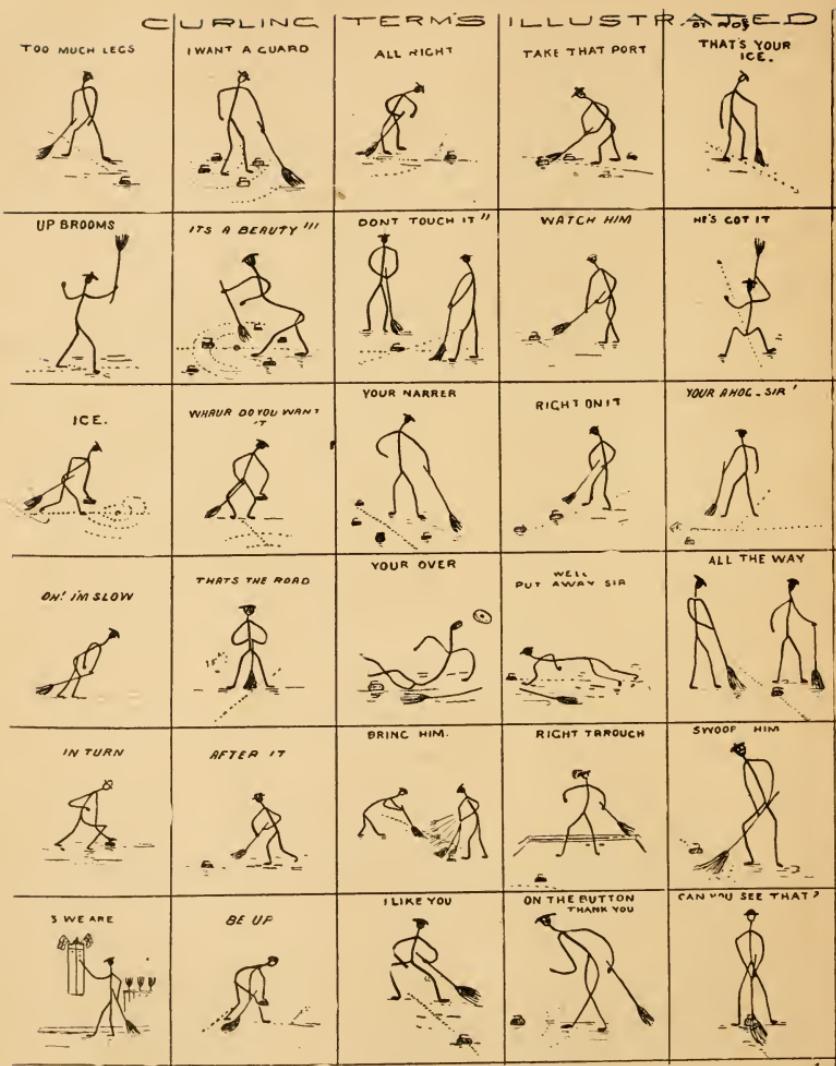
The ladies also play. The lady contingent of this club, won a trophy at the recent "week of sports," in Quebec, while the men of the club lost.

Curling is the one really moral game—if, having a chaplain will make a game moral. Each club is supposed to have its chaplain, possibly that is the one reason why it is so "slow"—who knows!

CURLIANA.

I never saw such a game for odd terms used in the play. I have since met that versatile genius, J. Hugh Ross, and learned from him that there is a language expressly made up for curling. It is called "Curliana." He has written out a few of the play terms, and to make them more interesting, has furnished me a small picture gallery of some of the most prominent curlers in Montreal. I want it definitely understood that I am not responsible for the very accurate likeness to many of these gentlemen. Each of the five city clubs is here represented. See how many of the prominents you can name. To make more interesting, I told the artist to disguise the features somewhat, which he has done, but not enough to destroy the likeness—who are they?





W.H. Dugay



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPELLED IN CANADA.

If there is a "laborous" way of spelling, Canada finds that way and uses it. In short, I might say "you (U) are in it" every time! "Labour," "honour" and all "our" words are spelled the long way. Newspapers are always "fyled" on our "files." If George Winger had been at a "spelling match" in Canada instead of in Springfield, he never would have been "run over" by that extra "g" in "waggon" as he was that night in Black's Opera House, when George Rawlins quickly dropped the "g" and "rode" away with the prize, amid the applause of a packed house. Elbert Hubbard, "The East Aurora Philistine," would have even more work up here, than he has in the States in "thuroly" carrying us "thru" the intricacies of the "ough" as the Canadian does object to orthographical changes in spelling.

Which is right? "Both?" Well, let it go at that, since both put the same number of L's in the "root" of all words as well as "all evil."

I made this last turn of words so that I might have a reasonable excuse, without preliminary of telling you the density of some of our people on

The Money of Canada.

A man down your way wrote to a new agency here: "Get all money changed before sending it to me, as I can't use pounds, shillings and pence." Now, don't laugh, for you didn't know any better yourself. I didn't, at any rate, before I came last June. Why, bless you, they have cents, pennies (two cent pieces), five cents, ten-cent, twenty cent pieces, quarters and half dollars, and, in bills, the only difference is, they have a four dollar bill which is so like the one that if the paymaster has looked on the "Scotch" too often, he is liable to pay out \$400 instead of \$100.

While on money, I must tell you of the generosity of the church goer. I have often watched the "plate," and to see on it anything but silver or paper is very rare.

How different ("I shall tell it, so there!") I think it was at one of those rich churches, up Madison Ave. Heber Newton—I think it was Heber—started the "plates" down the aisles with: "Now, friends, don't, I pray you, repeat the donation of last Sunday,—why, I thought, when the plates came back, that you all owned

stock in a ‘Copper Mine.’” After that he got a regular Canadian offering.

How Money is Issued.

The \$1, \$2 and \$4 bills are issued by the Government as are also the \$500 and \$1,000 bills. The \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100 bills are issued by the banks. The Government also issue a \$50 and \$100 bill. The Government issues bills to be used between banks, sort o’ clearing house bills of the denominations of \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000.

In the States we take a check to the paying teller’s window and get the cash—here you go to the “O.K.” window first, get your check O.K’d, then get your cash at the paying teller’s window. The banks are very conservative, which means that you can’t get their money on the same “wild cat” securities you can on some of the New York banks. They always want the paper to be of full value when making loans upon it. In the case of banks it is well to be “slow.”

MORAL MONTREAL.

I spoke of “Moral Quebec” and gave as an illustration that but one man had been hung for murder in fifteen years. This city can show a better record than Quebec by three years. There has been but one man, Laplaine, to pay the extreme penalty in Montreal within eighteen years, and he should hardly have been held accountable! Any man whose life was so

Overshadowed by 13,

could scarcely have escaped all the evil going. Mr. Wolff, City Editor of the "Gazette," was first to note the oft recurrence of the unlucky (?) "13" and following it up, found that it occurred in this man's life no less than forty times. He found thirteen letters in the name of the prosecutor and the same number in the name of the defender. There were 13 witnesses, the chief one of whom was a 13-year old boy. There were 13 letters in the name of the jailer. On Oct. 13, (1901) 13 days after he was found guilty, and exactly 13 days before the day set for his execution, a short stay was granted, but he was resentenced for Dec. 13, and so on down to Côte des Neiges, the cemetery with its 13 letters—Odd, eh ?

TAMMANY HALL NOT IN IT !

This morality does not hold good during election time. I thought Tammany knew a few things in the line of running elections, but Tammany will have to go to school several full terms yet before she knows enough to read out of Montreal's primer. Why, in close elections here, they run their candidates in by "telegraph," as they call it, whatever that is. "Ah, me !" said an old "telegrapher" one day: "Mister Rube, ye should hav bin here whin we telegraphed as was tilegraphin—why, wan day whin a man I was runnin,' got seart an ses he to me sez he 'were gan'—sez I to him sez I 'Giv' me a fifty,' sez I. He gav' me the fifty.

In tin minutes I had the whole board—inspicioner and all—an tin dallers lift for contingencies, in me cloze, wull, sur, I niver voted so fashed in me life as I did for the nixt half hour."

"Did you get your man elected?" I asked.



TILEGERAFFIN AS WAZ TILEGERAFFIN.

"Elected!" said he, "elected is it? why he wint in with such a mejarity that the nixt time he wus up they couldn't git anybody to run agin him and he wint in be acklimation for siveral yeres. Ah, me! thim wus the happy tili-graffin' days." And he seemed almost sad in his reminiscence.

On inquiry, I find that the word "telegraph," means for one man to vote on another's name. During the Feb. elections a one eyed member of the "telegraphers'" union offered his vote. "What's your occupation?" asked the inspector. "I'm a railroad engineer!" was, for him, the unfortunate reply. "Engineers must have two eyes!"—and he was one of a half dozen sent to prison a few days since.

Notwithstanding the fact that the law here is very strict, their system of registration is so defective that it can be very easily beaten by the professional "telegrapher."

HOCKEY.

"Rube, did you ever see Hockey?" asked Matt, one evening, "Oh, yes, I know him well. He's now in the Bowling Green bank, 26 Broadway. Fine fellow that Hockey!"

"No, no, I don't mean that, I mean hockey on ice!"

"Oh, I see—No, I never saw Hockey on ice. He was always in the bank when I saw him, where he is all right, but I'm 'fraid on ice he would be no good—he's too clumsy."

"Say, Rube, does it always affect you that way? Now, if you will only be sensible for one half minute, I will tell you that hockey is a game—a 'game' played on ice—on ice, I say!"

"Oh, now I see—No, I never saw the game by that name. I've seen 'Shinny on your own side,' is it like that?"

"Just so, only that it is played after a perfect system. There's to be a game to-night, and if you'd like to see it we'll go. The Montreals

are to beat the Victorias, up St. Catherine street, in the Arena." We went and 'now' I have seen hockey—and am cold yet. You see the game is played in a great cold storage where you sit and try to "holler" yourself warm. As long as the game is going it's all right, but whenever they stop to carry off the crippled, you forget and begin to freeze, and just before you become one vast chillbain, the player has had his head sewed up or his leg put in splints and is back on the ice, ready to get even with the fellow who struck him.



Have you ever seen humming birds flit from flower to flower, extracting nectar? Well, those humming birds are tortoises when compared to the way those hockey fellows went from one end of that Cold Storage to the other. They were always running or skating, or flying after a poor little innocent piece of rubber, which Matt called "puck," and when one or the other side got that rubber into a place they called the "net," a man in a wire cage would

hold up his hand, and they'd all have to go back to the centre of the Storage and begin over. I couldn't see anything to it, but, ah, how Matt did seem to enjoy it, especially whenever the Montreals made the fellow in the wire cage hold up his hand. Long toward the last, however, I saw Matt was very downcast. I couldn't see any reason for it as the game was more exciting than it had been since I had first begun to freeze. I tried to cheer him up but it was no use, he just kept getting "down-caster" every minute, and watching the men on the other side who were timing the players to see how fast they could go from one end to the other. Finally, these time-keepers rang a bell and 4,137 people out of 7,001 in the Cold Storage got up and tried to raise the roof, but Matt sat still, and said they couldn't do it next time. "Do what?" I asked.

"Why, don't you see that the Victorias have beat us?"

"Oh?" then I felt as bad as I did that day the Roo Stars got beaten and run out of the Fair ground by the Red Stockings, of Springfield.

Matt and I went out with a lot of Montrealers who put in the rest of the evening telling just how it happened.

Yes, indeed, hockey is a great game—but I'll wait for summer to see the next match played off.

Later.—After all, the Montreal team won the season's championship, both locally and at Winnipeg, where was played the League game for the Stanley Cup. Matt has been smiling ever since.



THE CANADIAN GIRL.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!”

“Rube,” asked the Colonel, one snowy day, as we walked leisurely along, watching the

downy flakes fall, piling the inches upon the street and sidewalks, "did you ever see anything more beautiful than the Canadian girl in a snow storm ? Watch her as she braves the weather as though it were but a spring morning; see the heightened coloring of her cheeks, like the blush upon the roses ! No mincing step is hers—but firm and strong. The winds beat about, covering her with a mantle of whiteness, but she heeds neither wind nor snow as she moves majestically along, seeming not to fear either, and to fully enjoy both ! Ah, Rube, I never before saw the real beauty of the Canadian girl until now. She is superb!" I had to stop right there and look at the Colonel. Never before had I seen him so enthusiastic. We had seen together many of the beauties of Canada, its rivers, mountains, lakes, forests and glens, but the Colonel had ever looked upon beauty in his usual silence until this morning. All I could say was: "Go on, Colonel, go on—them's my sentiments!"

THE IDEAL MAN.

"Rube," asked the Colonel, in one of his philosophic moods, "did you ever see the Ideal Man?"

"Why, Colonel, you talk like a woman. Who ever heard such a question asked of a man about man!"

"Well, did you?"

"No, and never expect to. My Ideal Man has not yet arrived. He is the fellow who is to 'Love his neighbor as he loves himself.' He is going to be fair, and if rich with other human

beings dependent upon him, he is going to give them a chance. He is going to give them a share of what they help him earn and not grind them down and make them regret they ever came. He is going to have a care for them, and, in return, they will bless him with their every breath. They will not strive to do their least, but their best for him. He will not have to spy on them for they will work with a heart in their task. Such a man, when he comes, will be blessed among all who know him. He may not be a high churchman, for, you know, Colonel, the cloak of church often covers like charity much more than the man—principles far from the Ideal. He will, moreover, be a happy man as nothing short of fair dealing with one's fellows, and, especially, one's dependants will bring true happiness. No, Colonel, the Ideal Man has not yet arrived!"

"Rube, my boy, I thought so, too, but I have found him here in Montreal. I didn't believe it possible at first, but for weeks I've been proving it to myself, and in every turn he stands the test, until I feel that after all my years of search I am repaid with at last finding him, even though I had to leave my own country in the search."

"By what test did you recognize him, Colonel?"

"By the very one you have just given me, at such length. He is all you have named and more. He is the one whom 'Tom' in your 'My Friend Bill' was ever looking for. Yes, Rube, I have found in Canada the Ideal Man, I would that the rich of our own land would follow his lead. It would be worth thousands of

word sermons. It's not the telling, but the doing that counts—the example and not the advice that makes the world better."

THE COLLEGE BOY FROM THE COUNTRY.

The college boy is the same the world over. He usually comes in from the country village where he is often of quite as much importance as he thinks he is—but not always—and he packs up this importance along with his village clothes and brings it with him to the college, where he unpacks it and proceeds to own things. By reason of his coming, even the Principal must bow to his will, and make things pleasant for him, else there will be trouble. If he choose to distribute carmine over the College City, no one must gainsay this prerogative; if his College team gain a victory over some other team, no matter how inferior the other team, why, then, he must devote the evening of the game to going about town and letting the victory be known in ways that only the college boy can devise; if the city authorities dare to treat him as a common mortal and take him before the Recorder of the City, he must needs call down upon his Principal all sorts of things for what the Recorder may have done; and, when he "gets out," next morning, he must call a meeting of other college boys from other country villages and proceed to appoint a committee to ask the Principal what reason he has for living anyhow. The Colonel came in one evening and told me about a meeting of this kind that was to be held at one of the colleges, and said it would be as good as a country cir-

cus. We went, but a better comparison than a "Country Circus" would have to be made.

“Why do you Live?”

The meeting was called to order and the boys proceeded to take themselves seriously.

The chairman after stating the object of the



meeting, proceeded to intersperse some of the old with the new—somehow the product of his memory (the “old”) would not run smoothly with his originality (the “new”). Here is a bit of it. “The lights in the palace of the Recorder were weird and dim—the moon piercing the

tissue of fleecy clouds silvered the dewdrops on the helmets of the Montreal Police—and—and—but I came not here to talk, ye know too well the story of our thraldom. ('Hear, hear,' and loud applause). Are we but slaves that the minions of the law must lay vile hands upon us?—No, my 'Countrymen,' I said no, ye know something else. Ye know that two of our fellows were cast into a dungeon vile, last night, and had to languish till morning—till morning I said—and—and that was more languishing than we should allow them to languish—and for why, Gentlemen? I said for why!—for—why?"

Just here he lost his place on his manuscript and became much confused but started in at random. "Tell me, ye winged winds!" ('Yes, tell him!' from an upper classman in the rear of the room) more confusion, and the "wind" refused to "tell him." "I move we adjourn!" (from a Senior) "No, never! I move we appoint a committee to visit the Principal and ask what rights he has that we are bound to—to." The mover forgot the rest of it and sat down—and thus it ran for a half hour, at the end of which time a committee was appointed to visit the Principal and tell him in plain language that unless he told them "why," that they would all return home, haul fodder and do the milking and other chores for the rest of the winter.

I never heard just how it all ended, but one morning, a week later, I asked: "Colonel, I wonder what was the outcome of that college meeting we attended?" Before the Colonel could reply, a young fellow across the table

spoke up and said: "We appointed a committee to see the Principal."

"Yes, what did you do—did the Principal tell you anything?"

"No,—not a thing.— He even had the audacity to ask us who was running the school anyhow?"

"Well—well—and did you tell him?"

"No, (hesitatingly) not exactly."

"I don't see why you, boys, stand it! Why don't you expel him?"

"We—can't! (seriously). You see it's this way: there's a lot of rich men in this town who run the college just as they please, and we, boys, haven't any thing to say about it."

"Too bad, too bad!" and he seriously took the sympathy.

At this writing the college is still running with the same Principal at the head.

Too Good to be Out so Late,

A good story is told of the night the two boys had to "languish till morning." Just as the policeman had arrested them, a third boy came up and with much of the afore mentioned importance told the officer: "Here—release those men at once, or you'll get yourself into trouble, I am the son of (mentioning a prominent M.P.) and nephew of (another "prominent") "Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the officer with much seeming humility, "You are the son of—? and nephew of—? Well, my dear boy, you are really too young and too good, and too well connected to be out so late—so come along with me. Something might happen to you, something might fall upon and do you bodily harm." And the "good boy" went along.

With all the Canadian college boys' tricks, however, they are no circumstance to some of the old Wittenberg tricks played by the "boys" who have long been filling pulpits at "\$400 per." Ah, those Wittenbergers! "They" were the boys! Wish I had time to tell you of them, but it's not Springfield but Montreal I'm writing about."

THE FRIENDS WHO GROW AWAY.

"Rube," casually remarked the Colonel the day we came in from the winter picnic, "I saw on the —— hotel register the names of some of your townspeople."

"Who were they?" I asked, not thinking they might be any whom I had known, since years so change a city's directory.

"Why, I think their name was X. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. X——."

"Well, well, I must go at once to call. They will be so glad to see me. I knew Mrs. X long years ago. We were good friends then."

I went, but returned shortly. The Colonel noticed my lack of enthusiasm and wanted to know, had I called.

"Yes," coolly.

"What's the matter, Rube? You don't seem pleased that your friends are in town, weren't you glad to see them?"

"Oh, yes, very, but Mrs. X was so changed. She seemed to feel that she had done all the growing, and treated me as though I were still the farmer boy from the little home village. She has married a rich man, and don't now have to do her own work, and made

me feel the growth away from the old days. She was so cold and formal and so rich. She still called me Rube, but it was not the old cheery 'Rube,' but a languid patronising 'Rube,' as though she felt our stations were miles apart, and the whole train stalled midway. She asked about the village, and talked as though to the farmer boy of old, and manifested no interest save when speaking of herself and her children and their doings. I came away. She bid me goodbye, but did not rise when I was going. She will never see me again. It is thus we cut, from time to time, from our list those whom we once counted as friends, friends who think that they have done all the growing away, since the long ago.—"

"It is not always so with the rich, think you, Rube?"

"No, fortunately, but you know, Colonel, some are not fitted for wealth, and they can't stand the contrast. They are prone to lay aside the old friends when the change comes, from poverty to affluence. They can't stand the change."

THE MAN WHO SWEARS

Was also a boarder at our house for a time. He wasn't a native and he couldn't be said to "swear like a native" for Canada is not a swearing nation,—nothing to be compared with our own country,—but he'd swear so easy like, he seemed to enjoy it, and really went about it as though he were doing a commendable thing. I wanted to like the fellow and

would often get almost up to the point of liking him when he'd start in unconsciously to swear about a trifle that should not have annoyed a child, with only half a mind. Then, again, he'd swear when he wasn't annoyed, just swear for the pure pleasure of it, seemingly. I never saw him play billiards. Don't know what he'd have said if he had missed an easy shot, but I can



HE MISSED THE SHOT.

imagine. Did you ever watch a billiard swearer? He's the party who can show the caliber of his mental make up if any of them can! I've heard him when he was at his best (worst) and if all the things had happened to those poor inanimate ivories that he requested should happen to them, I don't know what wouldn't have happened. I've seen that same player in the presence of ladies and in manner,

he was a Chesterfield, and a Carlisle in language, but I could never think of him as the ladies' man, but as the billiard swearer. I



ARRIVAL.

wouldn't want to think of him that way, but I couldn't help it. He means no harm and is al-

most invariably a good fellow. He has been known to swear in his effort to make you feel that he is a bigger man—more important man



DEPARTURE.

as it were. He went to see Lincoln one time on a very important matter—was sent by a promi-

nent Senator. He wanted to impress Lincoln and swore. He was fully successful. Lincoln was greatly impressed—so much so, in fact, that the man did not wait to attend to the “important matter,” being occupied for the next few moments with going out the door which Lincoln very courteously held open for him. He told his friends in a far distant state, when he got back home from his fruitless trip, that he had never seen a man in his life so susceptible to quick impression as was Mr. Lincoln. To his more intimate friends he said that the way he felt, made Mr. Lincoln seem a very large man, indeed, as he passed him going out the door that day. His neighbors all noticed that he had entirely quit swearing after his return.

Now, you'll think me a “goody.” Don't, for I'm not, but I'll like you better if you don't swear. It's useless, silly and don't make you appear at your best, and I do like to see a man at his best, for, at best, we are bad enough. Don't swear. If you feel you must, though, go off quietly by yourself and have it out. You can get through so much quicker when alone, besides you're then not an annoyance.

THEATERS.

Montreal has one good English theater. It has numerous play houses, but one, at which the best can be seen, and at this one, good companies often play to empty seats. The Montreal theater-goer is a very exacting individual. If the Company is known to be good no price is too high for him to pay. If the player has made a New York hit he is assured of a

full house. Montreal cares more for the New York than for the London stamp of approval. Reeves Smith, for instance, came with fine London credentials and played a most charming piece: "The Tyranny of Tears"—to small houses, at regular prices, while far less meritorious actors drew well.

Mrs. Pat. Campbell asked and received nearly double rates and played to packed houses. I was away until Saturday when she played: "Beyond Human Power." It was a well



named play. To have gone to see it the second time would have been for me far "Beyond human power." The only ones who told me they enjoyed it were some small boys who had circused their way into the gallery. I heard them talking about it on the street. "Boys," I asked, "How did you like the play?"

"Oh, it was beautiful!"

"How much of it did you see?"

"Well," said the spokesboy, hesitatingly, "we only got in just as she was dying."

I didn't blame the boys. I enjoyed that part myself, immensely, for I knew then that there wasn't anything more coming. It is really too bad for so great an actress—and she is great—few greater—to play so poor (I'd like to use that other—stronger word) a piece. Fortunately for her, it was not put on until Saturday. The rest of her plays are worthy of her. For the sake of the coming generations to whom she may continue to play, I would beg of her to "cut it out."

—Apropos of the Montreal woman. If Paris can excel her in artistic hair dressing, then Paris is, indeed, artistic. To see a hat or bonnet worn in a Montreal theater is a rare exception, which makes poor, downtrodden man exclaim : "Woman—bless her, I can see the stage!"

There is an effort being made here to limit the age at which a child may attend the theater alone. The age in the effort is sixteen. The Colonel suggests that the age in some of the theaters should be raised to "sixty" since the acting (?) is of a quality that would make a younger person shiver, and one of that age would know better than to attend. In this event the actors (?) and actresses (?) would have to return to their natural level and leave the stage to actors who can get above "Equine Play."

There is a French-speaking theater in Montreal said to be very good, but you can't prove it by me. I'm fast forgetting all the French I learned in Quebec— And speaking of

French as She is Spoke.

Don't get the impression that the French Canadians speak only a "patois," for such is not the case. It may not be exactly Parisian, it is more the language as spoken in Normandy—but is not, as so many think, a "patois," that a French Frenchman cannot understand. The French as spoken in Canada is more generally the same than that spoken in France.

COURT HOUSE.

One day "the only Percy" took me to the door of his office and pointing down St. James street, showed me a building, and said : "This county had a good Court House, but the people thought it wasn't high enough, so a story was added at a cost of \$1,000,000, and there hasn't been a tax payer found yet but who agrees that "that" is high enough. Some of the more outspoken, go so far as to say that the "story" is like that of some authors, all "plot." But the building is a very fine one, and a credit to the County. I was glad that story had cost \$1,000,000 else I'd have missed this one of Percy's.

CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY.

If there is one thing the Colonel is or was particular about it is correctness in dates. The first question is : "When was it built?" if it be a building we are visiting. This reminds me of the day we went to see Château de Ramezay up on or over on Notre Dame street.

“When was it built?” asked the Colonel, of Thomas O’Leary, the assistant librarian.

“In 1705,” said Thomas.

“Now, see here, we didn’t come to be jollied, I asked you the date of the erection of this Château, and I want to know.”

“In 1705, as I told you,” replied Thomas, good-naturedly. I could see that the Colonel was growing angry.

“Rube, come away, we’ll come some other day when we can get facts.” By this time, O’Leary was getting out of humor, too, and he followed us to the walk that leads out to the street.

“Now, see, here, I told you facts, I said this Château was built in 1705, SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE!”

“Then, why don’t you take down that date over the door?” asked the Colonel, pointing up to a large “1536” which I hadn’t noticed as we went in.

Well, it was a tonic to see that assistant-librarian laugh.

“Why, man,” said he, when he could talk, “that is the street number, ‘1536 Notre Dame street.’” The Colonel’s offer, to Thomas and me, if we wouldn’t mention “this,” was very tempting, but we refused as ‘twas too good to keep. Since then, the Colonel is very careful not to get his street numbers and dates mixed.

If you’re a tourist, and have but an hour in Montreal, and wish to see, what to me, is its most interesting feature, go, visit Château de Ramezay at 1536 Notre Dame street. It will amply repay you, if you are a typical tourist, looking for things of ye olden times. Don’t

stop in at the corner just beyond Nelson's Monument, thinking it the real Château, even though you see over the door "Château de Ramezay" where one of those small souls who infest all cities, has put up a sign of this sort, by way of cheap notoriety, with the result of detracting from instead of attracting custom to his hole in the wall. Allowing this to have been done is one of the things which is little credit to the powers that be. To the stranger it seems a desecration of a name that should be honored for association if nothing more.

This historic building is now the home of

THE NUMISMATIC AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.*

AMERICANS IN MONTREAL.

I find here hundreds of Americans. Many of whom are among the leaders, both socially and in business, as well as in the professions.

Far up in the railroad interests are such men as Chas. M. Hays, J. C. Ogden, W. E. Davis, G. N. Bosworth, R. S. Logan, John W. Loud, T. H. McGuigan. In street railway, Colonel Jas. McNaught and Mr. H. H. Melville stand most prominent. In newspaper row are such men as August Wolfe and P. J. Lornigan, of the "Gazette;" C. F. Paul, of the

*Note.—This old Château was of so much interest to me that I had set up in type ten pages and space would not allow its use, greatly to my regret. Go, see it, is my sincere advice.

“Star;” J. S. Lewis and M. E. Williams, of the “Herald.”

In insurance, S. P. Stearns. I have spoken elsewhere of C. F. Sise, the head of the great Bell Telephone system.

In the ministry are found such brilliant lights as Rev. Dr. T. S. McWilliams, of frequent mention, and Rev. W. S. Barnes, who is as well a lecturer of a very high order. E. H. Twohey, the head of Customs and Robt. Watchorn, Immigration Inspector, two gentlemen of rare ability and most genial natures.

In the professions are Professor Hardman, who stands most prominent in Canada as a mining engineer; Professor Owens, of McGill; Professor D. P. Penhallow, also of McGill.

Not to mention such names as these would be to leave out of the list many of Montreal’s prominent: L. H. and E. Packard, Robt. Kerr, Geo. Hartt, Frank Paul, I. H. Stearns, Charles Saxe, A. L. White, A. C. Stongrave, H. J. Fuller, P. G. Gossler, John Galletti, George Hannah, of the Allan Steamship Line; Abner Kingman, Russell A. Alger, jr., and—and,—but the list is so long that Dixon says that if I don’t stop somewhere he will have to make a two volume book and two volume books, he says, are not the proper thing, and Dixon ought to know for Dixon makes books.

The rest of the Colony must forgive me, there’s no offense—I love ‘em all.

“IT.”

“O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ousrels as ithers see us.”

It was in the smoking compartment of the parlor car, on the C.P.R. Short Line, that day I went up to Ottawa, to attend the opening of Parliament, that I saw “It.” Ah! it was a rare treat! “It” sat at the end of the seat next the window, and talked so loud that we could hear. “It” wanted us all to hear, for “It”



was saying wise things to the young man in tweed, who ever replied in a low tone, not wishing to detract from the brilliancy of “It.” I soon gathered that “It” had been to ‘Lunnan.’ “Dear ole Lunnan,” and had met some of us “Stupid Ahmerikans,” who were being given a delicate touch in “It’s” most scathing manner.

"They did so boah me ! They didn't know anything outside of the most audinary. If they spoke of a book or a play it was "fine," just "fine." Really, absolutely !"

"You nevah can take them out to dinnah—they don't know how to act at table. No table mannahs, really, absolutely, none. Ah me, but no wundah they ah all so new. It takes genuations to produce true cultchah, really, absolutely !"

"I met a gentleman in Lunnan. He said, 'It is so stwange, you, ah from Canadah, and yet so like us—'yes,' he said, 'I was like them in mannah bauhn, and yet from Canadah really, absolutely ! So stwange !' He hahs no mind. All he hahs is body. Body lots of it, but no mind, R. A."

After he had entirely demolished us, and before branching off in more of his wisdom, he wanted to know of his friend. "You reully don't mind of I smoke my pipe—now reully ?" Then the wisdom continued :—"Ah ! the dead narrah existaunce of some lives ! I love nothing but Aht in life. It's the development of centewries. The humdrum existaunce I nevah could enduah. I love music ahnd the play, R. A !"

"Beyond a cehtain point you can't get bettah, R. A."

The French came in for their share. If anything they were, in his mind (?), occupying a lower plane than we, poor misguided Americans.

"They caln't undahstand Shakespeah, really, absolutely. They ah so tiehsome. They havn't a thought. They use wuds, many,

many wuds, but they cahn't think, don't cher know ! I nevah could undahstand them. They stand out alone. The ideah ! So sad, awfully sad—really, absolutely !” And so “ It ” ran on. I lost “ It ” at the Ottawa station. From whence “ It ” came or whither “ It ” was going I may never know. Should “ It ” go on and ever on even beyond Canada and drop into the great ocean that borders the Dominion to the west, “ It ” would be safe. “ It ” is too light to drown, and yet “ It ” took itself “ really, absolutely ” serious.

To the outside reader I would say don't take “ It ” for a type of Canada—for while “ It ” may have been picturesque “ It ” was “ absolutely and really ” unique.

What a grand contrast was the people I saw in Ottawa, gathered as they were from all parts of the Dominion to attend

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The ladies sitting near me—some of whom were Americans—told me they had seldom seen a finer body of men. It may have been true, and, no doubt, was, but the magnificently gowned women blinded the eyes of man for men. These women were not only beautifully gowned, but, in manner, face and form almost regal. There were types of beauty I have rarely seen in any land, but what was more pleasing still, was the ease of manner of these Canadian women—wives, daughters and friends of the members.

Could you, who think of Canada and “ The Lady of the Snow ” in one and the same

thought, have looked with me down from the gallery, upon that galaxy of beauty in the décolleté of a Worth or a Felix, you would not wonder that Dana Gibson was in Ottawa, the guest of Lord Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, seeking new types, or the perfection in woman for which he has long sought. "Am I an enthusiast?" without any question I answer "yes." I, who like many of you, had once thought of Canada as everything else than what it is, can scarcely realize what I am ever finding that is new and pleasing in this beautiful North Land,—destined to grow side and side with our own Vast Domain. I was indebted to Hubert Manley for the rare pleasure of this opening day. "Come up to Ottawa, Rube," wrote Manley, "and you will see something you will enjoy." To you who know this genial host, and in himself he is a host, I need not tell you that I could not have thought of the real pleasure he gave me in his every courtesy. He had secured for me the best position in the gallery for seeing everything to the best advantage—the throne to the right, with a full view of every part of the Senate floor below, where sat the members—the leaders of the Dominion—their wives, daughters and friends. By a strange coincidence the pleasure of it all was greatly enhanced when I found that the beautiful woman at my left was a distant cousin from Sacramento, California, who, like myself, was visiting Canada for the first time. Strange, for neither of us knew that the other was in Canada, and only chanced to meet.

It is not my province to describe the ceremony of the opening. It was after the manner

of the Opening of Parliament in London—the gorgeous dress of the officers, bishops and members of the foreign consuls was a revelation to me. I had never thought to see anything so Royal on the American Continent. The ceremony was very impressive and very beautiful. After it all, through the kindness of my host, I met many of the ministers and



PARLIAMENT HILL FROM THE RIVER.

members from all parts of the Dominion. They compared most favorably with our own Senate at Washington.

I was fortunate during the ceremony in being near "Inez," who seemed to know by name every lady of note on the Senate floor below, and very kindly pointed them out to me. They had nearly all entered and were seated, when through the door to the left of the "throne"

entered a beautiful woman in a handsome white satin gown, with a hand painted design across the front of the skirt. The bodice was trimmed with lace and pearls, and a cluster of crimson flowers. Her coronet was of diamonds. Her necklet was of diamonds and pearls. I instinctively asked of Inez : "Pray, tell me who is the beautiful lady just entering?"

"That," said Inez, "is Lady Minto, wife of our Governor-General, Lord Minto. Next to the Countess you will see Mrs. Maude, wife of Major Maude." Then she pointed out the charming Lady Laurier, wife of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, Lady Adelaide Taylor, Lady Grey, Lady Alix Beauclerc, Mrs. W. C. Edwards, Mme. Béique, Mrs. Lawrence Power and Miss Power, wife and daughter of the Speaker of the Senate; Mrs. and the Misses Borden, and their guest, Mrs. Pellat, of Toronto; Miss Mary Scott, daughter of the Secretary of State; Mrs. Everard Fletcher, Mrs. Fielding and Miss Florence and Miss Z. Fielding, who are an honor to the land of Evangeline, wife and daughters of the Minister of Finance; Lady Cartwright and daughter, Mrs. O'Grady Haly, Mrs. Wm. Mulock and her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Lady Davies, Mrs. David Mills, Miss Tarte, Miss Doutre, Mrs. Plunket Magann, Miss Church. "See," said Inez, "that lady in black, she is the wife of the Hon. Frederick D. Monk, who, you say, reminds you of your great Joseph Choate, Ambassador to England, and whom you tell me you so much admire. Did Manley tell you that he is the Leader of the Conservative Party ?

He is, indeed, a most affable and capable man." Then she continued to point out the notable ladies: Madame J. B. Casgrain, Mrs. Laviolette, Mrs. Frederick Cook, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. MacKay and daughter, Miss Mackay, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Hobson, Mrs. Hendry, Mrs. S. E. Dawson, Mrs. A. E. Fripp, Mrs. James MacGregor, Mrs. Cockburn Clemow and Miss Gwendoline Clemow, Miss Seymour, Mrs. M. P. Davis, Miss Davis, Miss Frances Sullivan, Mrs. Dale Harriss, Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, the Misses Van Straubenzie, Miss Hays, Mrs. J. P. Featherstone, Mrs. Boyd, (England); Mrs. Geo. Bryson, Miss Lingham, Mrs. Neilson, Miss Briggs, Mrs. Melvin Jones, Miss Melvin Jones, the Misses Kerr, Mrs. Walter Mackay, Miss Flood, Mrs. Casgrain, (Windsor); Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, and Mrs. Fleming.

"Have you named them all?" I asked, "I don't think you mentioned Mrs. Fisher, the Minister's wife." Inez only smiled and surprised me by saying: "There is no Mrs. Fisher —yet." You who were not there, may want to call me to account for this mentioning of all the ladies, but had you looked down upon that galaxy of lovely women, you, too, would have felt as I; "They are all worthy of special mention." I did not see in all the number any whom I'd wish to class as "And others."

Looking down from the vice-regal box in the gallery, watching the ceremony, were Mr. Charles Dana Gibson and his beautiful wife, with their friends, Mrs. and Miss Dent and Mr. Lionel Guest.

When I left that night, I felt, "What a rare treat is in store for me! To write of Ottawa

will be a pleasure, indeed!" Every one I met was so kind, and the city so beautiful, that I felt to write of Ottawa and its people, would be but to let the heart guide the pen and the task could not but be a work of pleasure. For that matter, however, this whole Canadian itineracy has been the most delightful work of my life. I ever feel that I am but paying a debt of gratitude to a people I love, in thus writing of them and their interesting country.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

There are many members of Parliament residing in Montreal. With us, at home, a member of Congress or Senator must reside in the district he represents, or, at least, nominally; not so here. A man may be a resident of Longueuil and yet be elected for a seat from Victoria if he can get the votes. Thus we find Hon. Thomas Chase Casgrain, K.C., LL.D., representing Montmorency; J. Alexander Camille Madore, B.C.L., Hochelaga; ex-Mayor Joseph R. F. Prefontaine, Maisonneuve and Terrebonne; Frederick Monk, K.C., D.C.L., Jacques Cartier; Emile Leonard, Laval, Island of Montreal. All of these reside in the city, yet represent other places. The members for the city are the Hon. Joseph Israel Tarte, P.C., St. Mary's constituency; F. G. Roddick, St. Antoine; Ald. Gallery, St. Anne's; Robt. Bickerdike, St. Lawrence division; Joseph Brunet, St. James division. The Hon. Mr. Tarte is also Minister of Public Works.

As stated elsewhere Frederick D. Monk is the leader of the Conservative party for this Province.

THE REAL STATUS OF THE CANADIAN
AS A FIGHTER.

I had heard much of the prowess of the Canadian as a man of war, but I had never known his real fighting status until one day at the boarding house table. Ah ! there's the place you learn things. Things you can't find in books, or anywhere else, are discussed and



“SO CON 'A THE BAIRNS.”

decided conclusively at the table of a typical boarding house. Never go to a hotel, if you have an inquiring mind and want to learn things. No, go to the aforesaid “typical” and you will learn all about it. No matter what “it” it is, on which you want full information, you may gain it, here. But about

the "fighting status of the Canadian!" The man with the Information, at the other end of the table had the floor. He was telling the party with the side whiskers that :—"Those English soldiers in South Africa can't fight! Why, ten thousand Canadians could do more than two hundred thousand English—and do it easy. Those English are not in our class as fighters!" and, then, he passed his cup for more tea, while he, of the side whiskers sat speechless at this "20 to 1 shot,"

I felt very grateful to the man with the Information, as I do love to collect valuable data—and this was something I could not have hoped to collect from any other source in the world. I heard the landlady, a good old Scot, telling the Colonel, after dinner :—"Ah, ye mus' na min' th' mon wuth th' Inflamashun, he's na phelan weel th' da'. Tha bonny Canuck con fight a well 'tis tru, an' so can tha ither bairns o' his auld mither!"

THE STAR BOARDER WITH THE GILT CUP.

I tried to talk to him, but I soon saw that he thought me out of his class.

"It's been a pleasant day," said I, one evening at the table.

"Beg youah pahdon!" said he.

"It's been a pleasant day," I repeated, not wishing that he should lose my opinion of the beautiful Canadian weather we'd had since breakfast.

"Yes, so I heard," and he looked through

and beyond me, not allowing his gaze to stop at where I was sitting. Although I knew him to be the Star boarder, yet I would make him talk to me. So, I continued:—



“ WALK THIS WAY.”

“ You have a fine city.”

“ I beg youah pahdon !”

“ I say you have a fine city.”

“ Oh, have I ?”

No use, he wouldn't talk. I couldn't get him further than "I beg youah pahdon!" Then I was sure he was a bank president, or some high railroad official, or possibly one of the city aldermen, at any rate, I felt myself withering in his presence, and, thereafter, took a seat furthest away from him. One day I had occasion to go into one of the large stores for some trifling purchase, when, who should meet me just inside, but this Star boarder. "What do you wish?" I was so surprised to have him ask the question that I followed the regular custom, and said: "I beg youah pahdon," but continued, "I wish a pad of pencil paper."

"Walk this way, please."

We being built on different lines, I found it impossible, but I followed him down through several aisles to the "pad" counter, where he told one of the clerks in his usual haughty mein: "Pad o' pencil?" and there he left me—to find my way out alone. Not until then did it dawn upon me how presumptuous I had been to talk with him—why, I had as well tried to talk to the one important personage of my home village—the feeder of the threshing machine or the man who runs the cider press.

Moral, know your man before you try to be agreeable.

"SHOPLIFTING"—A FINE ART IN MONTREAL.

They are no novices who ply their trade among the Christmas shoppers here. No, they are artists, as instance the well dressed lady (?) who was being watched by the high priced

detectives in one of the large department stores. They saw her deftly taking articles and carelessly dropping them beneath her large cloak. When they had collected sufficient evidence, they politely asked her into the private office. She went without hesitation. How fortunate. A well known city judge was in the store at the time. He was sent for—they would hold a preliminary trial. He came, sat down in the office chair. "Now, my dear lady,"—the judge was a very Chesterfield of politeness—"I regret exceedingly that we have the very painful duty of putting you in the very embarrassing situation of being searched."

"Oh, my dear—dear Judge, don't mention it.—No embarrassment whatever—Here"—to the lady searcher—"let the good work go on!" The "embarrassment" was all on the other side—not a thing was found and the woman had to be released.

Later on, when the Judge was through his shopping, he returned to the office for his great fur coat, which he had left earlier in the evening, as the store was warm, and putting it on found every one of the stolen articles in his pocket. To have transferred these articles to the pocket of the Judge—who was to try the case—while in the presence of the detectives, certainly can come under no other head than that of a fine art.

NAMES OF FUNERAL ATTENDANTS.

Funerals in Canada are very largely attended, unlike in our cold, practical care-only-for-yourself country. And again, unlike with us,

the newspapers in reporting the funeral exercises, give the names of those in attendance, if at all possible, so that the bereaved family may see whom they may look upon as their friends, and lay away the list of those friends. It softens the sorrow to feel that when death takes away a loved one, your friends have sorrowed with you.

Mourning Emblem.

The Canadian does not generally indicate his or her grief by expensive black. A simple band of black worn around the left arm by both men and women is all the mark of mourning for departed friends, save in certain instances where the widow wears full mourning, as with us, but not always, the band answering the same purpose. This band custom prevails at home for a member of a fraternity or society, but here it is the general badge of mourning. It is so much better than the full dress of mourning, too often worn for fashion rather than for sorrow, besides it is an expense very often burdensome.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

The Montreal newspapers are up-to-date, the larger number of them having the most approved machinery of the day, in the way of type-setting machines, and presses. There are but two Sunday papers : the "Sun,"—English—and "Les Débats,"—French, but Montreal is well supplied from New York, whose papers are had here before Sunday-school

time. The newspapers are very well conducted and seem prosperous. They are like the New York "Times." They print "all the news that is fit to print." They do not *all* lean so far to the side of the Puritan as the "Witness." Why, they say it won't take an advertisement "piano for sale," unless it's *Upright*,* and would throw out a *full* market report unless the "whiskey is steady." It does much good all the same, going into the homes of the best people throughout the city and Dominion.

MUSICAL MONTREAL.

When I asked the Colonel to look up the musical people of the city while I was down home talking to the school children about Canada, he said : "What do *I* know about music!" It reminds me of a friend of mine whom I once heard talk on that subject. Said this friend : "Apropos of music, if there is anything in the world that will make a woman honest it is marriage. Now, I well remember a young lady, living in Brooklyn, who used to allow me to sit and sing by the hour to her, and she used to sigh and sigh, and say, 'Oh, what a lovely voice you have!' and so flattered me about my singing that I fell in love with her and we got married. Now, she won't even let me sing to the baby, she says it is so trying to the dear child's nerves."

Well, I left the Colonel, as I remarked be-

*Note.—When one of the Editors saw this little pleasantry, he wittily remarked "we take anything that's "square."

fore, to look after "Musical Montreal," and if you'd see his report you'd—well, I won't give it, for I want the Colonel to be allowed to remain in town. You see, he had been raised in a village where the boys had once held a festival and made money enough to buy a second-hand band, and the Colonel's musical education had been so sadly warped by that band, that in his report he had singers with fine "tuby" voices—others singing "trombone" solos, but in the end had you all tossed about on "high seas." I censured the Colonel very severely, and, I think, he feels it deeply, as he should. But, then, levity aside, (*the above is levity.*) Montreal may be well classed a musical city, in fact, I have found Canada a music-loving country. It seems born in the people—you see it in the schools, where much attention is paid to it, and excellent results are shown. I have spoken elsewhere of the Annual Musicale, given in the Arena, on Empire Day, by the school children, under the supervision of Professor Smith. It is a special feature in the ladies' colleges and convents, attracting students from, not only the Dominion, but hundreds of our own fair children come here from the States. This will be more of a musical Mecca than ever, now that the fame of the Royal Victoria College is going abroad.

Among the singers Miss Marie Hollinshead stands fairly at the head among sopranos. She was educated in London, under Professor William Shakespeare, who speaks of her remarkable talent, that her voice is one of very

rare loveliness and great power. Her singing has been warmly applauded both in England and in America. She is a great favorite in Montreal, where she is the soprano soloist of the Church of St. James the Apostle.

The place among sopranos held by Miss Hollinshead, is held by Miss Jeanie Rankin among contraltos. The moment she rises to sing she instils a pleasant confidence in her listeners. I shall never forget the first night I heard her sing in the American Presbyterian Church, where by chance I wandered and took a seat in the gallery. I was so pleased that I forgot to go out when the others did, but was repaid by hearing the practice of the choir in which her voice played a rich part. I didn't mind at all finding myself locked in, and having to grope my way out through the dark Sunday-school rooms in the rear, for I had heard Miss Jeanie Rankin sing—a pleasure which has often since been mine—a pleasure enhanced by the sermons of Rev. Dr. T. S. McWilliams, the young Kentucky minister, heard between solos.

Miss Sadie Dowling, singing at Knox Church, has a very sweet contralto voice and a most charming personality. Hers is a voice of rare promise.

Miss Florence Wishart, another contralto soloist, Church of St. James the Apostle, only numbers her admirers by those who hear her pleasing voice.

Miss Fannie Pringle, formerly of Toronto, is a valuable acquisition to Montreal's musical circles, and possesses a remarkably pure soprano voice of exceptionally high compass.

Space will not permit of detail, but it must not detract from those I mention, for they are worthy of all I would say, but for the meagreness of my pages.

ORGANISTS.

Among these are many artists, a few of whom are Mr. J. H. Robinson, an enthusiastic musician, at Dr. Barclay's Church—St. Paul Presbyterian; J. B. Norton, Christ's Church Cathedral; E. Broome, American Presbyterian; Horace W. Reyner, Douglas Methodist, is as well a conductor of Oratorios, and to him much is due for many of the fine Oratorios given in Montreal. Prof. J. A. Fowler, St. Patrick's, Emery Lavigne,* F. H. Blair, St. Andrews; P. J. Illsley, St. George's Church, John Herbert Lauer, of St. James the Apostle. The Pelletier family, father and sons, all organists of ability. Miss Victoria Cartier, graduate of Paris, is a most excellent artist. She plays at St. Louis de France. Prof. P. J. Shea, of St. Ann's, is also choir master. His choir of young men are well trained.

*Note.—I had scarcely finished the above when Mr. Lavigne's death was announced (July 2nd, 1902). He was a musician of rare ability. Being an accompanist he has often been selected to accompany such world known people as Madame Nordica, Mlle Camille Urso, Jean Gerardy, Stanley, the English vocalist, and many others famous in the musical world.

Among choir masters, Coroner Edmund McMahon ably conducts the great choir in the Church of Notre-Dame.

Professor G. Couture conducts the choir of St. James Cathedral, one of the finest choirs in the city, with E. Lebel, first tenor; Mendoza Langlois, first baritone; and J. Destroismaison, first basso, three of the really great singers of the city.

O. Stewart Taylor is another of the able choir masters of Montreal. He conducts the choir of Dominion Square Methodist Church.

A. Truman Clibbon, singing at the Erskine Presbyterian Church, has a remarkably rich tenor voice that bids fair to carry him into deserved success.

Edmund Burke, a rising young lawyer, is among the fine baritones of the city. He made for himself a name, last winter, in the part of Elijah, in that Oratorio. He sings at St. Paul's Presbyterian.

A tenor who is meeting with deserved success is J. Leslie Tedford, soloist of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. He is a popular favorite of the public. He is a tenor of rare promise.

Sydney Dugan, also of St. Andrew's, is a well-known name among baritone singers. If he has the patience he has a voice that is capable of marvelous development. As a basso singer, E. Duquette has few equals here.

M. J. J. Goulet, a violinist, has done great work in orchestral music, while Charles Reichling, Alfred Desève, and Alfred Larsen, (the

latter a pupil of the great Joachim) deserve more than a passing note on that queen of musical instruments, the violin. M. J. B. Dubois ranks among the ablest of cello players.

Among the musical of Montreal Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gould rank deservedly high. He as a lecturer, and Mrs. Gould for her teaching and singing.

Pianists of note are so many that I must forego the list, but not to mention Emiliano Renaud would be to leave out of Musical Montreal a name I should not want to see missing when I read the proof sheets of my book.

Among amateurs, the niece of the famous Dr. Shepherd, Miss Lois Shepherd, has a soprano voice of rare sweetness. The same may well be said of Miss Rachael Dawes, daughter of Colonel Dawes.

Music is a great feature in the churches here on Christmas and Easter time, especially so in the Roman Catholic churches. I have never seen a more pleasing ceremony or listened to church music more inspiring than what I saw and heard at the Jesuit Church, on Christmas Eve, and on Christmas morning at the great Notre Dame, where Coroner McMahon's vast choir sang out the "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man." I had never heard in a New York church anything to equal the singing of that morning. Twelve paid soloists are of this choir, and a chorus of one hundred. Chorus choirs are the rule, quartette, the rare exception.

This is of necessity but a hurried glance.

Montreal has so much of music that had I known, I should have passed it by as one of the points requiring a volume to itself. I find that with all my search, I have left out such names as Wm. Curry, J. Poliquin, the one of St. Paul's, the other of St. James (St. Denis street), and many others of worth, but it's hard for a stranger to find them all. I do not know if the city gives its own the proper encouragement, but to bring out the best in music, a loyal city will even allow itself at times to be bored that the struggling beginner may have heart to go on. The music of a city is a great part of itself, and no city should neglect developing and giving encouragement to its amateurs. Some, of course, in all cities reach a point where they lose all interest in what home talent may be able to do, and depend entirely upon importations. While foreign talent is well to be interspersed, home talent should not be neglected and discouraged, as home talent properly developed and heartened becomes to other cities foreign talent, and I am pleased to find in Montreal very much for any loyal city to be proud of, and cannot urge too strongly to encourage the real worth that I have found herein.

I had almost closed my sketch when a Baltimore friend asked me if I had heard Miss Mabel Virtue sing.

"No, I have not, and yet I have heard of her."

"Well, if you miss hearing her, your Musical Montreal will be incomplete. I claim to know a voice when I hear it, and if Miss Vir-

tue is not a coming opera singer of a very high order, then I don't know a voice when I hear it." His enthusiasm sent me hunting for the opportunity of hearing for myself, and I can now emphasize what my Baltimore friend said of her wonderful voice—more in the promise even than in present execution. Her tones are clear, and for one so young, most powerful. I know the full criticism that will be made upon my prediction, and knowing that, will say that if her voice is given the attention it merits she will yet be heard, and rank among the great opera singers in America. Is that strong? Time will tell.

Ladies' Morning Musical.

To this Club Montreal is greatly indebted for some of its best musical entertainments. These ladies secure the best talent possible and give one or two very select concerts each season.

THE SAILORS' INSTITUTE,

As elsewhere stated, was once the old Montreal Hotel, and is worthy a note, by the way, as it is a model for all cities touched by the seafarer.

This would be better called a "Sailors' Home." "Institute" is too harsh a word for a place where the boys can feel that there is a welcome for them when in port, a place where they can always know that somebody is glad to see them after their long voyage. I have

never seen a sea port where there is so little of the ills of sailor life as in Montreal. The boys spend their evenings here instead of carousing about the streets. They may do it here, but I have never seen an instance of it, and I have seen them in large numbers at the



SAILORS INSTITUTE.

Institute, where on each Tuesday night is held a concert in which the sailors take a most entertaining part. The choirs of the various Protestant churches furnish the rest of the music. I have had the pleasure of hearing at these concerts such talent as Miss Hollinshead, Miss Florence Wishart, Mrs. P. St. Clair Hamilton, and other noted singers as well as pianists. Among the latter is Miss Myers and little Grace Grant, the eleven year

old child—the pet of the sailors—who shows great musical talent, young as she is.



J. RITCHIE BELL, "THE COMMODORE."

The great ship owners of Montreal take a very active interest in the Institute, not only with their money but with their presence.



GRACE GRANT.

In J. Ritchie Bell, "The Commodore," we find the right man in the right place,



as manager. I have rarely seen so capable a man. He has made of the Institute a success by making all the sailors his friends. Fitz Maurice went with me one evening, as you may see by the margins.

There is also a Catholic Institute, near by, in which great interest is taken by sailors and citizens.



In this Montreal Hotel have resided, from time to time, many men who have played vast parts in our own history. See that corner room on the second floor. It was the one occupied by Jefferson Davis, in 1867, when in Montreal. Very many other Southerners of note have lived in the old historic house.

CHURCHES.

The churches of Montreal are one of its best features. There is no city on the continent with as many large church buildings, and in few cities are they better attended, and what is remarkable, the men as well as the women are seen in the congregations—almost evenly

divided. This means one of two things, they are either very religious or they have excellent ministers to listen to. Of the first I cannot speak, but on the second proposition, I am pleased to note that I have not heard a poor sermon in Montreal, and I seldom attend the same church twice, that I may hear as many as possible, and form a correct opinion of the ministers as a whole. Of the choirs I have spoken, under the head of "Musical Montreal."

Notre Dame.

This is a landmark of the city, centrally located, just across Notre Dame Street, from Place d'Armes Sqnare. It seats 12,000, and on occasion has held 15,000 people. It is 230 feet long, by 131 feet wide. It has two towers 227 feet high, in the west one of which is the great bell, "Le Gros Bourdon," which weighs 25,640 pounds. One cannot but stop to think of this enormous weight. If again one should moralize, à la Dugald McDonald,* one might take a long look into the future, to the time when Macaulay's New Zealander, after growing tired of contemplating the ruins of London Bridge, returns home

*Note.—Mr. Dugald McDonald has written a most intricate and interesting pamphlet on the Pyramids, in which he claims that the measurements of these gigantic piles show conclusively that the Egyptians knew the earth's circumference, size of the moon, and lots of other things that we haven't found out yet.

by way of Montreal and finds, here, amid the ruins of this city, this great bell, he might be seen to sit and wonder over its ponderous size, and as he discovers the figures, he might be heard to contemplate aloud: "Ah me—even



NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

the people of the Nineteenth Century were far advanced in the sciences. 25,000!—Strange, Strange! Even in that long ago, they knew the circumference of the earth—‘25,000 miles?’ This alone would not be proof, but ‘640’—the number of acres in each of those

miles—is proof positive that they meant to ring down through the long corridors of time these two things, which could not have been coincidence—but facts.” Then he may find the ten other bells in the east tower, and search out the figures thereon, and adding, find their



INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

combined weight, 21,676, will be even more convinced of our “purpose in bells,” in thus conveying to future ages that we knew the diameter of the moon, 2167.66. That final “6”

I leave to the ingenuity of Mr. McDonald, or the aforesaid New Zealander, to account for, as it is '6' too much for the Colonel and me. Apropos of those other ten bells, eighteen men are required to ring them.

"Rube," said the Colonel one day, when we were visiting this great church, "are you going to tell about that controversy between the

Devil and the Wind,

at the corner of Notre Dame and St. Sulpice streets, just outside this church, the day the 'old fellow' told the wind to wait for him while he went inside, and how that the wind is still waiting?" "No, Colonel, I'm not—That story has been told by every guide-book maker since the controversy, and I want to prove an exception in this one instance at least."

The interior of Notre Dame would require many pages to barely touch upon what is therein to be seen—its double gallery, magnificent altar, chapels, rare paintings, (by Del Sarto, Carnevali, Minockeri and many other noted artists), statues and beautiful frescos,—and is worthy the attention given it by all visitors to Montreal. The architect of this church was an Irishman,—James O'Donnell—his monument is the church itself, as he lies within the vault of Notre Dame. He began its foundation in 1823, and had it ready for services in 1829. The cost is said to have been \$6,000,000, which will give some conception of its vast proportions, and magnificence. The services are in French. I had the pleasure one Sunday of hearing the Rev. Father Labelle. I say "pleasure," for though I could under-

stand but little, yet, his oratory was so finished that it was a delight to listen to him.

To better appreciate the great seating capacity of Notre Dame, compare it with St. Patrick's, on fifth Avenue, the largest church building in New York city. Notre Dame seats 12,000, while St. Patrick's seats but 3,100.

The Chapel of the Sacred Heart

is to the rear and adjoining Notre Dame. To me the principal charm of this chapel are its paintings, all of which were done by Canadian artists. The one by M. Ludger Larose—"The dispute of the Sacrament," is a fine reproduction of Raphael's great picture in Rome. This picture, or fresco, is 22 x 18 feet. It is one of fourteen great frescos—all of which are worthy of deep study.

To fully appreciate both church and chapel you should procure the pamphlets which give in detail what is therein to be seen.

Jesuit Church.

On Bleury street, near St. Catherine street, is another large church, worthy a visit. It seats 1,500. One of its features is its fine choir of cultivated voices. During my stay in the city the great organ-builders, Cassavent Brothers of St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., finished a magnificent organ for this church. I used often to wonder why these great musical instruments cost so much money, but one day, while this one was building, I purposely failed to understand the meaning of the sign and climbed to the loft, where I learned from the foreman of the builders more about the organs of an organ than I had ever known before. He took me all through it, told me that it had 3,422 pipes, from

$\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, to some 14 x 17 inches. It was the city. It was made by the Cassavent Brothers had G. M. Dethier, of St. Francis Xavier, New York City, said to be the greatest



INTERIOR OF JESUITS CHURCH.

organist in the world, to play on this occasion. I had heard organ music before, but the playing of this great musician was a revelation.

Next to this church is the St. Mary's College, under the supervision of the Jesuit Order.

St. James Cathedral

Is situated on Dorchester street, opposite Dominion Square. It is built after the plan of St. Peter's at Rome, and is about one-third the size. It is 330 feet long, by 220 feet wide. It has a St. Peter's dome 250 feet high. It will cost when completed nearly \$3,000,000. It was begun in 1870. Its architect was Victor Bourgeau, who went to Rome to study the plan of the great church, of which this is a model, all save the roof, which is an incline instead of flat. When completed, it is said that it will be one of the finest churches on the Continent. Rev. Father Michaud, C.S.V., who is still living, and ninety, was most active in working out the plans, and in many ways helping in superintending the structure. The work, which as before said, was begun in 1870, stopped in 1878, and nothing more was done until 1885. The opening mass was celebrated in 1894. The altar railing, a gift of the English-speaking membership, as a memorial to Father James Callaghan, is of fine Tennessee marble and Mexican onyx. The beauty of the altar, however, is the bronze canopy, a facsimile of the one at St. Peter's, Rome. It is very elaborate and imposing. It is the work of a Canadian, Mr. Arthur Vincent. It cost nearly \$10,000.

There are some fine paintings to be seen here. One especially, the gift of the French Government to Archbishop Bruchesi. It is the celebration of the first mass in Montreal, by Laurent.

This is the sixth cathedral in Montreal. The first, under Mgr. Lartigue, was Notre Dame,

which was used in 1821. The second—in 1822—was the old Hotel Dieu. The third was—in 1825—at St. James, on St. Denis street, near St. Catherine. In 1852, under Bishop Bourget, the fourth Cathedral (temporary) was the Chapel of the Provident Asylum, corner of St. Catherine and Berri streets. In 1855, the fifth Cathedral was on a part of the ground where stands the present great structure.

St. Patrick's.

This large church is on three streets. It faces south on Lagauchetière, runs through to Dorchester with St. Alexander passing to the east. It is of Gothic architecture, with all features in keeping—the great carved altars—two on either side and one in center far back, the three extending to the high ceiling; the windows reaching up nearly forty feet; the niches for the beautiful paintings and statuary, every part, in fact, that was possible is gothic in style. It is beautiful in effect and most pleasing.

There are to be seen here many things of especial interest, which to the casual observer are not fully appreciated. The carpet covering the floor of the great sanctuary, designed and made by the Morgan Brothers or for them, in Europe, after suggestions given by the late Father Quinlivan, is a study and is most emblematic. In square-like figures are the shamrock for Ireland, the rose for England, the thistle for Scotland and the maple leaf for Canada. The marvel of the whole is the great number of shades of green contained in the figures and body.

The altar lamp weighs 2,200 pounds. It was made in Brooklyn, all except the six large figures of angels, made in Europe. It is very heavily jeweled. The angels were given by six families of the parish.

The four altar windows, representing the four apostles, were made by Locke, who did the magnificent decorating and fresco work of the church.

Two marble side altars—the gift of the parishioners—are works of art.

To me the most pleasing of all is the wonderful coloring of the great gothic windows. I have never seen colors so delicately blended. They are as pleasing a study as a rare oil painting. These windows were made at Innsbruk, in Europe. While the one representing the patron saint—which portrays various acts in the life of St. Patrick, with a fine portrait of the late Father Dowd, of pleasant memory, in the lowermost panel, was being made, the late Empress of Austria was so pleased with it that she had it duplicated and presented it to a church in Vienna.

The organ is one of the sweetest tone in the city. It was made by the Cassavent Brothers, the great organ builders, of St. Hyacinthe, whose organs are in many of the large churches of Montreal.

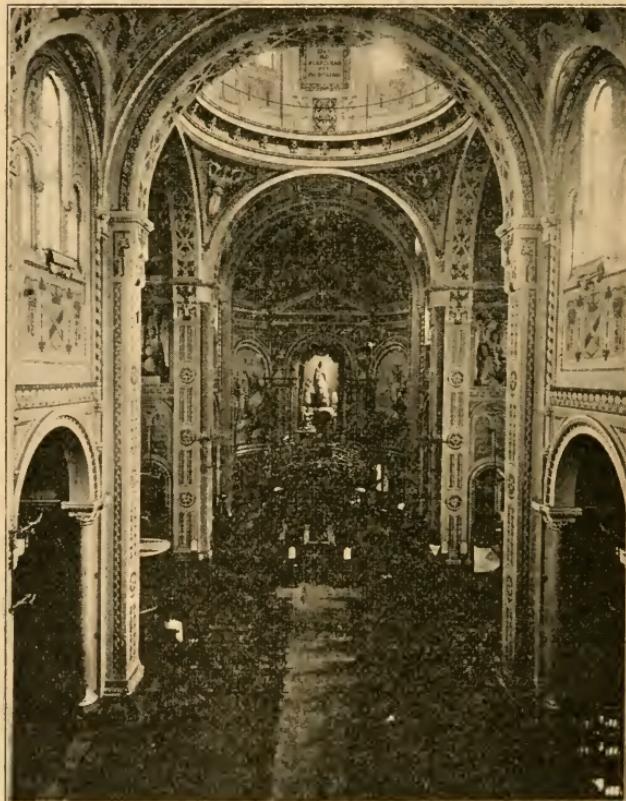
The choir, with Mr. George Carpenter as choir-master, is composed of one hundred members. This is the only Catholic church in the city where is heard Congregational singing. St. Patrick's, in this, follows the lead of Newman and his companions, who, in the

last century advocated singing by the congregation.

This church is one that all tourists should see.

Notre Dame de Lourdes.

There is a small church you would be sure to miss if your attention were not called to it,



NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES.

and to miss seeing it would be a regret, as it is very beautiful. Some say the most beautiful

in Montreal. I refer to Notre Dame de Lourdes, on St. Catherine street, just east of St. Denis a half block. Its main feature is the grotto in the basement chapel. This grotto is a fac-simile of the famous one at Lourdes, in France, where so many miracles are said to be performed. There are many fine paintings and frescoes in this little church. It is well worth a visit. It is one of the many churches under the

Sulpician Fathers,

whose churches, schools and hospitals cover the city of Montreal. A list of which contains: Grand Seminary, Philosophy House, College of Montreal, St. Patrick's Church, Notre Dame Church, St. James Church, the old Bonsecours Church, Notre Dame de Lourdes, Notre Dame de Anges, and Hotel Dieu.

St. James Church (R.C.)

is on St. Denis, just north of St. Catherine. It is one of the large churches, and has some fine paintings.

Churches.

I have written at length of the Catholic churches for the reason that they can be seen at any time. They are never closed, and visitors seem ever welcome. I often think of a Fifth Avenue, New York, church, on which stands out in large letters: "Come in and rest." A poor old lady, very weary, chanced to find the door open, took the words literally, went in, and—well, she didn't stay long, as it wasn't that church's "day of rest." She was sent on her weary way by the watchful sexton. I speak not lightly, but state a simple fact plainly. I speak it by right, for I speak of my own.

McGILL UNIVERSITY.

Montreal has a just pride in the now famous University, whose founder, James McGill, builded better than he knew. Starting with his gift of \$120,000, it has grown up through the hundreds of thousands, until figures run into millions; its faculty, from a few faithful teachers, to a staff of 140 able professors, at whose head we find one of the most prominent



instructors on the American Continent—Principal Peterson—recognized and honored among all the colleges and universities of the world as few men have been recognized and honored; and from thirteen students in 1829, to almost as many hundreds in 1902. Like the fortunes of many a man its early life was one continued struggle for bare existence, but whose later

life is a success rarely attained by schools of learning.

Its situation at the foot of the wooded slope of Mount Royal, far surpasses in beauty that of any of our colleges and universities in the States. It is ideal in location, its buildings are well situated about the spacious grounds, and the interior arrangements of each admirably adapted for the purposes for which they



are used. Space forbids a description of the Library, the Redpath Museum, Molson Hall, the Physics Building, Chemistry and Mining Building, the Engineering Building, and many others—gifts of the Molsons, Redpaths, Workman, Lord Strathcona and others of Montreal's men of wealth and generous instincts.

Woman has not been forgotten, but wise provision has been made for her in the beautiful

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

on Sherbrooke street, to the east of the main entrance to the University grounds. That nobleman among men, Lord Strathcona, built at a cost of \$300,000, and endowed with \$1,000,000 more, this magnificent structure. It is a gift to woman, surpassed in beauty by few in America, a pride of the city and a lasting honor to the man whose heart dictated the gift. When it was completed Lord Strathcona cast about throughout the world for instructors whose ability was of the highest order. At its head he placed Miss Hilda Diana Oakley, a woman of rare accomplishments and wonderful executive ability, giving her, as able assistants, Miss Susan Cameron, in English Literature, and Mlle Milhau in charge of the languages, both of whom are aiding much to raise the Royal Victoria to a high place of excellency, while in music there are few to equal Miss Clara Lichtenstein, under whose instructions great promise is given the college. She has already sent to Paris a pupil who, under her sole instruction, has developed into a singer whose voice will yet rival a Patti. This is a prediction made after hearing the best voices up to a Patti's. I had the rare opportunity of hearing this Montreal child,—she is not much more,—while she was yet unknown. She moved me then as the human voice had never before moved me. I do not know why, but I felt that I was listening to a genius that would one day move the musical world. I shall never forget the night, shortly before she started for Paris—in March, on which she made her debut in the College Hall. There

were gathered on that occasion the finest people of the city, people who would grace the salons of a musical Paris. None of the number knew for what they came, for no one of them had heard her sing, yet rumor had told them that her voice was good. All was expectancy,—“What is she like?” “How will she be gowned?” “How will she appear?” “Has she a voice, or is it but rumor?” and



ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE.

many other questions were in the minds of the waiting audience. I knew, for I had heard her sing, and only waited for her innocent triumph. At last she came upon the stage. She came as a simple child, unconscious of her power. She wore no gown of Worth, but one of plain material made by her own hands, for she was poor. No jewels adorned her breast—naught but a simple rose. The audience was instantly

won by her simplicity. Even before she had sung a note they were her friends; but when she began, her clear sweet tones filled the hall with a volume of music that entered the very souls of her listeners. Proud ladies wept, men unused to being moved wiped from off their cheeks tears of very joy. She had won a triumph. A triumph she could not have even hoped for. At the close, titled ladies embraced her, for she had won herself a



PAULINE LIGHTFOOT.

title—Queen of Song. She came upon the stage that night, a poor, unknown girl. She left it the loved of every heart, and rich enough to carry her through years of study in the most expensive city of Europe—the gift of generous Montreal. I had hoped to be first to herald her to the world, but I am late, yet I trust that what I say may live.

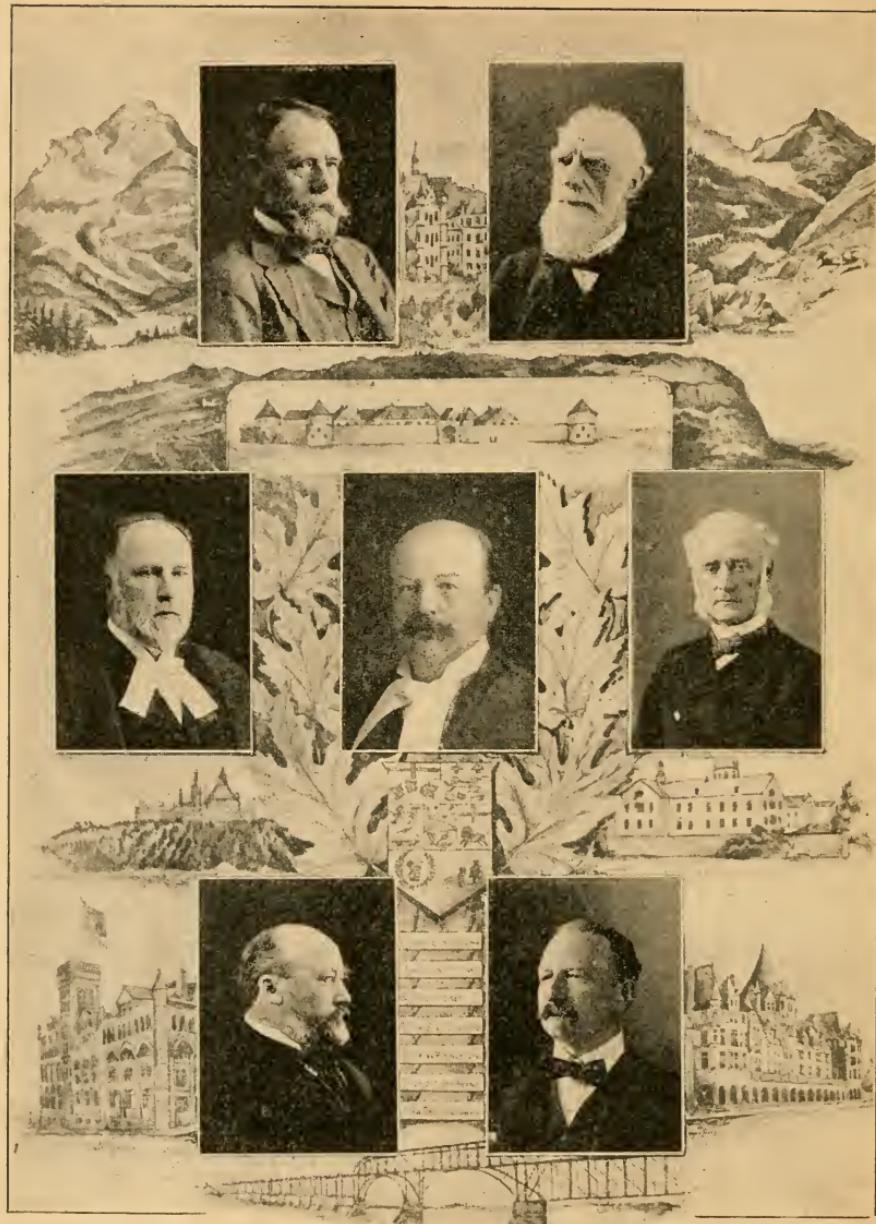
Montreal, yea, all Canada, will be proud to claim her as a daughter,

MISS PAULINE LIGHTFOOT.

TITLED MONTREAL.

I don't know that the impression is a general one among those of a republic, but it was at least my own, that a title carried with it but little of worth, or rather that it was too often conferred upon men of little worth; but when I look over the names of Canadians upon whom titles have been conferred, and see the vast accomplishments of the men so honored, I am pleased to change my views, and to see the justice and wisdom of honoring these men of deeds. Especially is this true of those of the Province of Quebec—(and I doubt not I shall find the wisdom of choice general) whose lives I have read as I would read a rare romance, for their lives read like a romance, and when I know that what I read is true, it is a real joy to tell my countrymen of these men—men who would stand high in any land, for they are men of worth—an honor to the titles they bear, honor that an emperor might envy. Would that my book were large enough to give but an outline of the volumes that might be written of these men, but it is not, and I must give but a bare outline of the outlines.

More than sixty years ago a boy of seventeen left his home in England and came to Canada, then a trackless wilderness. He had no friends to welcome him, no one to cheer him in his loneliness. It was not to the comforts of a city he came, but to the barren coasts of Labrador, to the bleak trading post of Mingan. That boy was



TITLED MONTREAL.

Donald A. Smith,

The boy whom all Canada to-day loves to honor as the great

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

He came to take a lowly position in a company (The Hudson Bay) which he saw grow into a vast, far-reaching institution, with his own name at its head. There, in lonely Mingan, his eyes were threatened with blindness. To reach Montreal was his only hope; but to reach which, in the dead of winter, was an undertaking that a Napoleon might have feared, but this boy showed then the indomitable will that has carried him through a long life of success. He came, was cured, and returned. The hardships of the long, weary journey back may be appreciated, when it is told that the two Indians who accompanied him, died on the way, utterly worn out from fatigue.

A Busy Life.

Lord Strathcona has done so much worthy of note that it is only here and there that I can touch upon his life. In 1870 he was elected the first member for Winnipeg in the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba. In 1871 he was elected to the Dominion Parliament, as member for Selkirk. In 1880, with his cousin, Lord Mount Stephen, and others, he undertook the gigantic work of constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway, a work, owing to the vast difficulties which attended it, must ever rank among the great enterprises of modern days. On Nov. 7, 1885, he saw the last spike driven in the road that spanned a continent.

Is Made a Knight.

In 1886, for his many services, he was created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. In 1887 he was elected for West Montreal, which he represented until appointed High Commissioner, in 1896. He stood very high in Parliament owing to his rare judgment of conditions.

Gifts.

The known gifts of Lord Strathcona reach far into the millions, while the silent ones, known only to himself and the recipients, have cheered the hearts of many a humble brother man. He gives from the heart and not for fame—the only gift which in turn gives back to the heart a joy. In 1887 he gave a half million dollars toward the building of the Royal Victoria Hospital—and has added much more to it since. He gave the beautiful Royal Victoria College, on Sherbrooke street, and endowed it with one million dollars. I might go on, but these two I give as instances of the many. His gifts are gifts of wisdom rather than for that which pleases alone the sight. Some one is ever materially benefited by his generosity—and long after he has gone, new generations will come and go blessing the name of Lord Strathcona.

His residence on Dorchester street has been described as a veritable palace, filled with rare and costly works of art of which he is a generous patron. It was at his home that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York (now Prince and Princess of Wales), were entertained, while in the city last year (1901).

His Montreal residence is but one of five seats

—one in London, one in Scotland, and two others in Canada.

He is noted for his hospitality, as well as for his generosity.

His wife is the daughter of the late Richard Hardisty, of the Hudson Bay Company, and his only child, a daughter, is the wife of Dr. Howard, of Montreal.

He was made a Peer by the Queen in 1897, a well deserved Diamond Jubilee honor.

Is it any wonder that Lord Strathcona is called—not by *Canada alone*—

“The First Citizen of the British Empire ?”

His patriotism is unbounded, and that patriotism is not of the kind that waves aloft his country’s flag and lets others do the work. When the Mother Country needed the help of her children, her young Canadian sons quickly came to her rescue, and said: “Here are we ready for duty!” This noble citizen could not, by reason of years, go to the field; but he did what no other son offered to do. He fitted out complete

The Strathcona Horse,

and sent them to the front, an act of patriotism rarely found in history.

To write of a man like Lord Strathcona is to write from the heart. I care nothing for titles unearned—the kings and emperors who inherit thrones are naught to me compared to one who builds alone a name. This the subject of my sketch has done, and in building it, he has made one whose luster will grow brighter with the years. His life has made happier the lives of others. Such names live on, for they live in the heart.

LORD MOUNT STEPHEN

Was born in 1829 at Dufftown, Banff, Scotland, came to Canada in 1850, where he entered into business, realizing a fortune, in Montreal, in manufacturing textiles. Was appointed a Director of the Bank of Montreal, and from 1876 to 1881 was President of that great institution. He soon drifted into railway enterprises, and with his cousin, Mr. Donald A. Smith,—now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal—made possible the now gigantic Canadian Pacific Railway, of which he was the first President, in 1881, holding that position until 1888, when he resigned.

In 1885, in connection with Donald A. Smith, he founded the "Montreal Scholarship," in the London Royal College of Music—and in 1887 the two men again united in donating \$500,000 each, to found the Royal Victoria Hospital. In 1885 the Government of Canada presented Mr. Stephen with the Confederation Medal, and in 1886 he was created Baronet by the Queen, in recognition of his great service in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was raised to the Peerage in 1891, and chose as his title the lofty peak in the Rocky Mountains, which had been originally named in his honor. His seat in England is Brocket Hall, Herts, once the home of Lord Palmerston.

**SIR WILLIAM CORNELIUS VAN HORNE,
K.C.M.G.**

Was born in Joliet, Illinois, in 1843. Like most really great men, he began at the bottom of the ladder, and has climbed up to the point where there are few if any of the "rounds"

left. Step by step he went up through all the branches of railroading—which life he early chose—going so fast that were I to record them all, this sketch would be one of rapid figures of advancement. In 1881 he became identified with the Canadian Pacific Railway, first as General Manager, then Vice-President (1884), and on the retirement of Lord Mount Stephen, in 1888, he became President of this vast system. In 1894 he was made a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, as a Royal and Imperial recognition of his services.

To Sir William Van Horne Cuban development will owe much, as his railway enterprise in that rich island is changing a wilderness into a garden.

While Sir William has led a busy life as boy and man, yet he has always kept in touch with the intellectual world. He is a lover and great patron of the arts and sciences, being himself an artist and lover of the beautiful in picture. His home on Sherbrooke street is a palace—with galleries filled with some of the choicest paintings and statuary in the Dominion.

Sir William has been the subject of many a brilliant sketch, by many a brilliant writer. G. M. Adam says of him: "His name is a household word and an omen of success throughout Canada and throughout the world," and "One of the best liked men in the Dominion." "As manager he has few equals and no superiors." "Few men have enjoyed more implicitly the confidence of the business world."

SIR THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY,

Was born in Milwaukee, Wis., in 1853. His life reads like a romance. From poor boy to man of vast possibilities has seemed but an Aladdin stride—a dream of a night. His life and that of Sir William Van Horne could be read as one—only a change of name, the life sketch would fit either. He came to the Canadian Pacific Railway with Sir William, and to their master minds much is due for that road's position at the head of the world's vast railway systems. This road and its branches are fast permeating the Dominion, as the arteries of a giant's body. Sir Thomas, on the retirement of Sir William Van Horne, became President of this railway system.

During the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York's visit last year (1901), Mr. Shaughnessy was made a Knight, in recognition of what he has done, is doing, and will do toward the upbuilding of this vast Empire.

G. M. Adam speaks of Sir Thomas thus aptly: "From the first day of his life as a railway man there was no doubt in the minds of those who knew him that he would be a success. The qualities of his mind are thoroughly modern, and fit exactly the service of this greatest branch of modern public service. Ardent and untiring, he has the ability to do much work, and his shrewd common sense and prodigious memory enable him to guide that work to the very best advantage."

It may be a broad statement to say that, taking into account the vast obstacles with which these two men have had to contend, they

stand alone as railway managers, but when we see what they have done and are doing the statement is but that of a fact.

SIR WILLIAM HALES HINGSTON.

When we look about us and see on every side the men who have no aim in life, save that of selfish purpose, it is a relief to find here and there one who stands out and above, so high that the whole world may but look and see. We often feel that none are great save those whose local fame has made them so to us. The subject of this sketch has no locality. He may reside quietly here in Montreal, but Montreal has no claim to him save that of residence. He belongs to the world, and all lands do him homage. He is known in Europe as though of London or Paris or Berlin. He stands alongside of the greatest surgeons of the world. I speak thus strongly, for many at a distance may read this sketch and think I speak of him as of local fame.

Sir William H. Hingston is a Canadian, born in 1829, at Hinchinbrook, in this (Quebec) Province. He graduated at McGill College in 1851. In 1852 he received the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and subsequently obtained diplomas in France, Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria. He was the first Canadian admitted to the membership of the Imperial Academy of Vienna. So many have been the honors conferred upon him that it would lengthen this sketch beyond my space to barely touch upon them. He was Mayor of Montreal from 1875 to 1878,—and so wise a chief magistrate that he might have continued,

but would not accept the renomination. It was during his administration that occurred the Guibord excitement, and but for his wisdom great harm might have resulted. The late Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, extended to him his thanks for his cool judgment on that occasion. He was Knighted by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in 1895, and was called to the Senate of Canada by the Earl of Aberdeen in 1896.

His quiet acts of kindness have made him dearly beloved by the poor, whose friend he has ever been—doing for them in their need, the same as though they had been able to pay with the millionaire. He has ever been governed by love of humanity and not by gold. He has long been surgeon to the Hotel Dieu, where his rare skill has given new life and ease to many a suffering one.

To read such lives of good, makes one feel more kindly toward the world. There are all too few Hingstons—the world would be better if there were more.

SIR WILLIAM McTAGGART TAIT,

Was born at Melbourne, P.Q., 1842. Was educated at St. Francis College, Richmond, and graduated B.C.L. at McGill University, in 1862. He was called to the Bar in 1863, practised first at Melbourne, and, in 1870, came to Montreal.

He was created Q.C. by the Marquis of Lorne in 1882, and for a number of years was treasurer of the Montreal Bar.

When a young man he took much interest in military affairs, taking a first-class certificate

in the Military School at Quebec. He served as a First Lieutenant and Captain in the 54th Battalion (Lord Aylmer's), during the Fenian troubles. He is a high Freemason. In 1877 he was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and re-elected in 1878. In 1886 he became a Fellow in Law in McGill University, and took the degree of D.C.L., in course, at that institution in 1891. During that year he received the same honorable degree at Bishop's College. He is a member of the Council of that University. He was appointed in 1894 to perform the duties of Chief Justice of his court in the District of Montreal. In 1897 he was honored, for his long and efficient service on the Bench and his great abilities at the Bar, by being made a Knight by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. On this occasion the Bar of Quebec, feeling the justice of the honor, presented him with an address of congratulation. Lady Tait was the daughter of the late Henry B. Kinghorn, of Newport, R.I.

SIR ALEXANDER LACOSTE,

was born at Boucherville, P.Q., in 1842, being the son of the late Hon. Louis Lacoste, J.P., Senator. The family came originally from Langudoc, France. He was educated at the College, St. Hyacinthe, and at Laval University (LL.D., 1879), called to the Bar in 1863, and began the practice of law in Montreal.

Many have been the honors conferred upon this great jurist. He attained an eminent position in all branches of his profession, was created a Q.C., by the Dominion Government, in 1876, and had the same honor conferred

upon him by the Marquis of Lorne, in 1880. He was Batonnier of the Bar in 1878-80, became a Legislative Councillor, P.Q., in 1882, and was called to the Senate by the Marquis of Lansdowne, Jan., 1884. Appointed Speaker of the Senate, April 27, 1891. He held that office until September 14 of the same year, when he was elected to the Bench as Chief Justice of his native Province. His Lordship was sworn of the Privy Council, Oct. 13, 1892, and received the honor of Knighthood the same year. He was appointed administrator of the Government of Quebec in 1893, and again in 1897, and received the honorable degree of D.C.L. from Bishop's College University, Lennoxville, in 1895.

These are but a part of the honors carried by Sir Alexander Lacoste. In all his busy life he has ever had time to work against the vice of intemperance. He believes that there can be but one voice raised against the evil—a curse to every civilized nation.

I have thus hurriedly sketched the lives of men whose deeds and prominence would warrant a far more extended notice, but in a work of this nature, only a touch here and there can be made. The wives of these men stand deservedly high, both socially and in good works. They have risen side by side with these men of title, and for the success attained, to them much is due. On every hand I hear naught but kind words said of their charity and consideration for those whose lot in life has been less happy than their own.

There is a man who, while he is not of Montreal, yet is so closely connected by reason of

being at the head of the great Elder Dempster and Company Steamship line, might well be mentioned among the titled. I refer to

SIR A. L. JONES, K.C.M.G.

who was Knighted by King Edward on the occasion of his (the King's) birthday, Nov. 9,



1901. He has proven that, not only in America, but in conservative England, can a man, by his own efforts, climb from the bottom to a place among the highest. He started a poor boy, and, to-day, stands at the head of one of the great steamship companies that ply the waters of the world, with its

One Hundred and Twenty-Six Vessels.

That company may well be said to be of Montreal, which, next to its Liverpool port, is

its most important harbor. I have recently been surprised that in the many letters I have received from the school children of the States (I received one hundred and twenty-three from one town), on Canada, that but a single letter spoke of Montreal as a seaport. Why, bless you, my dear children, you left out one of the most important facts. One little girl among the number, however, said a true thing when she wrote : " Unless the Erie Canal is widened for sea-going vessels, Montreal will steal the ocean trade of New York City." As it is, a vast amount of grain is shipped from here, coming in as it does by the many railroads from the West and by the lake and river steamers. Not only in grain, but a large toarist business is done from here, especially by those who do not care for a long ocean voyage. One may leave New York in the morning, reach here in the evening, and go aboard one of the Elder Dempster and Company's palatial steamers, and float for 800 miles down the St. Lawrence, rarely ever out of sight of land, thus making the voyage across to Europe far less tiresome. Then again many people come here, make a tour of the country, and start on this line from Quebec nearly 200 miles down the river.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

Not only is Canada making vast strides in shipping and railroading, but in every branch of business — mining, manufacturing, wheat raising, horse, sheep and cattle raising, and in lumbering, the business is very great, especially in the

Pulp and Paper Industry.

The pulp and paper industry of Canada is growing enormously. Mills are being erected throughout the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, wherever water power is sufficiently great to warrant it, and the vast number of falls found everywhere are being utilized, and the woods of the forest are melting away into pulp and its products. Possibly the largest of all plants are those of the Canada Paper Company. Their output is simply enormous, and with the recent additional capital, they are enlarging and extending their mills. I sought far and near for a paper that would suit my purpose for this book, and, finally, chose that which you are now looking at. This Company made it specially for this edition. I know it's not the proper place to say this, that's why I put it here. It's such a pleasure to do things the opposite to what every one else would do.

POOR STREETS.

It is not my province to criticise, but the Colonel never gets through talking about the poor streets of Montreal. "Rube," says he, "for a city of the vast riches of Montreal, it is a wonder that it does not wake up and get out of the mud. Some day it will elect a Boss Sheppard as Mayor. A man who will not be afraid of public opinion; but will beautify Montreal, as Shepherd did Washington, even though they may run him out of town, as Washington did Shepherd. Yet, in after years, should he return, there will be

nothing too good for him. There are few cities situated for beauty as Montreal, and yet few with streets so neglected. No matter how much natural beauty a town may have, it must be well paved, else the great beauty is lost. Why, Montreal is far behind some of its little suburbs. Even Ste. Cunegonde is far better paved, while Westmount, under the wise rule of that ideal Mayor, W. D. Lighthall, is outstripping its great neighbor to the east. Yes, Rube, Montreal needs a Boss Shepherd, and it needs him very, very much."

"How would a Mayor Parent do, Colonel?"

"Ah, Rube, now you are saying things! If Montreal had such a Parent for a father you wouldn't know the town inside of a few years, but then such Parents as he are seldom found at the head of the family."*

*Note.—The Colonel said the above, before Mayor Cochrane had gotten started. Now he goes about town watching the work, and says: "Rube, I declare it comes the nearest sort looking as though Montreal has at last got a man who will pull her out of the mud. *That* man is doing things, not talking about it. If he is backed up by the city, you won't know the streets and sidewalks by the time he has finished his second—or third term at furthest. I hardly know some of the streets *already*. Yes, Rube, Cochrane is all right, and I guess as Sam would say: 'Al-der-men helping are all right too.'"

Rainy Daisies

Where one jots down so many notes in a city where there are so many notes to jot down, one is liable at times to forget why some of the notes were jotted down at all. Now see this one.

“ Rainy Day.”

“ Rainy Daisies.”

“ Montreal.”

“ Chicago.”

“ Intelligence good.”

“ Understanding same.”

“ Same Last”—Regular puzzle—who could ever unravel notes so intricate ! yet they must have meant something as they are right in among Montreal notes. It may all dawn upon me some time, so will leave them in for the dawning “Chicago” “Montreal”—“Same Last.” Give it up !

The Colonel Makes a Discovery.

“ Rube,” said the Colonel one evening after a walk about town, “ I made a discovery to-day. I got into a part of Montreal we had not yet seen, and I found a street, four blocks long and *it had the same name all the way.*” The Colonel has promised to take me to see it. (The Montrealer will appreciate this and the tourist will find it out.) The Colonel always brought in items of interest and things he had heard during the day, and if I were writing another sort of a book his items would fill it.

Mail Boxes.

“ Colonel,” said I, sealing a letter, “ will you mail this as you go down town ?”

"Yes, but, by the way, where will I find the letter box?"

"Well, you go east four blocks, turn south three, turn east again, and, on the third corner, you will find it on that building with the red front."

"All right, Rube, I never knew before where it was."

The Drum Major.

"Honora, dear, I hov a canundrum far ye."

"What is it, Michael?"



"Why, air the Ryall Scots the foinist—Here, now, shtop wunkin yere oies at the Dhrum Major—He can't say onything below the roof loine—I axes ye, why, the Ryall Scots air the foinist body ov Sojers in Montreal?"

"I give it up, Michael, what's the answer?"

"I doan't know ayther, but oi've often thought!"

She Wanted to be on the Hanging Committee.

“Colonel, did you ever think of the many things we hear only a part of as we go along? Now, this afternoon as I came up St. Catherine past Phillips Square, I saw a large number of the finest looking ladies I’ve seen in Montreal. They were all talking about an exhibit of some kind. The word ‘poster’ seemed more prominent than any other. One lady said ‘Well, if the artist who sent it is ever found I, for one, want to be on the hanging committee—.’ Another lady spoke up and said ‘My husband says it was *so* true to life!’ ‘The cruel, cruel man to say such a thing.’ I couldn’t hear any more, but as far as I could see them they were still talking. I suppose about — ‘that poster?’ I would *so* like to know what it was all about.”

UNITED STATES CUSTOMS.

Uncle Sam’s interest are well looked after up here, but I am at a loss to know how ever Ohio allowed herself to be left clear out in the make up. Just think, for a moment, of a great city like Montreal and not a single Ohio man on the list—not one! I must see Uncle Mark about this! What is the remarkable part of it all is that they get along so well without us, and, yet, when I come to think of it the “Ohio of the East” is in full charge, the Customs officers, every one being from Vermont. And, again, as I come to think of it, it is not more than fair that since we furnish the Presidents our rival should be allowed the Customs—fair though not customary for us to allow anything where there is an office to fill.

E. H. Twohey, who for thirty years has represented us in Montreal, is at the head of the Customs Department. I can't say that he is "well and *favorably* known," even though of so long a residence—that is except to the better class of citizens, with whom he is a great favorite. The other class don't seem to like him at all, as they "don't have no chanet," for let one of them start toward New York with a bushel or two of diamonds, nine hundred to one he won't get more than across the line until he will change his destination and lose track of his diamonds. Mr. Twohey is ably assisted by M. B. Yaw (whom I should have put into "Musical Montreal"), J. H. Maguire and W. C. Heffron.

U. S. IMMIGRATION COMMISSION.

For a long while this part of our work could have been about as well done from Washington as from here. This assertion alone would carry no weight, but with figures behind it, it will draw down the scales very materially. This is not an examining port, that part is done at Quebec, where Colonel John Thomas is in charge, and as the Colonel is an Ohio man, I need not say it is well done.

This is an inspection office. The duty is to see that no immigrant shall unlawfully cross the border—and by "unlawfully" I mean that every immigrant must have a certificate from the office at the port of entry. Many immigrants come over, give their destination as Canada, in which event our officers have nothing to say—once in the country they attempt to cross at some point along the border, and it is

the province of this office to prevent that. Now, go back to my first sentence—up to Sept. 1, of last year, so little was done that it was hardly worth the expense of keeping men along the line. Thousands crossed over and so readily that it was not even exciting. I wouldn't say this if I did not have the figures warranting it. Up to the year ending June 30, 1901, there were turned back 395 only. From Sept. 1, 1901, to June 30, 1902, ten months, there were stopped on the border and across, nearly 5,000, and of these, 39 were deported from U. S. ports, and 1,977 found not acceptable owing to disease, pauperism, old age, etc., etc. What does this mean? It means that up to June 30, 1901, the service was so lax that there was only a semblance of barring out the undesirable, and that the halt, the maimed and the blind went across with impunity, and very little else, to begin life in a new country, to enjoy the privileges of our almshouses and blind asylums. But, great Scott! when Robert Watchorn got up here and in charge, such a halt was called on the undesirable that they thought that something had dropped, and now to get over the line is so very difficult that even the smuggler with all his cunning, finds it so hard that many of them are stopping and going to work. Some didn't stop soon enough and are now at work in Auburn, Sing-Sing and other of our popular resorts.

This shows what the right men in the right place can do, and if ever that man was found, his name is Watchorn, from Pennsylvania. His equal is not found in the whole Immigration service. He has a force around him that knows only to do. No more holding office for

“revenue only!” This force is made up of H. M. Turner, of West Virginia; E. J. Wallace, Vermont; and Miss Mary Collins, of Washington, D.C. Then, besides this board at Montreal, there are Colonel H. M. Deal and Edw. Petit, at Port Huron; C. C. Williams, at Sault Ste. Marie; John H. Clark, at Buffalo, Joseph Francis, at Niagara Falls, and Col. C. S. Forbes, at St. Albans, Vermont. (The latter is the editor and proprietor of that deservedly popular magazine, “The Vermonter.”)

With this long line of vigilant members (with Robert Watchorn in charge of all) Canada will have to look after the “undesirables” who have heretofore come to us, and already the Dominion is waking up to the fact, that, however much she may welcome the desirable of foreign lands, she must draw the line at the paupers and other non-producers, as they are a tax and a burden on any land. Ere long the Canadian ports will be as difficult of entry as our own, and the universal motto from Florida to Labrador will be “Welcome to the good and refusal to the ill.”

RUBE TAKES A RUN DOWN THROUGH THE STATES.

“Colonel,” said I one day in March, “I guess I’ll take a run down home, and while there see what the school-children know of Canada.” You see, “The Only Percy” had bantered me about the relative knowledge of the school-children of our two countries, “Why, Rube,” said Percy, “our Canadian children know all about you, while yours know nothing about us. Even your teachers can’t bound Canada.”

Percy had heard of that Teachers' Institute out in Iowa, where one of the "School-marms" when asked to bound Canada, said: "Canada is bounded on the north by the St. Lawrence River and Hudson's Bay, and on the south by the Great Lakes. It is 1,000 miles long and 100 miles wide. Its principal city is Montreal, a town of 50,000 inhabitants.* The people are French and wandering tribes of Indians. Their occupations are hunting, furs, and making snowshoes and moccasins, and selling lumber, which grows all over the country. They spend their time in building ice-palaces and going tobogganing. The three men who figured most largely in Canada were Wolfe, Montcalm and Montgomery, but they are all dead now—and—and—I guess that's all I know about Canada." It is said that the superintendent of the county knew about as much as the "School-marm," and let her pass on that; but *that* was in Iowa. So, when Percy offered to wager a dinner, I took him up and formulated fifty questions.

Rube Examines Canadian Schools.

The genial Principal of Peel Street School, in Montreal, kindly allowed me to ask his children fifty questions on, "What do you know about the United States?" It was worth a dozen dinners to see those children of Peel Street School march into the great assembly hall that morning—the boys from one side and the girls from the other. The leader of each

Note.—It has nearly 350,000, and growing very fast.

carrying the British flag, while the pianist, out of compliment, played our own

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

It took me back to the long ago, when, as a little child, I watched our own larger boys march to that tune as they went away to the wars. These children answered my questions so fast, that I almost felt that Percy had been wagering on a certainty—which, you know, don't count. I was sure this Peel Street School was exceptionally well informed, and that no other could be found in Canada able to answer as it had.

Rube Goes to Quebec.

So, while in Quebec, attending "The Week of Sports," I asked Professor Young, Principal of the Boys' High School, if I might ask the questions about the United States. Without a moment's hesitation, he took me to a large room, into which he soon had the ninety boys of the school congregated. Then I found that Montreal was not the exception.

While I was sure that the Montreal children were right when, at the close of the examination, they answered, to my question, "Will I lose the dinner?" "You will—you will!" yet I would give our own schools a chance, and go down and visit them, especially as I am never happier than when I can see before me the bright faces of children upturned—ever eager to learn. It's an inspiration. While I tremble and quake at the sight of grown-up people, if I must speak to them, I am at ease with children, for I love them, and they know it, and help me to speak.

"Yes, Colonel, I'm going down home, and while there will find out what the school-children know of Canada." "What's the good?" asked the practical Colonel, "what will you gain by it?"

"Now, see here, Colonel—what's the good of doing anything—or, as the small boy put it: 'What's the good of anything? why naw-thin'?' It's only a little habit I have. I do things that please me, simply because it pleases me to do them. What do we get in life, anyhow! Some work for money, and for money only; others work for money that they may buy pleasures. Pleasure is the end for which we strive, and no one gains that end sooner than he who gains it with no thought of the money. I love Canada and when I love a people, I want others to know that people, and in no way do I see how I can easier have Canada known, than to set the children of my own country talking and studying about this beautiful north land."

I little thought that my mission would be so successful. Instead of it being local to the points of my visit, the newspapers of America took it up, and when I was ready to return to Canada, not only the children, but their parents, were studying the map and the history of Canada, which to me was a far greater pleasure than had I gained money instead of spending it. Now, dear readers, if you care to hear of my tour, come sit 'round while I tell the Colonel about it. With all his practical turn, he seems anxious to hear about what I saw, heard and did in my wanderings.

Rube Tells the Colonel all About It.

"Tell me first, Rube, how did you find New York, now that Tammany is out and we are in?"

"It looks, Colonel, as though *we* are having an up-hill time of it. Jerome promised so much *before* and is doing so little *after*, that Seth has his hands full in doing any of the 'reforming' he promised. They have so much theory that they don't seem to have any time left for the practical. There's a limit to nearly every man's greatness—and I think Low reached his when Mayor of Brooklyn. When I asked the privilege of examining the New York school children, I saw the Mayor, because I thought he, too, was interested in schools. He sent me to see Maxwell. Ah me, there's the great man for you! The only trouble is that he knows it too well himself. He is at the head of all the schools—'What?' Oh!—no—he sent a little girl out to ask, 'What do you want, Mister?' 'Want to see the Superintendent.' Little girl goes into his highness's office—comes back and says. 'Mister Maxwell says what do you want?' Says I—'I want to see Mister Maxwell.' I kept the 'shuttle' going back and forth, then, stated my errand, and, for the only time on all my tour, was flatly refused—'Can't allow my schools to do anything out of the ordinary,' was what the 'shuttle' finally brought out of the office of his highness. No, Colonel, I didn't get to see Mr. Maxwell the Great, but I *did* examine one of Mr. Maxwell's schools over his head, and was greatly pleased with the Principal, who allowed me to test his

school. I was quite surprised at the ready answers the children gave to my questions. The Principal had been much in Canada, and seemed pleased to do all he could to have this country known. He and his corps of teachers were delightful people to meet.*

“While the Principal had been in Canada, yet he could not be said to be ‘up’ on the great men of the Dominion, for when I asked, ‘Who is Lord Strathcona?’ and received the answer, ‘He is Captain of the horse company that went to South Africa,’ he said the question was not a fair one—‘Why,’ I replied, ‘everybody should know the greatest man in Canada?’ At which he said, ‘If I were asked who is the greatest man in Canada, I’d say, Sir Donald A. Smith.’ When he learned that both are the same man, he had nothing further to say as to the fairness of the question.

At Baltimore,

I had no trouble to get to ask the questions—thanks to that rising young corporation lawyer, Irvin G. Herman. A word from him gained me entrance at once to Principal Elliott’s school. The class I examined here was very bright and quick, and, withal, well informed. It was here that I came near winning the dinner, and I think would have won it had not Percy’s fifty questions required extraordinary knowledge. Yes, Baltimore’s was the best class of all the cities, and nearly as good as the Montclair, New Jersey, class—Ah, that is the school! but of it further on.

At Washington,

General H. V. Boynton, the President of the School Board, was most kind. I did not have

* See Addenda, “Prize Winners.”

to see *him* by means of a 'Shuttle.' Oh, no. He sent me to Superintendent Stuart, who gave me the famous Franklin School after which so many school buildings had been modelled. By this time so much notoriety had been given the tour by the newspapers, that I had many visitors in attendance that afternoon. The opportunity was such a favorable one that I devoted much time in talking to those visitors, through the children, telling them of the delights of Canada. One of the boys in the class made a guess at nearly every question, and hit so many of them that one of the visitors tried to hire him to go to the races to guess 'winners,' but the boy wittily replied: 'I'm not up on that sort of *book* learning.'

"When I reached

Philadelphia,

I went direct to the 'Press,' where I was very cordially received by the most genial City Editor on the tour.

"'Hello, Rube, is that you? Why, I've been looking for you for two days. Heard you were coming. Now, what do you want to do?'

"'I want you to get me into the best school in Phila.' You see, I used to live in that town, and wanted that it should make a good showing. Well, he called up the Superintendent, who is said to be a fine man. He sent me to the—No, I won't tell you the name of the school, as I used to live right near it. 'Local pride'—See? The Principal's manner would have made vinegar seem sweet when I told him my mission. He did not 'approve of it,' 'wanted a note from Dr. B.' 'Call up Dr. B.,' said I, when he doubted my word.—He did so,

and then said, unkindly: 'Well, come on!' The class could guess but twenty of the fifty questions, one of which was, 'Where does the Montreal parallel pass in Europe?' A boy risked a guess, 'Norway and Sweden,' I turned to the Principal and asked: 'Is that correct?' 'I think it is,' said he, 'Well, as it is about 800 miles too far north, I don't think it is correct.' By this time he had reached 212 degrees, and said: 'We don't teach those things here!'

"'What, pray, *do* you teach?' Then he took me down into the large hallway, and, waving his hand along the wall at a number of framed drawings, said, 'There—that's what we teach!' I looked at a drawing on which were a bird, a plant, and a cow, and asked, 'Why did the artist (?) put that plant in the picture?' 'And why not?' he queried. 'Why,' said I, pointing, 'this cow might *eat* the plant!' 'Oh, oh, *that's* not the cow, *that's* the bird!' I would have made good my error, but he would none of it. I had reached the limit, and had to beat a retreat.—

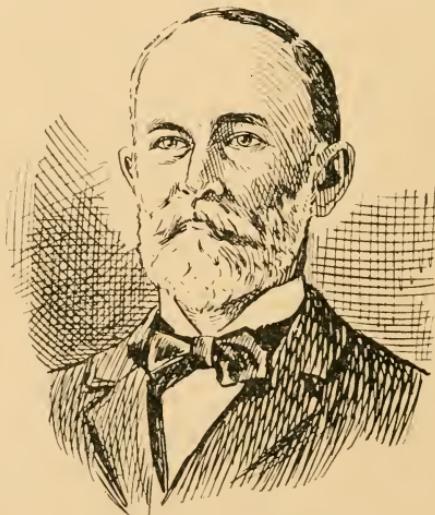
Country vs. City School System.

"I could not but note the difference between the school systems that prevail in the city and those that are followed in the country and small cities and towns. In the cities the children are used as so many pawns. They are set and moved as though inanimate wood. They are taught as a class—as a whole. The individual is swallowed up and identity is lost; while in the country, each child is a living, moving, thinking being, worthy of individual attention. There was scarcely a city school in all my tour where a pupil would rise in his

or her seat and answer a question in an easy, self-confident manner—while, on the other hand, there was not a school in the towns and smaller cities but where I found the children could get right up, and not only explain a question, but often go into the details of it—and that, too, with no seeming fear of the machine teaching system of our great cities. Take, for illustration, the beautiful little city of

Montclair

nestling at the foot of and along the eastern slope of the Orange Mountains, in New Jersey, some fourteen miles west of New



RANDALL SPAULDING.

York city. Here I found possibly the best school system of all the places I visited. It is under the superintendance of Mr. Randall Spaulding, who for years has had charge of the

schools. He selects his teachers from the best Normals of all the East—no politician can select for him an incompetent teacher simply because that teacher is some poor relative or favored friend, nor does Mr. Spaulding choose his helpers direct from the Normals, they must have taught for two or more years before he will engage them. He maintains that it is not always the bright graduate that makes the



HIGH SCHOOL, MONTCLAIR.

successful instructor. The teacher must have tact as well as knowledge—must not only know, but be able to impart knowledge—must gain the confidence and the love of the pupils, then the best results are attained.

“The day I stood before a Montclair class to ask the 50 questions, I saw in front of me, none but mere children. I said to Miss Eldridge, the Assistant Superintendent, ‘My dear lady—it is not a fair test—these children are much

younger than any class I have yet examined.' Miss Eldridge simply smiled, and said in pleasant confidence, 'Well, try them, and see what they know.' I did try them, and young as they were, their answers surprised me. My set questions seemed easy for them—all save those in history and facts which they had not yet studied. I asked questions not on my list—I picked out an island so small and so dis-



WINTER SCENE IN BERGEN COUNTY. (BY GEO. M. LEONARD.)

tant that I was sure they had never heard of it, and clothed the question with all the obscurity I could," "What is *Mauritius*—a mountain,—a city, a people, a river or a country?" "An island in the Indian Ocean, east of Madagascar," quickly came the answer,—Why, some of them even knew of that beautiful book, 'Paul and Virginia,'—by St. Pierre—who

located his story on Mauritius. When I asked 'What is the highest mountain peak in the world?' Rodger Birdseye, 12 years old, not only answered, 'Mount Everest, in the Himalayas,' but promptly gave me Waugh's exact measurement of it—'29,002 feet!' With the exception of a boy by the name of Chester C. Jersey, of Bergen County, N. J., Roger was the brightest pupil I saw on my tour, but then Jersey was fourteen, and a wonder when it came to not only knowing things, but in being able to tell them in a way that would do credit to a polished public speaker. I expect to hear of him later on, as he means to go into either the Army or Navy, where he is bound to make his mark.

"The High School building of Montclair, a picture of which I here give, is the best arranged of all the schools I visited.

"Withal I was delighted with what I saw in the schools of Montclair. For that matter, I was charmed by the little city itself. I could not but compare its beautifully paved streets, well kept lawns, magnificent cottages, etc., with many a large city, whose Fathers were so busy looking after their own pockets that the poor innocent inhabitants had to plod through the mud from year to year, content because they had been so long used to it, and hadn't snap enough to change things."*

"But I have been too long on my school tour, 'What were the questions I asked?' Oh, yes, I meant to tell you, but here they are, read them over for yourself while I rest, for I'm tired talking."



CHESTER C. JERSEY.

* See Addenda, "Prize Winners."

The Colonel Talks on Geography.

That afternoon the Colonel got me cornered again, and wanted to know what else I did besides talk to the children about Canada. He first tried to cheer me up for losing the dinner to Percy. "No wonder, Rube, you lost, when the geography makers have so neglected Canada, that the Canadians themselves could not prove by the geography half of the things of interest in their own country. Take, for instance, the Lake St. John country. Why, you can't find anything about that great lake save a little spot on the map, looking scarcely large enough for a name, and yet it is nearly five hundred square miles in extent, and has great rivers running into it, which, if extended end to end, would reach over a third of the way across the continent. It's a wonder to me that Parliament don't take up this subject, and get out a map worthy of these places of real interest. But, we'll not talk about hat now.* I saw by the newspapers that you called to see Roosevelt. Tell me about him. How did you like him, Rube?"

Rube Visits the President.

"Well, you see, it was this way. I said to Senator Proctor: 'Senator,' said I, 'I'd like to meet a real live President. I met one once, but he wasn't a real live one. He was a good duck hunter, but a poor president—and I've never been proud of meeting him—I met him on a long string, and I guess he has forgotten about it, as there were so many others on the string that day at the White House—that I just had time to say, 'Hello, how are things!'

* See Addenda on "Geography."

as the fellow behind pushed me along—pushed me along before we had time to get real well acquainted. Yes, I guess he has forgotten me, and I won't worry about the meeting. This time I want to meet a real live one, and I don't want to meet him on a string, either.' 'Rube,' said the Senator, 'I'll introduce you to one of the liveliest Presidents we will possibly have in the twentieth century,' and on Monday morning he took me to see Roosevelt."

"Were you pleased with him?"

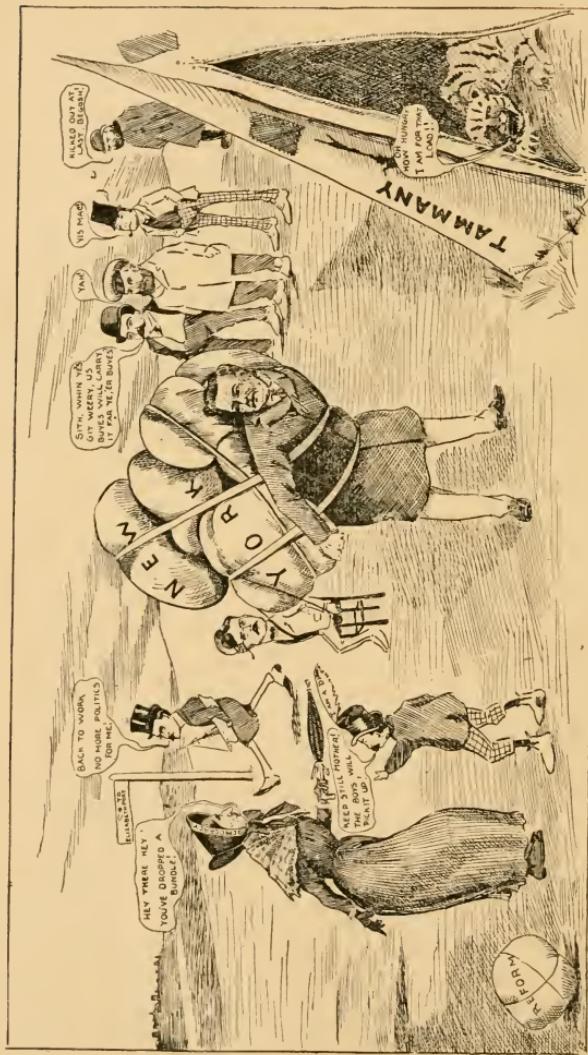
"Pleased with him?" Why, Colonel, I've laid out to be a very old man, but I never hope to meet another who will please me more than Teddy, if I live to see 'em all. Why the minute I saw him I said to myself, 'Rube, here's your ideal President that you wrote about in *My Friend Bill*—here he is, and you needn't look any further,' and I won't! Why, Colonel, he couldn't have been more agreeable to meet had he been one of us. He was real sociable, and made a whole roomful wait while he stood and let me talk to him, without flinching."

"Brave man!" interrupted the Colonel, but I paid no attention and went on.

"Yes, I tell you, Colonel, Roosevelt's all right, even if a lot of our own politicians are not giving him the support they should."

"Why, Rube, do you mean to say our own statesmen are not giving him their support?"

"No, I didn't say anything of the kind—I said, 'some of our own *Politicians* are not giving him their support.' There's a very wide difference between a politician and a statesman—one lives and fights for a policy, and then dies, and is soon forgotten, the other



"Mr. W.V. Seth, but can't I talk?"

"Yes, Windy, but if you'd think more and talk less, this durn load wouldn't be so blamed heavy to carry!"

fights for a principle and gets himself into history and his descendants are proud to trace themselves back to him—and the longer he is dead the prouder they get. I know what those politicians have in mind—but that 'What,' will never be anything more than a visitor in the White House, even though he *is* from Ohio.

Rube Calls on the Mayor.

"How did you like the new Mayor, Rube?"

"Oh, very much indeed—until I met him but then he has his hands so full just now that he should be pardoned for not making the passing stranger like him. I tell you, Colonel, things are all mixed up down there. Nobody knows just where he stands except 'Dick' Croker, and he only found out after the accident. Nixon thought *he* knew, but gave it up and went back to ship-building.

"I stopped at

Albany

on my way up—I found much to see in the capital. It is a very fine city.

"I never knew before that the Government arsenal town of

Watervliet

was a suburb of Albany, only a short distance out on the trolley line between the Capital and Troy. I stopped off to see,

The Largest Gun in the World,

which for five years has been under construction at this immense gun factory. It is now almost completed. F. E. Hinckley gave me many points of interest about this giant. It is 49 feet and 2 inches long, over 5 feet through



at the breach, 16-inches bore—weighs 130 tons, —and, with 1,200 lbs of powder, it is expected it will throw a 2,000 lbs. shot twenty-one miles.

Here is a miniature picture of a beautiful lady—an officer's wife—taken in the gun. She looks out as though in contented comfort.

"There, now, Colonel, I'm tired talking, besides this is not a book of travel and notes on, 'Them as I have met on the run,'—no, and I am going to stop short off about that tour—pay for the dinner, and beg of the teachers of my country just one thing—never again get a poor lone brother Yankee off into a foreign country and make him lose a dinner just because you hadn't taught your children about that country. Now please get to work and teach Canada—it is a country worthy your attention, as you will see when you come up here on your next vacation."

QUESTIONS ON UNITED STATES.

Here are the questions asked. I give them for the teachers of both countries.

What is the area of the United States?

What is the area including Alaska?

How is the United States divided?

How many States are there?

How many territories?

Which is the largest State?

Which is the smallest State?

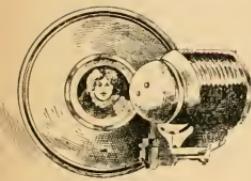
What is the largest river in the United States?

What are four of its principal tributaries?

Where does the Pennsylvania R.R. begin?

What do you know of the A. T. & S. F. R.R.?

Where is New Orleans?



On which side of the river?

How is the river kept in bounds?

How is the channel below New Orleans kept clear?

What river separates Texas from Mexico?

Where is the District of Columbia?

What is the form of government of the United States?

What is the name given the head of the government?

How is the President elected?

What is the representative body called?

How are the representative members elected?

How are the Senators elected?

What is the state government?

What are the two branches of state government?

How are they elected?

What do you know of the Mexican war, and when was it?

What great war was fought since the Mexican war?

Name the three great generals in the North.

Name three of the great generals of the South.

What President freed the negroes?

Where was he from, and what became of him?

Who is President now?

Was he elected President?

Where is New York City?

Who was the first President of the United States?

Of whom did we buy Alaska?

What did we pay for it?

What great river runs through Alaska?

On what degree of parallel is New York City?

Where does that parallel pass in Europe?

What river separates Indiana from Illinois in part?

Which is the larger State, New York or Pennsylvania?

How far is it from New York City to the Western Coast of Australia? ("8,000 miles straight through," from a little fellow in the centre aisle.)

How are the States divided?

How are the counties sub-divided?

Which is the larger, the Gulf of Mexico or Ohio?

Where are the Allegheny Mountains?

What is the population of Baltimore?

When was America discovered?

QUESTIONS ON CANADA.

What is the area of the Dominion of Canada?

What is the area including Newfoundland?

How is Canada divided?

How many provinces are there?

How many territories?

What is the largest river in Canada?

Name four of its principal tributaries.

Which is the largest province?

Which is the smallest?

Where does the Canadian Pacific Railway begin and end?

What do you know of the Q. & L. St. John R.R.?

Where is Montreal?

How do ocean going vessels get from Montreal to the sea?

During how long is the River St. Lawrence open for navigation?

What is the route from Montreal to Chicago by water?

What river, tributary to the St. Lawrence, is famous for its scenery?

Where is the seat of Federal Government?

What is the form of government in Canada?

What is the name given to the head of the government?

How is he chosen?

What are the upper and lower houses called?

How are the members of the House of Commons elected?

How do men become Senators?

What do you know of the Provincial Government?

What are the names of the two parties in Canadian polities?

Which party is in power now?

What extraordinary power has the Governor-General of Canada over the House of Commons, that the President of the United States has not got over Congress?

What do you know of the Rebellion of 1837-8?

Who owned Canada before the British?

What British General fell at Quebec?

What American General?

What French?

Which of the past statesmen of Canada was the greatest?

What change in the government of Canada was effected during his term of office?

Who is the Governor-General now?

Where is Victoria?

Who was the first Governor-General of Canada since Confederation?

Which is nearer Europe, *Canada* or the United States?

Which is nearer Asia?

What great river empties into Lake Winnipeg?

On what degree of latitude is Montreal?

Where does the latitude pass in Europe?

What rivers run through British Columbia and Washington?

Which is the larger Province, New Brunswick or Nova Scotia?

How far is it from Montreal to the west coast of Australia?

How are the Provinces divided?

How are the Counties sub-divided?

Which is the larger, Lake Superior or the Province of Manitoba?

Where are the Laurentian Mountains?

Who is Lord Strathcona?

When was Canada taken from the French?

RUBE ATTENDS A SCHOOL CLOSING.

Shortly after my return from the school tour, I attended the closing of one of the public schools in Montreal. I was delighted with the singing of the children. I had not heard such accuracy during my tour as I heard that day. The children sang in excellent time and what I noted more particularly, they threw a spirit into the songs that would have done credit to a trained chorus. The

singing was under the charge of Miss Alice Ross, whose method is a credit to the music of Montreal.

As this book will be seen by many of the School Principals of the States, I will say that a most excellent method prevails here, in the way of rewarding children for their work. Very wisely, presents are not given, but, instead merit cards, showing the degree of proficiency among the various grades.

It was a pleasing sight to see the children march past on their way to receive their reward. One little fellow, whose name I forgot to get, was made an exception of, not only by his particular school, but by the City School Board. He was given a metal medal and an American ten-dollar gold piece. I mentally hurrahed for the "Eagle," when I saw the purpose to which it was put. I forgot what the little fellow had done, but it was something remarkable. When the distribution of rewards was over speeches were made, interspersed with song. I had a great desire to speak and tell the children how pleased I was, not only with the creditable closing exercises, but with the schools of the city generally, and how they compared with those I had visited in the States. There wasn't time for all and I didn't speak. At one point particularly I would like to have replied to a man, whose accent was a foreign one, which was pleasing, not the accent, but the fact of its being foreign, as I felt that he had not always lived in Montreal, where facts are first proven then given. He sneeringly referred to the

“Land of the free, to the south of us,” and told those dear children how that the colored children were not treated well. I would like to have told them that in many of the schools I visited, the colored pupils were not only well treated but that they were often among the bright ones of the class. This he can verify and if seeking honest information, he would have done so before giving children misinformation.

Among the speakers was Dr. McVicker, whose oratory somehow called to mind our own great Wendell Phillips. The Doctor believes with the old Greek : instil in the boy what you would have the man do. If a score of years ago the orators had visited the schools on closing day, and told the children that “the Montreal sidewalks are very bad,” those children would now be voting to have them repaired. The Colonel exclaimed on the way home the other night, “Oh, for more orators !”

“What’s the matter, Colonel ?”

“Oh, I’ve gone through,” and I had to go back and help him out.

Again I would like to have had the privilege of a few minutes talk. The children sang

Ben Bolt.

It brought to mind my dear old friend, Dr. English, who passed away during my visit house in April. I would have enjoyed telling them of him. It would have made the song seem more interesting than it is, to know of the man who wrote it, fifty-nine years ago. Dr. English was a remarkable character. A

physician, member of Congress, a prose writer, a poet, and yet with all he had done in life he would have past out and, in a few years been forgotten, were it not for this sweet old song, whose very name I used to fear to mention in his presence, so much did he dislike to hear it spoken of. He used to say : "Why should my fame hang on that one song ! I've done work of merit. It has none, and yet lives while the others I did long years ago, when I wrote *Ben Bolt*, have died and passed out of mind." "Doctor," I told him one day, "*Ben Bolt* lives, not for its merit, but its sweet heart touches. Sentiment of a thousand years ago is sentiment to-day. *Home Sweet Home* would have died with the writer if merit alone lived."

I asked him one day how its popularity started, and if he had set the words to the music. "No, it came about in this way. Some traveling players needed a song for a certain part. One of the actors, remembering my words—which at first were used as a recitation—he set them to music, whether his own composition or not, I do not remember. He did not remember the exact words in all the verses and changed some of them, but not many." The Doctor showed me the true words of the few changed lines and they were even more beautiful than those now sung.

Dr. English was contemporary with Edgar Allen Poe, William Cullen Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, all of whom he knew well. Also contemporary with the poet William Ross Wallace, author (this

is not generally known) of "The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world." To sit and hear him talk of those old poets seemed to be listening to a message from another sphere. He too is gone—the last of the old coterie of American poets.

Again, I should like to have told the boys who failed to win a merit, that it is not always those who head the class in school who win the prizes held out by the business world. There was a boy in a school who could not work the problems in Lebody's Physics. He failed four consecutive years, and yet, within the past month, that boy has worked out problems in physics which Lebody himself had failed to solve—the foot of the class now able to teach the great teacher. It was work and a whole lot of it boys—work, not talent alone that counts.

Yes, I would have been pleased to have had just five minutes. While it might not have been entertaining, it would not have been stereotyped—a variety too often doled out at school closings. The boys won't listen, they've heard it too often before.

"ISN'T IT AWFUL COLD UP THERE?"

came near being a joke during my run among the cities. Nearly everybody seemed to have the impression that Canada is cold—had it myself before I spent a delightful winter in Montreal—and to be real "sociable," all felt that they must speak of the weather, as though it were inseparably and permanently

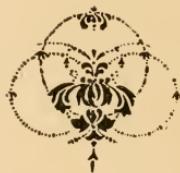
annexed to Canada. I finally got tired of the subject, and recalled an ancient joke of the Prince of Wales' 1860 visit to Montreal. "Yes, yes," I'd say, sober like, "Canada is very cold—up towards the pole—why, bless you, my dear sir, I've seen ice in the streets in June—ice several inches thick." "What—in June? Why, do tell!" "Yes, as late as the middle of June, all along the streets of Montreal! but, then, it's possibly a good thing, they have to have it so in that country." "Why, how is that! Why do you say they have to have it so?" And as I'd get far enough away I'd tell 'em: "Have to have it to cool off the air!"

I don't mind how much our grown-up people think it's cold up here. This generation will have to die off before the "Ice Palace" microbe gets out of the minds of the grown-up portion of it—but, dear—oh, dear, how it worries me to have the innocent children growing up with "Cold Canada" in their little heads. Only a few days since, in one of the letters I am continually receiving from the children, who are competing for a prize I offered on the "Best letter on Canada"** the little girl wrote among her many innocent errors: "Life in Canada is a most enjoyable existence. The little boys and girls of old Quebec go out to Dominion Square,† of a summer evening, and watch the Ice Palace, which is illuminated! The thousand shades of coloring thrown off by the crystal blocks of ice is a grand sight." If that dear child would only come up here and sit 'round a while she would find that nothing

* Note.—Dominion Square is in Montreal.

† Note.—See Addenda, "Prize Winners."

short of an ice palace could bring down the thermometer below 90 in the shade. If I ever take another tour, dear American reader, don't say "cold" to me once, else I must set you down as—misinformed, for Canada at its worst is delightful.



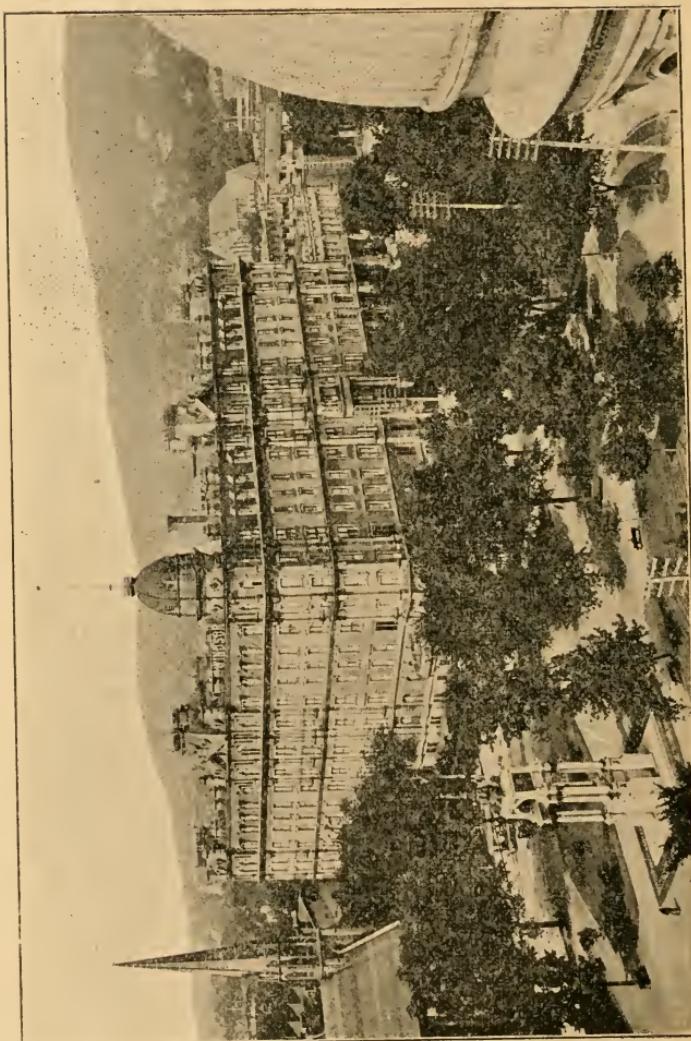
How to See Montreal.

Usually when tourists go to the expense of travelling and paying hotel bills, they want to see everything worth seeing, but how many are there who travel who know *how* to see. They get into a city, go to a hotel and next morning start out to walk, having formulated a definite plan, which they lose before they have turned two corners, then they drift, and the minute a tourist begins to drift, he is losing time and money. He goes out at random, and, in many cases thinks that because he is walking, he is doing the town or city economically, forgetting that economy is the judicious expenditure of money.

Now, I'm not going to tell you to drive, for my own gain, as I'm not in the cab or carriage line, but for your own good I cannot too strongly urge you to visit a city properly, and there is no proper way but to be driven about as the driver acts not only as driver but guide as well.

For the better guidance I have had maps made, the one to show you the city and island, with the rivers, and the other showing the main part of the city with the points of interest numbered.

I start at the Windsor Hotel because it is not only centrally located for depots, churches, etc., and in the best part of the city, but because it is like one of our own, and one can feel at home while seeing the city. Now, without

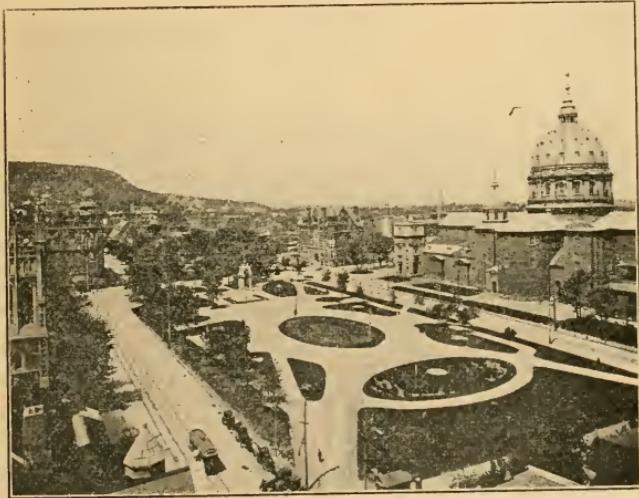


WINDSOR HOTEL FROM DOMINION SQUARE—WITH MOUNT ROYAL IN THE DISTANCE.

[This is the hotel that Max O'Rell said is one of the best he found on the Continent.]

preliminary, just follow the Colonel and me. The tour of the streets is exactly as we made it, and, by following it, you will see Montreal to the best advantage.

We started from the Windsor at ten o'clock. Now follow right along and I'll tell you all about it. And "all about it" makes one of the most interesting day's outing I've had in Montreal. No one will believe that this historic city



DOMINION SQUARE.

has so much worth seeing, until one has gotten into the carriage of a driver who knows the town as our Sam knows it.

We had hardly started when Sam stopped at the corner of Dorchester and Peel streets, and began pointing out places in sight. "There, in front of us, to the east, is

Dominion Square,

One time an old cemetery, now converted into a beautiful park. To the right you see the monument (?) of Sir John Macdonald—just opposite is the Lion drinking fountain, by G.W. Hill, sculptor, after A. Bartholdi.* To the left of Dorchester, on the corner of Metcalf Street, is the Y. M. C. A. building, and opposite is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. James, sometimes miscalled St. Peter's, because of its having been modelled after the church at Rome.

“There on the corner just opposite to where we are sitting is the Dominion Square Methodist Church, Rev. C. E. Manning, pastor. Now we pass on down. To the right, on the next corner, is St. George's Anglican Church, with its beautiful chime of bells, the gift of Mr. A. F. Gault.

Across the street is the magnificent station of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, called

The Windsor Station,

built in the castellated style. On the corner where Windsor street runs into St. James, (once Bona Venture street), is the Queen's Hotel, a popular stopping place for tourists and commercial men. Just across St. James is the Grand Trunk station, known as

Bonaventure Station,

from which the Delaware & Hudson railroad to New York, and all points South, starts.”

“Hold on a minute, Sam, you have talked so fast I didn't get to ask you about those two

*Note.—The inscriptions on the four sides are worth a careful study.

cannon in Dominion Square, near Sir John's monument. Have they any history?"

"History is it, why, those are the cannons that were took at the siege of Sebastopol in the Crimea, presented by the Imperial Government to the city of Montreal."

"Do they ever go off, Sam?"

"No, but they came near it wance, whin Ottawa, seeing that the city wouldn't take any care of him, offered to take him aff and put 'em in respectable shape."*

From Bonaventure Station we pass through to Notre Dame street, which widens at this point and is known as

Chabotillez Square.

Passing from thence down Inspector street to old College street, now St. Paul, we pass St. Edward's Church at the left, then comes

The Haymarket,

once a part of the enclosed garden of the College, small portions of which may still be seen here and there as parts of the new structures. On this street are several very ancient houses, typical of the French regime. One of the earliest, if not the very first, theatre of Montreal, is still standing, at No. 573, corner of St. Henry street. It is now used as stores. From thence we pass on to McGill street, running toward the river. To the right are the new and very beautiful offices of the

*Note.—These guns, within the past few days, have been put in a shape that even Ottawa would say was "respectable."

Grand Trunk

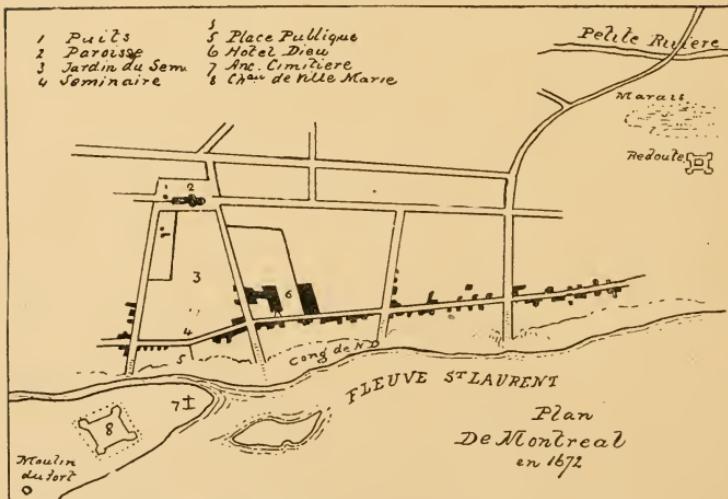
railroad. In front of this great building is the Square forming the site of the

Old Parliament Building,
destroyed by fire in the riot of 1846.

At the foot of McGill we drove into

Commissioners Street,

which forms the river front. A little west of this, begins at the canal, the new Harbor Commission improvements, a stone dyke and wharves. Passing along Commissioner street we see to the left the immense pile of buildings



First Map of Montreal.

known as the examining (Customs) warehouse, alongside of which is the handsome building occupied by the Harbor Commissioners, who are doing great work for the city and harbor. And a little further on is the small building containing the offices of the great Allan Steam-

ship Line, that runs to all parts of the world.

Continuing along Commissioner to Pointe à Callieres, we come to the

New Custom House,

a long triangular building. This is said to have been the place where

Maisonneuve Landed,

in 1642—and held his first religious service on the island.

From the Custom House, looking west, just after turning around its front from Commissioner street, you see a long place widening out to McGill street. This square, so-called, because it is *not* square, but long and narrow, has recently been named

Place D'Youville,

In honor of Madame D'Youville, of historic memory. Around this spot cluster more of the old than any other in Montreal. On many of the buildings are placed tablets commemorating the early events. Beginning at the new Custom House, at Pointe à Callieres, on Place Royal, or Custom House Square, by which two names it is varyingly known, you see on the east front of the Custom House two tablets, one telling you that Champlain, in 1611, selected this site and named it "La Place Royal." The second tablet reads: "Near this spot, on the 18th day of May, 1642, landed the founders of Montreal, commanded by Maisonneuve."

Going west along Place D'Youville to Port street, on the office building of the great firm of the Ogilvies—is this tablet: "Site of the Chateau of Louis Hector de Callieres, Governor of Montreal, 1684—of New France, 1698 to

1703. He terminated the 14 years' Iroquois war by treaty at Montreal, 1701." In front of where you see this tablet only a few yards away, in the centre of the square, is seen a pointed stone shaft, with copper tablets on its four sides, giving the names of the first colonists and many other things of interest. It was erected by the Historical Society of Montreal.

Going back to the Custom House, you see just across the way, (north towards St. Paul street), the old Montreal Hotel, the once great resort for Southerners, before and during the war of the Rebellion. It is now occupied below by offices, while in the upper part is the Sailors' Institute.

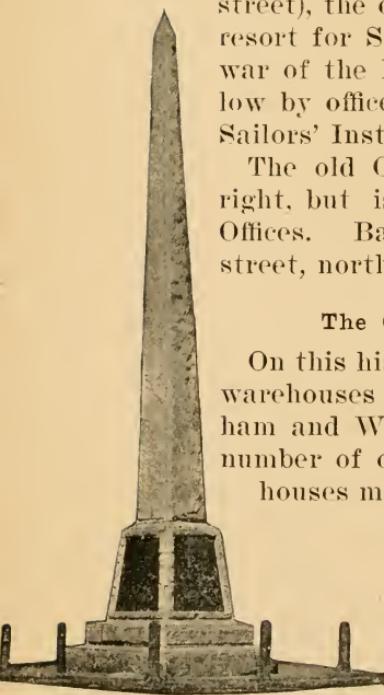
The old Custom House still stands to the right, but is now occupied as the Revenue Offices. Back of this building, off St. Paul street, north, is the site of

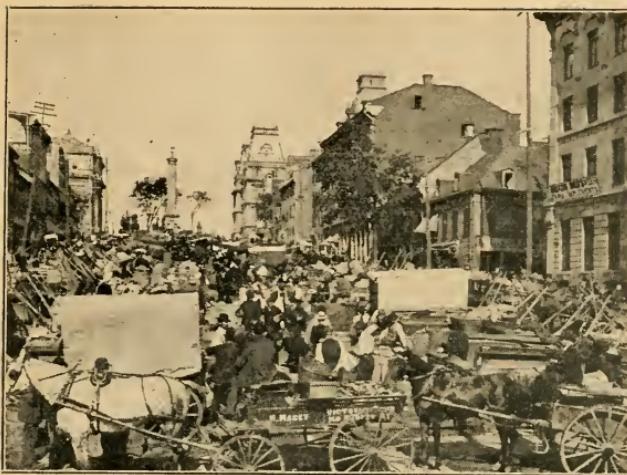
The Original Maisonneuve House.

On this historic spot now stand the immense warehouses of the hardware firm of Frothingham and Workman. Proceeding eastward a number of old, and some very fine new warehouses may be noted, until we come to

Jacques Cartier Square.

This square was formerly known as Nelson Place, and on which stands a round pillar monument, with a statue on the top, of the great sea fighter. It is remarked that he stands with his back to the water, an element toward which he in life ever faced. The four tablets on the pedestal are well worthy of





JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE ON MARKET MORNING.



MARKET BOATS, BONSECOURS MARKET.

inspection. The monument faces Notre Dame street. Following on the river front we pass the huge

Bonsecours Market Building.

The western part was formerly occupied by the municipal offices, the eastern end, second



BONSECOURS CHURCH.

floor, was used for balls and public concerts, and also for a while as a public drill hall, but is now used as a market for produce. Just east of the market, stands the ancient

Bonsecours Church

which was begun in 1658, finished in 1675, burned in 1754, rebuilt 1771 to '73—remodelled out of sight in 1894 and '95—until none of the old is to be seen—even the original stones have been plastered over. The first street east is

Friponne

one block long, leading up to St. Paul street,
Here is seen the old

Friponne House

used by Intendant Bigot. The name means "Cheating House," and was given it from the fact that Bigot and his followers were the most notorious band of cheats who ever came from old France. Sam says, "Tis a shame he died so soon, for what a Boodler he would have made to be sure, and no wan would have said a word agin him, as in this age he'd have been respectable."

Just beyond we come to the end of the great river dyke, and also at this point ends Commissioner street. Here we see the yards of the

Canadian Pacific

with its two immense grain elevators, behind which stood the old military barracks, with its large, quaint gateway. This barracks was originally a nunnery. Between this and Craig street was Dalhousie Square, now occupied and known as

Place Viger Station

and hotel—the ground having been removed to a depth of twenty feet, out to the river. This excavation having cut through Notre

Dame street, it is now crossed by a long iron bridge.

Going up a short ramp, from Commissioner to St. Paul street, we turn west into the latter, where many very ancient houses are to be seen. To the right through occasional archways from Nos. 45 to 59, are to be seen parts of the original city wall. The only remaining bastion in anything like perfect shape is found in the rear of Nos. 53-55, and from here to Bonsecours street occasional pieces of the wall are to be seen, mostly built upon.*

At the east corner of St. Paul and Bonsecours streets, we find a very odd-looking old house, built in the days when the top floor was used as a storage, with the proprietor's living on the lower floors—or flats—as the floors are called here. This house has a tablet on its west wall, on which is: "Pierre du Calvet, 1775-1791. Governement Representatif." Showing that it was once an important house.

On this same street (Bonsecours), on the left hand side, before reaching Notre Dame, is another tablet, which tells that the present Bonsecours Hotel was once the residence of six generations of the Papineau family. When I asked if the great Joseph Papineau was of this family, the proprietor, like too many of those of whom you inquire, simply

*Note.—The only piece of the old wall remaining, of the westerly line, is to be found in the rear of Walker's hardware store, on St. James street, dividing his yard from that of the well-known book store of Grafton & Son, from whose office it can be seen.

shrugs his shoulders, throws up his hands, and says : "Dunno, I wasn't here."

Directly at the foot of Bonsecours street is seen Bonsecours Church, which runs through to Commissioner. Continuing along St. Paul a few stores, we pass the site of the old Trinity Church, used by the Imperial troops while in Montreal, as a place of worship.* The only thing of particular note between this site and Jacques Cartier Square is the old Rasco Hotel, once a prominent hostelry. It is now occupied as stores and cheap boarding-houses.

We now cross Jacques Cartier Square to

St. Amable Street,

a typical street of the early days, as the dingy old iron shuttered buildings and the cobble-stone pavement will testify. We go on this street to St. Vincent, where a large number of very old houses are to be seen. I noticed here in about two blocks, no less than seven water catchers, just at the curb line. "Why," asked I of Sam, "did they put so many 'catchers' on so short a street, so steep that the water would not take the time to run into them?" Sam looked at me, and seemed to feel real sorry, as he said, "I'm afraid, Rube, ye are no poly-tishun—why, man, the contractor who put them in got \$30 apiece!" I couldn't see what that had to do with it; but I didn't say anything, and we drove over to Vaudreuil street by a narrow lane known as St. Therese.

Turning towards St. Paul, we came upon a

*Note.—The new or present Trinity is on the corner of St. Denis street and Viger Square.

long, dingy block of stone buildings, to the right, the centre one of which (No. 8) is the store house where John Jacob Astor laid the foundation of his vast millions.

We reach St. Paul, turn to the right and go to St. Jean Baptiste, by which we reached Notre Dame street. On the left hand side going up is a long block of stone buildings belonging to the Nuns. On the right is seen the



VICTORIA SQUARE.

old Lacroix house, at Nos. 23 to 27, built in 1680, notable for its immense fire-places, and ornamented mantle-pieces, also for the strangely constructed archway leading into the court-yard.

Passing up St. Jean Baptiste to the corner of Notre Dame and St. Lambert streets, we see on a tablet: "Here stood the house of Cadillac, the Founder of Detroit."

Next to the old Cadillac site stood Christ Church, which was burned down many years ago.* Opposite the site of the Cadillac house we enter a gateway. On the right hand side, after entering, is the site of the chapel of Notre Dame des Victoires, which was erected to celebrate the destruction of Sir Hovenden Walker's fleet, in the Lower St. Lawrence, on its way to attack Quebec, in 1711. There is seen in the enclosure a church which is connected with the nunnery and schools spoken of as on St. Jean Baptiste street. We return to Notre Dame and go west to St. Sulpice street, where, to the right, opposite the great Notre Dame Church, is seen Place d'Armes. This square is of particular historic interest, as here was enacted much worthy of lengthy reading. It was here that the small French garrison was attacked by the Iroquois, whom they repulsed, their chief being killed in a hand-to-hand fight by Maisonneuve himself, near where now stands the monument and statue of this noted man.

The original parish church stood at this corner in front of where the present great

*Note.—The new building of the church can be seen on the corner of Union Avenue and St. Catherine street, across the avenue from Morgan's great department store, covering a block. The architecture of Christ Church, now a cathedral, is said to be the finest specimen of the Gothic in America. Just east of the church near the Union Avenue entrance is a beautiful monument to the memory of Bishop Fulford.

church now stands. It stood in the street.* Proceeding down St. Sulpice, we pass the site of the first Methodist Church, in the rear of Notre Dame Church (No. 32 St. Sulpice). On the opposite side of the street may be seen a large number of stone buildings, occupying the site of the Hotel Dieu, removed to Fletcher's Field. These stores were occupied for a time by the Imperial troops as a barracks. Thence to St. Paul, and west to St. Francois Xavier street. This is the Wall Street of Montreal, occupied by stock brokers—telegraph and insurance offices, etc. At the corner of this street and Notre Dame we find the immense block of buildings known as the Seminary of St. Sulpice, immediately joining the great Parish church of Notre Dame, so often mentioned. A large portion of the ancient and original buildings, with the old clock and its curious chime of bells, are of interest. A part of the ancient walls and gateway still exist, and a couple of loop-holes in the old wall may be seen. In the rear of this pile of buildings is a large and magnificent garden, which can be seen from the tower of the church. Going west on Notre Dame towards McGill we look down St. John, and see the new Board of Trade building, now in course of construction, the former, on the same site, having been destroyed by fire, with many other places of business, in 1901. The building now in course of erection will be thoroughly fireproof.

At the corner of St. Peter street, just oppo-

*Note.—See elsewhere the details of Place de Armes.

site S. Carsley's department store, stands the house occupied by many notables of the long ago. On the front you see the tablet, "La Maison Fourretier, le General Montgomery et ses officiers y logerent durant l'hiver de 1775," which Sam says means that Montgomery and his officers lodged here during the winter of 1775. It was from here that Montgomery went to Quebec, where, on the last day of '75, he fell. This house was also the home of Montreal's first Mayor. The place is now occupied by a Bridgeport Yankee, with a French name,—Nelson L. Bonneau. He is a Grand Army man. Out of four brothers three were killed during the Southern rebellion. A sad contribution from a single family.

Further along, at the corner of St. Helen street, was the site of the Recollets Church and monastery. The front or facade of this church formed the front of the old parish church. Here is seen a tablet: "Here stood, until 1866, the Church and Monastery of the Recollets Fathers—erected in 1692; in which also worshipped the Anglicans, from 1764 to 1789, and the Presbyterians from 1791 to 1792." The Sheddend Forwarding Company now occupy it.

One short block down St. Helen to Recollets street, on the building of James Johnson and Company, is another tablet: "Site of the First Presbyterian Church, seceded from St. Gabriel's, 1831, under Rev. Edw. Black, D.D. Edifice abandoned in 1868." This church, St. Paul's, is now on Dorchester and St. Monique street. On the diagonal corner, on the building of Gault Brothers and Company is still another church tablet, which reads: "Here stood the

First Baptist Chapel of Montreal, 1831, Rev. John Gilmour, Pastor. Abandoned, 1860." This Church is now on St. Catherine, corner of City Councillors street. On this same building a brass tablet reads :

"This commemorates the organization of the site of the first Young Men's Christian Association on the American Continent, Nov. 25, 1851. Erected on the occasion of the Jubilee Celebration, June 8, 1901." This will be of interest to the Association, whose buildings now are numbered by the thousand, all over the continent.

We go back to Notre Dame, and within twenty-five feet of where we turn west toward McGill street, we pass where was once

The Recollet Gate.

The old wall immediately in the rear of 1821 and 1823 Notre Dame street, which, by the way, is the only bit remaining of the west line, and mentioned at another place, shows that it would have crossed at this point. The second wall and gate was about at McGill, as claimed by other writers. Through this gate General Amherst passed,* from which

*Note.—"Here stood the old Recollets Gate, through which General Amherst passed on September 8th, 1760, when he took possession. It was also through this gate that General Hull, on September 20th, 1812, with a few officers and men entered." That is what is seen on a tablet at this point. I never knew before why Hull "quit" without a fight, but I see now. He wanted to come to Montreal. I don't blame him !

we turn east again into great St. James street, one of the most prominent streets of Montreal—many banks and insurance offices, postoffice, etc. At No. 260, just to the right, after turning into this street, is the

United States Consul's Office,

and but a short distance down is a street named for a man who certainly deserved a wide and long avenue, instead of an alley a rod wide, and a very short block long. It makes one feel like scolding, to see some magnificent avenue named for a character whose deeds are, to say no more, mythical, while a man who saved the embryo of a nation is shunted off upon an alley way in the very city for which he gave up his life. This is, to say the least, a shame. The Colonel had an extra word in front of that "Shame," when he was speaking of that alley. I told him at the time "them's my sentiments." The Colonel does most of my emphatic wording. He seems to enjoy it, and it saves me the wear and tear on conscience. But then I haven't told you the name of the street. I'm going to do my part and give it a heading all to itself, in homage to that brave martyr,

Dollard.

Thanks to the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, a tablet tells the deeds of this grand youth. It is on the building just on the west side of the alley. It reads:

"Dollard des Ormeaux, who, with 16 colonists, 4 Algonquins and 1 Huron, sacrificed their lives at the foot of the Long Sault of the Ottawa, May, 1660, and saved the Colony."

—And an alley is named for him!—I must stop or I won't need the Colonel's help on emphatic wording!

On the left hand side of St. James, across the way from Victoria Square, stood the American



PLACE D'ARMES SQUARE.

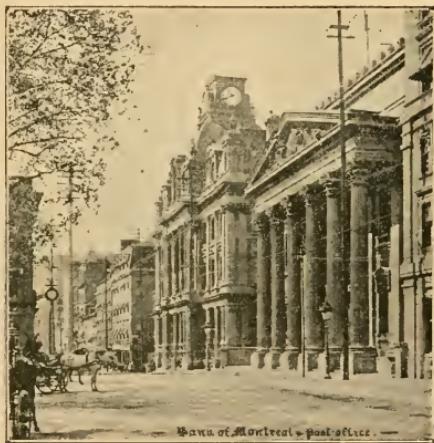
Presbyterian Church, now removed to Dorchester and Drummond streets.

Victoria Square,

with its fine monument of the Queen, for whom it was named, and its pretty walks, are worthy of more than a passing note.

The Temple building, at No. 185, stands on the site of the third Methodist Church, the second standing where now is St. Lawrence Hall,—a hotel,—opposite which, across St. Francois Xavier Street, is the post-office. Don't fail to walk up a few

steps, into the portico of this building and see these allegorical tablets on the arches above, by the celebrated English sculptor, Flaxman. They were formerly on the old bank of Montreal, which stood on this ground. These beautiful tablets were wantonly and most ignorantly painted over by some one who would have painted the tombstone of his grandma, thinking to add beauty to the stone. They



BANK OF MONTREAL.

represent Agriculture, Navigation, Commerce and Manufacture. Before reaching St. Lawrence Hall, and on the same side of the street, is the fine stone edifice of the Montreal Star. Hugh Graham not only knows how to successfully conduct a great newspaper, but he knows architecture as well, as can be seen by both the Star building and his magnificent residence on Sherbrooke street, especially so the latter, which is one of the most correct in style in

Montreal. The immense building to the rear of the Post-office, is the home of the *Gazette*, the only English morning journal in the city. Immediately opposite the post-office, at No. 128, is the office of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company. Next to the Post-office you see only a part of the great Bank of Montreal, a far larger portion of this vast treasure house being the new addition now building on Craig street at the rear.

The Bank of Montreal is the second, if not the first, greatest bank on the Continent. It



FIRST PENNY.

is by far the largest banking building. The main portion, on St. James street, is 120 feet front, the new building immediately in the rear, is 180 feet, fronting on Craig street. This new portion is being erected by the great American firm of Norcross Brothers and Company, of Worcester, Mass. Through the kindness of Mr. R. W. McLachlan, I give here the first penny issued by this bank. It is also the first penny struck for Lower Canada.

To the right we see again Place D'Armes,

around which are clustered so many of Montreal's great office buildings. Beyond the square we pass the fine buildings of the French newspapers, *Le Journal*, *La Patrie*, and lastly, the beautiful home of *La Presse*. This brings us to the eastern end of St. James street, at the

Court House,

near which is seen old St. Gabriel, the first Protestant church in Montreal. The new church is on St. Catherine, opposite to where City Councillor begins.

There are many other buildings of note on St. James, such as the Merchants Bank, the Mechanics' Institute, with its fine library, worthy a visit. There, too, on the right hand side, almost opposite to St. Lawrence Hall, is the ancient building of the Bank of British North America, which has stood for more than a half-century, as solid in construction as the institution itself. Just beyond, on the nearer corner of St. Francois Xavier street, is where was located the former post-office, and, one block further on, is now beginning a great office building, the home of the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company.

Digress here just a few minutes. Go back to St. Peter and down one block to Craig street and take in

A Little Bit of Craig

Start from the "Witness" newspaper office, (corner of St. Peter and Craig), and drive east. As we pass the "Herald," one of Montreal's leading papers, whose large building faces St. Francois-Xavier street, the Colonel asks: "Rube, did you see

what the ‘Sieve’ said about you while you were down home?” “Oh, yes, Colonel I saw it, and remarked at the time that it came within an ace of being real humorous, which reminds me that the ‘Funny Man’ of the Montreal papers has a higher notion of humor than many of our own writers. Whether he uses scissors or his own grey matter, the product is rarely silly, but clean cut, and to the point. Vide ‘The Passing Hour’ or ‘The ‘Sieve.’’”

We see again the “Gazette” block to the right across from the “Herald,” and by its side the great white addition of the Montreal Bank, under construction. At the corner of Craig and Elizabeth, is the Eglise Evangélique Church, Rev. L. Massicotte, pastor. To the right are the Court House and City Hall with Champ de Mars parade ground, in front or rather in rear of them as they face, as before stated, on Notre-Dame street. Opposite on the left hand side is a great drill hall, covering, an entire block.* It’s called “Salle d’Exercice”—“Salle” meaning hall. At the corner of St. Denis and Craig streets, we see a statue with the simple word :

Chenier.

I cannot but stop a sentence to tell you of Phillips’ driver who, when they came to this statue stopped, and said : “This is Chineer’s statue—Chineer was a doctor and was kilt in the last Riseriction.”

“ You mean Insurrection,” said Phillips.

*Note.—This will hold 15,000 people.

"Naw, I hav it—It was the last Rebellion. Yis, he was kilt by some wan by the name ov Pappinaw—He was a good doctor but a poor runner!"

The statue was erected in honor of Dr. Chénier, who, with 110 insurgents were slain, on Dec. 14, 1837, at St. Eustache. It's too long a story or I'd tell you about, how, 200 or 250 of the insurgents of the 1837-38 Papineau Rebellion had barricaded themselves in the Convent and parsonage against the troops, sent to take them, and how the church having caught fire many of them lost their lives in trying to escape, and among them Dr. Chénier. Yes, it's too long a story—read of that Rebellion yourself, but don't get the impression that because I begin it with a capital R that it was worthy of it. No, it was so insignificant that—well it wasn't of as much importance as many a city riot and yet the results of it changed the whole political history of Canada. It was not till then that England found that Canada had just cause of complaint against the politicians who had been running affairs unjustly toward a certain portion of the people. When once she saw the situation, matters were righted. I'm beginning to find that the Old Mother Country is pretty good to the children, and they all love her,—but I must stop talking statues and politices.

Passing around from St. James, at the west end of the Court House, we again find ourselves on Notre Dame street, where we see the Court House and City Hall to the left, and the Chateau de Ramezay to the right. To the

north end, in the rear of the Court House, is the

Champ de Mars.

This open square, bounded on the west by St. Gabriel street; north by Craig, and east by Gosford street, is used as a military parade ground. Originally the ground was low and in part swampy; but earth was carted from the

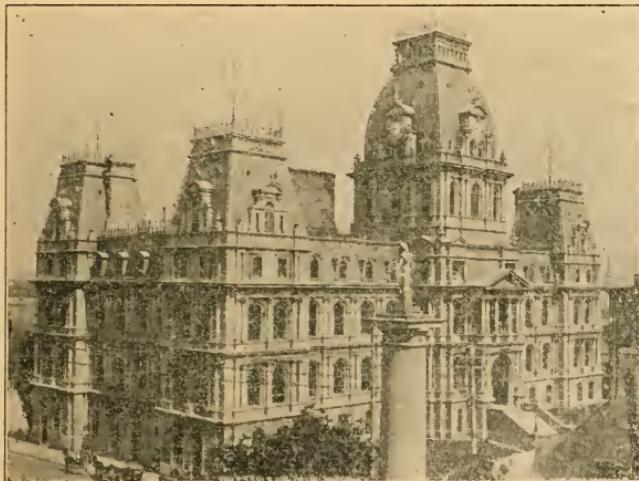


COURT HOUSE.

old Citadel Hill, afterwards called Dalhousie Square, and raised to its present condition. This ground has been the site of many interesting events.

From the City Hall we passed eastward on Notre Dame. To the left we see Notre Dame Hospital, which was formerly the Donegana

Hotel, a favorite resort for American travellers. The adjoining buildings were occupied as officers' mess. This locality was then the chief promenade for the citizens. It was in this vicinity that the great night fire of 1852 occurred. I say "night," for on the morning of the same day occurred the fire that nearly



CITY HALL.

destroyed the whole of St. Lawrence suburb. To the left, facing on Craig street, one block north, you see the magnificent depot and hotel of the Canadian Pacific,

Place Viger.

Immediately opposite which is one of the prettiest park-like squares in the city.

Continuing on to

Papineau Square,

finding little of interest save the immense buildings of the Montreal Rubber factory, we turned north to St. Catherine. On this street we found nothing of note until we reached St. Denis, in which vicinity,—St. Denis and St. Catherine, we found many points of interest, most of which will be found in detail in their proper places. Here are the Laval University buildings, the Notre Dame de Lourdes, and St. James churches (R.C.), the latter is said to have the tallest spire in America. The tourist should not miss this corner. From here we go up to St. Lawrence Main, passing on the way the

Theatre Francais.

Turning up St. Lawrence Main, (which street, by the way, was once the dividing line of the city, one side being called east, the other west. The east largely occupied by the French and the west by the English-speaking people. This was more pronounced in times past than at present.) We go out to Ontario, thence to Amherst, up Amherst to Sherbrooke. Here we had a good view of

Lafontaine Park,

formerly known as Logan's farm. In the Imperial days this farm was used as the camping ground for the troops. The reviews in those days were mostly held on this farm. It is very large and has the making of a fine park. Already a number of lakes have been formed, and more are in progress. It lacks shade; but trees have been planted, and in time this will be overcome. There is a fine

wide driveway surrounding it. At the north side is situated the Civic Conservatory, where flowers and plant are propagated for supplying the other parks of the city.

Situated on the Sherbrooke side of the Park is the

Polytechnic Schools.

This is a large and fine-looking building—and said to be one of the best-appointed school edifices in the Province.

From here (Sherbrooke and Amherst) we went up Amherst a short block, to Cherrier street, wide and beautiful—with many pretty residences, thence to St. Denis, where is seen the large

Deaf and Dumb Asylum,
surmounted by a beautiful dome. Crossing St. Denis street we come to

St. Louis Park,

a small, but one of the prettiest parks in the city, having a lake with fountains, and is well shaded. On the south side is to be seen the residence of Joseph Israel Tarte, a well-known man in the Dominion, being Minister of Public Works. There are many other fine residences in this locality. Looking through the Park a good view of Mount Royal is to be had, also toward the north is seen the great tower of St. Francis Church, in the distance.

From the Park, by way of Laval Avenue, we reach Sherbrooke street, at which point is seen to the left the beautiful

Club St. Denis,

formerly the residence of Fortier, the noted cigar manufacturer. On the south side of

Sherbrooke, opposite the club house, is the magnificent pile of buildings of the

Mount St. Louis College.

This is a boys' school. The pupils wear a military uniform and are well drilled in all the tactics of the field soldier. They have a fine band and on parades they are most conspicuous for their martial bearing. On the same side of Sherbrooke street we come to the

Monastery de Bon Pasteur,
for boys and girls.

On the corner of St. Lawrence Main is the fine old residence, with grounds, of John Molson, Esq., opposite to which is the Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church. Further along on the north side is the former residence of Mr. William Notman, the celebrated photographer. It is now occupied as St. Margaret's Home. Then, on the corner of St. Urbain, is the fine residence of the Bagg family. At No. 595 is the residence of ex-Mayor Wilson-Smith, said to have been one of the best chief magistrates Montreal has ever had. At 630 is the Platt house, now occupied by Mr. A. Skaife. This is a very old house, and one of the best specimens of the early suburban residences of the city. Immediately opposite, at 631, is the residence of Roner Roy, K.C., City Attorney. At the corner, where Bleury street ends and Park Avenue begins, at 679, is the old Lunn house, much modernized, and now the residence of J. B. Sparrow, that live theatrical manager, who has charge of most of the English-speaking theatres in town. No. 712 is the residence

of the well-known Alderman, J. B. Clearihue. We next come to the

The Royal Victoria College for Women, mentioned elsewhere. Just beyond, and on the same side come the spacious grounds and buildings of

McGill University,

also mentioned at length in another part of this book. See colleges.

Just opposite to McGill, at No. 820, formerly resided one of the most agreeable gentlemen I have met in Canada. I refer to F. D. Monk, K.C., D.C.L., M.P., the leader of the Conservative party in the Province of Quebec. Shortly after I came to Montreal there was given a dinner to this gentleman. I could not but note the tone of all the speeches, and wondered at the time if Montreal had a citizen worthy of the pretty things said of him, but when I came to know the man, I felt that had I the power of expression, I could have excelled even the most florid speech of that dinner. It is a real pleasure to know such a man in a city where a stranger can appreciate a friend.

At No. 826 resides one of the most prominent physicians in Montreal, James Perrigo.

No. 844 is the McGill Y. M. C. A. building.

No. 846, residence of Hon. James O'Brien, Senator.

No. 858 is the home of J. B. Tressidder, of the Montreal Star.

At No. 873 resides Jesse Joseph, the Belgian Consul. Immediately opposite is one of the finest residences in Montreal. A brown stone palace, the residence of the Hon. Geo. A. Drum-

mond. This is on the easterly corner of Metcalfe street. On the opposite corner is the residence of Hon. Sir Wm. H. Hingston, M.D.,*

The site of the old

Indian Village at Hochelaga,

lies along Sherbrooke street at this point. It is supposed to have run from University to Mansfield streets, and as far south as Burnside street. All through this locality have been found many Indian relics, now preserved in Redpath Museum.

Just beyond Mansfield, or (as the continuation of this street is called) McTavish, which runs toward the mountain, past the College grounds, we find at No. 887 the residence of Robert Craik, physician and surgeon, and Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill, and two doors west, at No. 889, lives Wm. Peterson, C. M. G., LL.D., Principal of McGill University. At 893 resides George B. Reeve, former general manager of the Grand Trunk System, and at No. 898 lives a man of double size—by name and ability—President of the Bell Telephone Co., Mr. C. F. Sise. He has built up a system that is a marvel for efficiency. It includes both local and long distance.

Misses Symmers and Smith, young ladies' school, is at No. 916. This is one of the most select private schools in Montreal. Just opposite, on the corner of Stanley street, is to be

*Note.—See mention of this great physician among the list of "Titled Montreal."

seen the magnificent palace of Sir William Van Horne.*

On the other corner, west, is the Mount Royal Club, or, as Sam called it, "The Milyanares' Club," formerly the residence of Hon. John Abbott. Next, west, of the Club House, at No. 951, is the home of one of the best known and most successful business men in Canada,



MOUNT ROYAL CLUB.

the Hon. L. J. Forget. In this locality we find the residences of two very prominent newspaper men, that of Hugh Graham, proprietor of the Star, at No. 952 Sherbrooke; and that of Richard White, proprietor of the Gazette, at 298 Stanley street, just west of Sherbrooke. Going on west Sam points out the home of Sir

*Note.—See "Titled Montreal."

Melbourne Tait, Judge of the Superior Court, at No. 994, and at 995, across the street, lives the great merchant, Andrew F. Gault. At 1006 lives Dr. F. W. Campbell, L.R.C.P., London, Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Bishop's College.

At the head of Crescent street, stands one of the finest of the Protestant churches in the city, the Erskine Presbyterian, Rev. A. J. Mowatt, pastor. The Erskine is in part modelled after one of the fine churches of Minneapolis, Minn. In "The Sherbrooke," which stands between Crescent street and Ontario Avenue, resides the Consul-General of France, Chancellier Eleve. At 1088 is the residence of one of the great firm of S. Carsley & Co., W. F. Carsley. It is in this locality where on the south side of Sherbrooke, near Mackay street, stands the great block of houses built by Maloney—of New York "boodle" fame.

At 1065 stands a house with beautiful grounds, the home of Mrs. A. M. Redpath, and fine avenue leading up to it from Sherbrooke street. Just beyond, at 1121 is Mount View, the park-like home of James Linton, with fine statuary scattered about the grounds. There are many other fine residences all along here, up to the huge buildings and grounds of the Grand Seminary, and Montreal College. I say "huge," for that is the word which will best express these enormous buildings—possibly unequalled in size on the Continent.

From Sherbrooke we went down Wood street, to St. Catherine, on the north-east corner of which stands the great



A MARTELLO TOWER.
Oldest Structure in
Montreal.

Arena.

built of iron and brick. It is used in winter for skating and hockey, and in summer as a concert and music hall, where is held the annual combined concert of all the Protestant schools of the city. This Annual is under the supervision of Professor Smith, and is an event of great importance. I have never heard anything in the line of children's singing equal to what I listened to at the Annual held recently in the Arena. It was grand and inspiring. To listen to the 2,000 voices made me change my notion of the teaching of singing in the public schools.

Next north are

The Montreal Baseball Grounds.

formerly the grounds of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, removed now to Mile End. Next, to the right, is a square called Western Park.

Going east along St. Catherine we pass to the left a very pretty church, the Douglas Methodist, at the corner of Chomedy street. Continuing to Guy, and looking northward, we see to the right Proctor's Theatre, which is becoming one of the most popular places of amusement in the city.

Church of St. James the Apostle.

At Bishop street we find the Church of St. James the Apostle. Rev. Canon Ellegood, M.A., Rector.

"Colonel," said I as we reached this church, "this is where Company M. of the Vermont National Guards, from Burlington, attended the time they were up here in May. Canon Ellegood, chaplain of the Victoria Rifles, gave

the boys a hearty welcome, and the choir sang "America," out of compliment to the Company. You know, I told you about Captain E. H. Prouty and Lieutenant F. G. Taggart, of Company M. It made me feel like as though I were at home to see 'the boys in blue.' By the way, did I ever tell you that this is the church where so many of England's noted men worship—



CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

ped when in Montreal?" "No?" "Oh, yes, there were the Duke of Connaught, Lord Wolseley, General Buller, Governors Lansdowne and Stanley, now Lord Derby, and a number of others whom I have forgotten. Canon Ellegood is a great favorite, and no wonder—he is not only a good minister, but a good man."

"Don't that always follow?"

"Well, we will not argue that question, Co-

Canon Ellegood.



lonel, as I want to tell you of the choir—one of the really excellent choirs of the city. The sopranos are Miss Marie Hollinshead and Mrs. Hamilton. Altos, Miss Florence Wishart, Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Scott. Of the tenors the leaders are Henry Miles and J. C. Barlow. Yes, this is the Henry Miles who used to be President of the Board of Trade, and, as 'Hermes' won the prize for answering 98 of 100 questions on Canada, a number of years ago. Oh, yes, indeed, Colonel, a Montreal choir often carries the prominents of the city. The positions of first, second and third bass are held by Frank Ramsay, A. Frank Ibbotson and Henry Upton. Of the organist, John Herbert Lauer, I have spoken elsewhere, as I have also of others of this choir. Oh, yes, Colonel, here is where I heard that wonderful choir boy I was telling you about, Allen Glover; he's only thirteen years old, but, oh, how he can sing ! His notes are as clear as a bird's and he can hold them equal to a trained singer."

Canon Ellegood.

"Colonel, I will tell you this evening about Canon Ellegood. He is one of the kind a biographer loves to find." That evening I told Horatius how that the Canon's grandfather had lived in Virginia, at and before the time of the Revolutionary War, how he had raised a regiment, and, being loyal to the King, had fought against us, (fought for a principle, for which, though it be against my side, I ever willingly accord a man the right, and respect him for it), and when the war was over removed to Fredericton, N.B., taking with him all

his slaves—even taking to pieces his house and carrying it on ship to his new home.

The Canon was born at Fredericton, March 16th, 1824. Came to Montreal by way of Boston, reached Stanstead, P.Q., May 25th, 1848. He was the next day ordained a deacon and preached his first sermon in St. Johns, for the late Canon Bancroft. He came at once to Montreal, became curate of Christ's Church, next at St. Ann's, in Griffintown, now the St. Edward Church, on St. Paul's, corner of Inspector street. In 1862, Charles Phillips gave the ground and a large subscription for the St. James the Apostle, and in 1864 he began his work, and has been in charge ever since. *Thirty-eight years!* This, alone, would warrant my giving him this lengthy notice, but when I hear all that he has been to his fellow men, I could go on to the end, talking of him. In 1854, when the ship fever was here, Canon Ellegood was in the midst of it, working like a hero, and, in every call for duty, he has ever responded. He has seemed absolutely devoid of fear. Ah, such men as he, it is a pleasure to write of them!

In 1898, on the anniversary of his fiftieth year in the ministry, his friends held for him a jubilee, at which creed was forgotten and the ministers of the city vied with each other in honoring him. He was presented on that occasion with a thousand dollar oil painting, from which I have taken this miniature copy.

I am indebted to Mr. S. O. Shorey for this sketch.

Between Drummond and Stanley, at No. 2434, is the Y. W. C. A. Temporary Home for Work-

ing Girls, under the charge of Miss A. M. E. Hill. This Home is most deserving, and is doing much good. I always feel like speaking a kind word for those who in any way make the life of their sisters happier.

At the corner of Stanley is a fine church, the Emmanuel Congregational, Rev. Hugh Pedley, B.A. pastor. A short distance south, on Stanley, is Temple Emanu-El. Rev. Lindman, a rising young Ohio man, has lately taken this charge. Near by is the Stanley Street Presbyterian Church. Rev. F. M. Dewey is the genial pastor.

The Victoria Skating Club.

is at 36 Stanley. This is the oldest and most popular rink in the city. Here have been held some of the finest carnivals on the continent.

The Horticultural Society has held its exhibitions here for a number of years, and the American Medical Association held one of its Annuals in this Rink. It is a very historical old landmark. Returning to the corner of Stanley and St. Catherine is Stanley Hall, where Frank Norman has his dancing and physical culture classes—the most select in the city. At 2426, we see Professor J. P. Stephen's School of Elocution. The Professor looks after the elocution of the public schools of the city.

At one o'clock we left the Windsor, just north of which we turned east on St. Catherine, where we had left off at Peel street.

Up a half block from St. Catherine, on Peel street, we saw the High School, at which you may remember, I asked the fifty questions about the United States.

We came to the old Wellington Terrace—to the right, running from Mansfield to McGill College avenue. This block was one of the first erected on St. Catherine west, and named for the great Wellington, whose statue surmounts it. Here Sam pointed out the store of G. Herzberg, at 2306, and told me of what is possible for a man to do: "That man started about a year ago without a dollar, got a little credit, hired a cutter from some place down in the States, ran along, paid all his bills before they were due, until he can now get anything he wants. He is over run with business, for he is way down reasonable, and that Yankee cutter knows how to cut "to the King's taste." And yet some say it's hard to do business in these days—not at all, if one only knows how!

Looking up, the Colonel saw two statues of Wellington, one at either end of the block, and said: "Sam, I see two statues, come, now, tell us why two?" Sam was silent for a minute, then quickly replied: "Oh, yes, I have it. One of them represents Wellington before, and the other after, the battle of Waterloo. See, he houlds in his hand beyand a sewerd which he win in the battle." Even the Colonel was satisfied with the "two."

At 2288, Sam said, "Mr. Ruben, here's a furm that may interest you. This is Alex. Nelson and Co., the 'Dunlop' of Montreal." "How's that, Sam?" "Why, don't ye see—they have hats? and they air the bist in town." "Thank you, Sam," said the Colonel. "Rube, now you see, even the driver thinks you need a new one." But Sam, seeming to think he had been too personal, turned it off by saying "Yes, and they air wan of the finest fur

firms in Montreal. This is only a branch of their great manufacturing house at 1864 Notre Dame street, where they make nothing but the best garments." There was one thing about Sam, whenever he had a good word for any one, I always found that one was the best in his or their line.

Looking up Victoria street we see on the east side, at No. 13, the Academy of Music, one of J. B. Sparrow's theatres. This is the theatre at which the best companies are to be seen.

Almost opposite to Victoria Street or about where Renouf's book store is now, was the entrance to the

Crystal Palace.

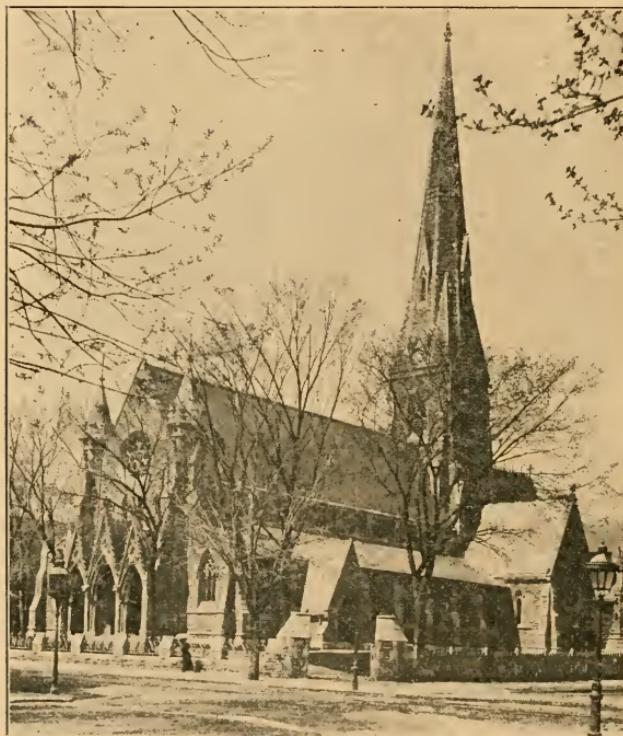
of 1860, built for the Montreal Exposition.

At Union Avenue and St. Catherine street is Christ Church Cathedral, referred to in the Notre Dame street route. Just across from the Cathedral, and running to Aylmer street, facing Phillips Square, is

The Colonial House.

worthy of an extended notice, as it is one of the features of Montreal. It is possibly the finest department store in Canada. Covering as I said, a whole block in front, it extends along Aylmer street side 300 feet. Its floor space covers many acres. The outside of the building may be seen from the picture. Its interior is perfectly arranged. What is perhaps the most pleasing feature of a visit to the Colonial House is the contented faces one sees, as the store has possibly the best system of dealing with its employees of any in the world. That system is fair to them, and the result is that they are happy and give back a cheerful

service. Here as in many places in Montreal one sees people who have grown grey in the service of the house. Don't miss seeing the Colonial. A visit will repay you.



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

Diagonally across at the easterly corner of Phillips Square, stands a fine

Art Gallery.

Montreal has few art gallerys; but the private collections are possibly unequalled by cities of

many times its size. I might have mentioned the gallery to be seen at the Colonial House, as the fine arts are well represented at this great emporium. In the public gallery just mentioned are some rare specimens of the work of Canada's best artists. The landscapes of Brymner, Hammond, Raphael, and Bridges; the portrait work of Harris, Forbes, and Bell Smith; the seascapes of Crillen and the impres-

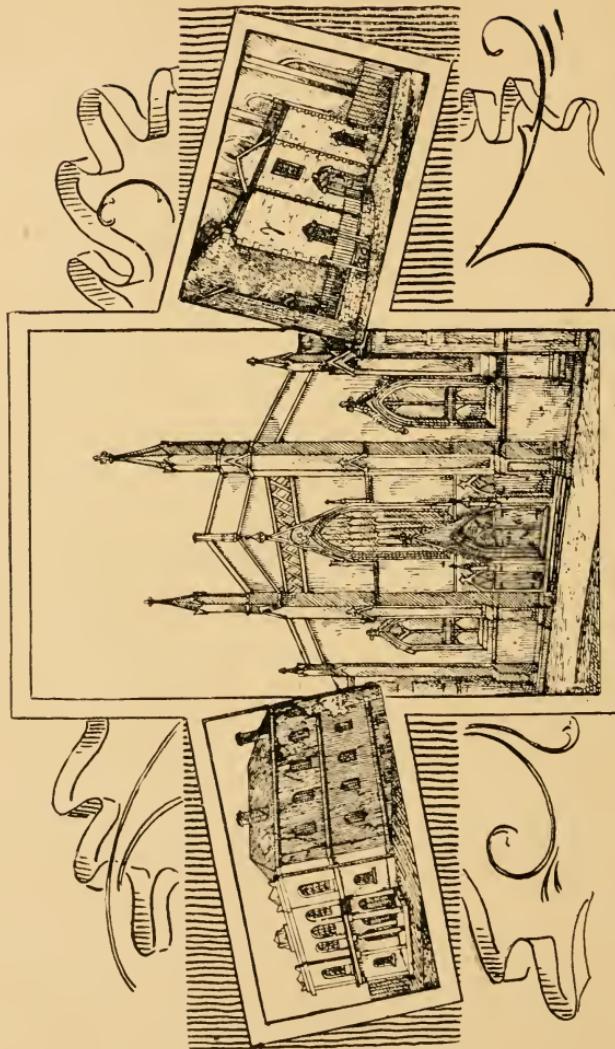


COLONIAL HOUSE—HENRY MORGAN & CO.

sionist work of Curzon and many other noted artists' works are to be seen here. A day might well be spent in visiting this gallery, the pride of the city, for most of its best work is from the brushes of Montreal artists.

To the right, just before reaching Phillips Square, we see the fine Birks Building, on the

METHODIST CHURCHES.



THE FIRST CHURCH,
32 St. Supice St.

THE THIRD CHURCH,
Temple Building.

THE SECOND CHURCH,
St. Lawrence Hall.

corner of Union Avenue. Here we find the Sarony and Tiffany of Montreal—Birks & Sons and Notman & Son. The one carries a stock of jewellery that would do credit to any city in America, while the name of "Not-



ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH. (New.)

man" is almost as well known in New York as in Montreal, for this firm stands right along at the top among photographers. I am trying hard not to make this a "picture book," but every visit to Notman's adds to it, as I

can't resist his collection. Odd to see two at the head of the procession doing business at the same corner!

At the corner of City Councillors street is the First Baptist Church, Rev. J. A. Gordon, pastor. Just opposite is St. Gabriel Presbyterian Church, Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D. Then, occupying a whole block, is seen the largest Protestant church on the continent, the St. James Methodist, Rev. J. W. Graham and Rev. C. A. Sykes, pastors.

From St. Catherine we turned down Bleury to Dorchester street, passing the Jesuit Church and St. Mary's College adjoining,—(mentioned among churches). At the corner of Bleury and Dorchester Sam pointed east on the latter to Dufferin Square, a block away. It was once a Protestant burying ground. The first point of interest is at St. Alexander street, on which and near Dorchester, we can see to the right

The Sacred Heart Convent and School.

Here attend young ladies from not only all parts of Canada, but very many from the United States. It is one of the most popular schools in the Dominion. There is also connected with it a large establishment at the Back River, reached by the Park and Island trolley.

To the left is seen St. Patrick's Church and Orphan Asylum. In the yard behind the asylum stands the original "Mother House," known as the Rochblanc House. Here is also seen St. Bridget's Home.

At 807 is the Masonic Temple, and almost adjoining, and cornering on University street, is

The Fraser Institute.

It is more of a library than an institute. In this building are the rooms of the Montreal Horticultural Society. Immediately opposite is the beautiful home of

The St. James's Club.

From this corner, looking down Hanover, (a continuation of University street), may be seen



ST. JAMES'S CLUB.

the old High School, where many of the prominent of the city received their education. A little west of this school, and facing Palace street, is the Roman Catholic High School, a large and imposing building.

Looking north toward St. Catherine street,

Natural History Society's Museum.

we see the Natural History Society's Museum, free to the public—well worthy a visit. Here may be seen two Egyptian mummies in their cases—the most complete specimens on this continent. Continuing along Dorchester to No. 845, we pass the residence of the Hon. George Washington Stevens, M. P. P. His house is in very spacious, well wooded grounds. The Hon. Mr. Stevens has long been a prominent figure in local as well as provincial affairs. We pass to the left St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, at No. 852, Rev. James Barclay, M.A., D.D., minister. Just beyond is the beautiful home, and fine grounds, of Mr. J. H. Joseph. At No. 877 are the offices and rooms of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. At the corner of Mansfield, is the Knox Presbyterian Church, with its fine carving over the facade. Rev. Jas. Fleck, B.A., pastor. Adjoining, and facing Dorchester and Dominion Square, is the large Y. M. C. A. building, mentioned before. Also the aforementioned St. James Cathedral.

Here we cross through Dominion Square to the starting point of the morning drive. We see on the corner of Drummond and Dorchester the American Presbyterian Church, of pleasant memory, as many a fine sermon I have heard by its pastor, Rev. T. S. McWilliams.

Further along are the Montreal Conservatory of Music and the Dominion College of Music. Next to the right, we pass the Crescent Street Presbyterian Church.

That dome-like building to the left is the

Crystal Skating rink, and Bicycle Academy. And to the right, beginning at Guy street, are the extensive grounds of the Grey Nunnery, letters patent for which were issued in 1692, founded 1755, comprising the Nunnery proper, Church, Orphan Asylum, and Hospital. Not far from St. Mark street, at No. 1149, is the handsome residence of Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, President of the C. P. R., and immediately west is the magnificent residence of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C., M.G., High Commissioner for Canada in London.* Just opposite we find the park-like grounds of Edgehill—filled with private residences—one of which is the new house of Narcissus Peacock, whose stable is one of the finest in the Dominion. It contains some fine record trotters. In passing let me say that few cities have finer horses than Montreal.

Beyond, one block to the left, are the church and workshops of the Franciscans. At Essex and Dorchester is the Western Hospital, just beyond which we come to Atwater, a wide avenue. This is the dividing line between Montreal and Westmount. Had Sam not mentioned the fact I could have known that we were in another city by the look of the streets. I asked, "Sam, why is this?" "I don't know, but I heard that Westmount is run by business men, who look more to the interest of the town than to what they can make out of it for themselves." There is no question but that Westmount is well looked after for some reason.

*Note.—Sir Thomas and Lord Stratheona mentioned under "Titled Montreal."

To our left, on the west side of Atwater, is the small St. Stephen's Chapel. We drove down Bruce avenue, which ends at the C.P.R. track, to get a view over the suburban towns of St. Henri, Ste. Cunegonde (immediately before us), Cote St. Paul, and Verdun, then back to Dorchester, which ends one block away, at the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association grounds, with its toboggan, skating, lacrosse, etc. The grounds are enclosed by a high fence, and are quite extensive, with immense seating capacity. Up one block, at Hallowell street, we again found St. Catherine street, out which, to the west, we reach The Glen, passing on the way many fine residences. This Glen was formerly a large water course, leading down from the mountain. We went out St. Catherine street to Victoria avenue and up a steep hill to Cote St. Antoine road, crossing the noted driveway of Westmount, Western avenue—with its long rows of trees and beautifully kept, grass-bordered sidewalks. Just beyond this avenue, looking out Victoria, a good view is had, to the left on the far hill, of the burned ruins of Ville Marie Convent.

Passing down Cote St. Antoine road, back toward the city, we see all along many old homesteads, interspersed with new and modern houses. Among which is the home of Westmount's Mayor, Mr. Lighthall (of former mention) on the north-west corner of Murray avenue. There is a pretty tree embowered Anglican church, just beyond. One block further on, on the same side, is St. Andrew's Church, Rev. G. F. Johnson, a young but rapidly rising Nova Scotian, being pastor. To the

right, is the Westmount Curling Rink, whose membership includes the best citizens of the town. To the left is seen the Westmount City Hall, police station, and fire hall. This is not a very imposing building, but then Westmount really has no need for a police station, or even a fire hall. The assembly hall of the town is Victoria Hall, a very handsome building, situated in the park, containing a public gymnasium. Situated alongside Victoria Hall is the public library, a fine building, erected for the purpose. In the park is a public swimming bath, as well as recreation grounds. Right here may be seen the following sign: "Private grounds, temporarily opened to the residents of Westmount." This is in strange contrast to one seen near by on entering Montreal, as follows: "The Police will arrest any one found on this property." Continuing our drive on St. Antoine road, we reach Westmount Academy, a fine, imposing building, almost opposite to which begin the grounds to be made into a beautiful and extensive park.

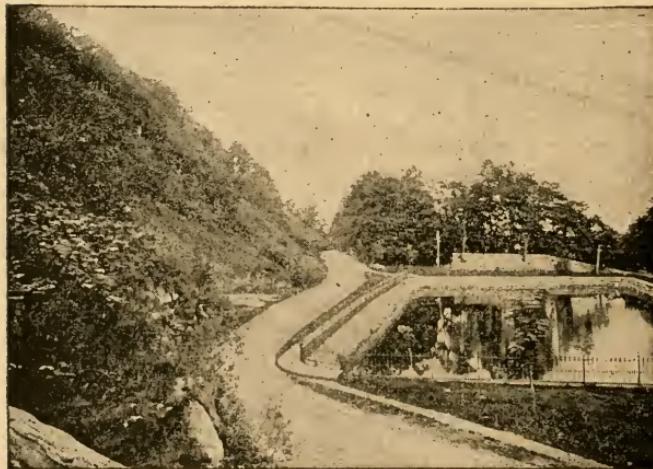
Coming east we reached Wood avenue, where our westward morning trip had ended, as we turned south to St. Catherine. This time we turned north, and, by a zig-zag road known as Holton avenue, we reached Kinnon avenue, the highest on the mountain side. This we followed out to Cote des Neiges Village (Hill of the Snows) road, just before reaching which we saw to the left a little stone tower known as the Trafalgar—legend says it was built by an old sea-captain, who on

Trafalgar Day fired off a little cannon to celebrate the victory in which he had taken part. There is also a haunted story connected with it.

Out the Cote des Neiges road a short distance is the property of the late Col. Strathy, and further along, adjoining, is the ground where stood the old

Capitulation House,

where Gen. Amherst had his headquarters, and



CITY RESERVOIR FROM THE PARK.

where the French Governor surrendered to the English—in 1760—Sept. 8—then under Generals Amherst and Murray. The site is now occupied by the Westmount reservoir. To the right at the corner of this (Kinnon) avenue, at Cote des Neiges road, is the old Botanical Gardens of McGill College, and opposite is the

Donald Ross house—once occupied as a ladies' college. I've had much toll-gate experience, but never before did I have to pay 15 cts. to go 135 feet, as I had to at this point, to reach the city limits, where we turned to the left into

Mount Royal Park,

which comprises 464 acres of the mountain, and should be seen by driving, as the distances are such that it would be too fatiguing to walk.

The views from the various points are almost like looking down from Pen Mar, on the Western Maryland railroad—west of Baltimore.

Looking toward the river over the city, we see at the extreme west the Lachine Rapids,—Heron Island, St. Paul or Nuns' Island, then the Victoria bridge, at the further end of which is the village of St. Lambert. Next the Islands, Moffatt and St. Helen, in front of the city. Of the towns seen from the mountain I speak elsewhere.

We left the park and drove first through

Cote des Neiges Cemetery,

the Catholic burial place. It is beautiful and contains many handsome monuments and vaults. Sam pointed out the Stations of the Cross; the monument erected to the "patriots of the Rebellion of 1837," and a number of other points of interest, but the one that will possibly attract most the attention of the tourist is the monument of Frs. Guibord, who was, for some religious reason,

long refused burial herein. The monument is a great boulder with a marble tablet set in; but which has been so cut away by relic-hunters and others, that it is now almost level with the boulder itself. He is buried over six feet below the ground, which is only consecrated to that depth—so says Sam.

Crossing the road dividing the two grounds, which road, by the way, ends at where the two entrance gates face each other, we entered the Protestant or

Mount Royal Cemetery.

Like the one just seen, it is beautifully laid out, and well kept. The first thing of interest that attracts the attention, is the Firemen's lot and monument. Numerous vaults are to be seen, though not so many as in the Cote des Neiges. On the highest point of the grounds may be seen the Molson monuments and vaults. To the left of these is the magnificent Crematory and Conservatory. There is nothing on the Continent to equal it in beauty. It is very large, and perfect in all its appointments. It is one of the sights which no tourist should miss. Coming down the hill leading to the front, or main entrance, we pass the Hackett monument, the interesting particulars of which all "Sams" will give you. In this cemetery is buried Heavysage, the noted poet, author of "Saul," and other poems. Speaking of Saul reminds me that David is also buried here. His vault contains the simple name. One day a little Sunday-school boy visiting the cemetery with his mother, on coming to this vault stop-

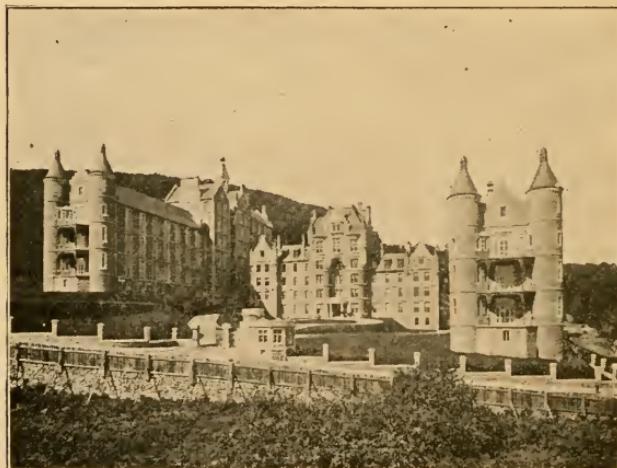
ped, and, in amazement, said : "Oh, mamma, see quick, here is where *David* is buried!" Deserving of special mention are a number of Celtic Crosses seen here, Ross says of them that they are the most perfect specimens in America, he having made a study of those found in Ireland, and pronounces these pure in style.

Passing out under a beautiful stone arch, to the left of which is the Superintendent's house and office, and to the right the chapel, we find ourselves in a fine tree-lined road, leading back to the city. Along this road and near to the Mount Royal entrance, are situated two Jewish Cemeteries. The Chaldaic lettering and antique tomb-stones deserve more than a hurried notice. We came down this road to Park avenue, where we again entered the Park through Fletcher's field, passing on the way the Montreal Royal Golf Club links and pretty Club house to the immense buildings and grounds of the

Hotel Dieu,

comprising a nunnery, hospital and chapel. The full name of this greatest of Roman Catholic hospitals in Montreal, is Hotel Dieu St. Joseph de Ville Marie. The grounds are about three quarters of a mile in circumference, surrounded by a high stone wall. It was founded in 1644 by the Duchess de Bullion, "the unknown benefactress," who gave 40,000 livre to found a hospital. At that time there seemed no occasion to use so great a sum for a hospital, but later on the Indian wars showed the wisdom of her gift. It has in all

the years since done a vast measure of good. The original hospital was on St. Paul street near Custom House Square, mentioned in the morning trip. On the front wall of the present building is a tablet. Mlle. Mance, its foundress, was an interesting woman, whose works are seen on all sides, about the city. From Hotel Dieu we returned to St. Catherine street by way of Park avenue proper, to Milton



ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

street, thence west to University street, on the corner of which is situated the fine building of the

Methodist Theological College.

University street near this point has two institutions of special interest, one is

The Diocesan Anglican College.

on the left, going south toward Sherbrooke, and the other is the

Royal Victoria Hospital,

in the other direction on Pine Avenue. This was a gift of Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen. It is by far the finest hospital in Montreal. It looks like a great Scotch castle. Its location on the side of the mountain is most beautiful, picturesque and commanding. It is surrounded by extensive and well-kept grounds.

Turning to the left on to Pine Avenue, passing the lower or main reservoir, at the rear of McGill College grounds, we came to McTavish street, at the head of which is seen the beautiful residence and grounds of the Allans. Slightly west of which, bordering the park road, may be seen the upper reservoir, and, surrounded by a stone wall, is the McTavish monument, overgrown with bushes and trees. Thence down McTavish street, we pass at the left the Presbyterian College, Dr. McVicker, President, and the Congregational College to the right ; also the magnificent new library of McGill University, on the left, we reach Sherbrooke, and thence came down Metcalf street to Dominion Square.

Suburban Trips.

One of the suburban trips is to the town of

Lachine,

about nine miles up the river from the city, by way of McGill street to Common, from which we cross Black's Bridge over the head of the canal locks into Mill street, which is well named, as here are located some of the great industries of Montreal. Huge rolling and nail-making mills, Ogilvie's elevator and flouring mills. We cross a flume of the canal and see to the right Tait's ship yard, to the left the Laing Meat Company's great packing houses. We pass the cattle yards of the Grand Trunk. Out St. Etienne street to the left may be had a good view of the immense Victoria Bridge. Turning to the right we reach Wellington street, near which are the offices and car yards of the Grand Trunk. The general offices are just now being removed to McGill street, to the new offices. Out Wellington street through

Point St. Charles,

to the city limits. One is pleasantly disappointed with this part of Montreal. I had the impression that it was all an inferior portion—but instead the neat houses and well-kept lawns bespeak much for the fine-looking people we meet in passing.

St. Paul, or Nun's Island,

is seen off to the left. It is long and narrow and well wooded. The dyke, built to keep out the spring floods, obstructs the view of the river, out to

Verdun,

a pretty suburb along the river and extending back some distance. Just beyond to the right is seen the immense

Verdun Insane Asylum,

belonging to the Protestants. The grounds are extensive and well kept. At Verdun are two parks, the King's and Queen's—with enclosed ball grounds. The river is several miles wide above Nun's Island—just after passing which, far across the bay—as here the river seems—is seen the small town of

Laprairie,

which is reached from the city by a ferry boat that makes several trips daily. This village is a favorite camping ground for the militia—as there is here a large open common. All along are pretty houses. Especially so is that of the Ogilvies, with its immense grounds and large house, with outhouses.

We pass the great power-house of the Electric Light Company, built far out into the river where the

Lachine Rapids,

are divided by

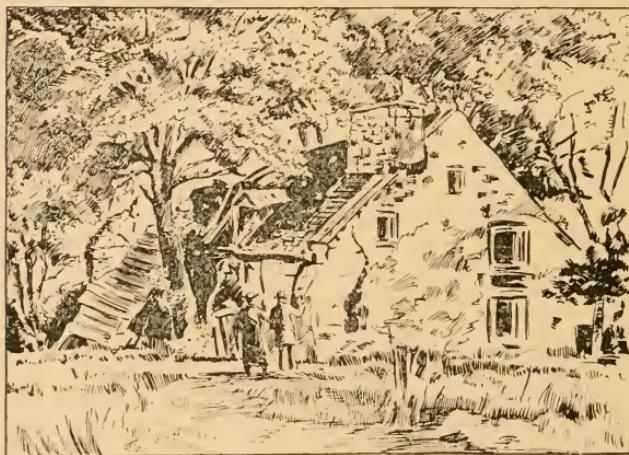
Île Heron,

I had thought and the thought is general with the stranger, that the rapids are at

Lachine; but instead they are not much over half way out from the city.

There are many very old houses all along this lower road, but the one which has clustering round it the greatest interest is

The Lasalle Homestead of 1666, but, owing to a want of pride in the old, the "clustering" will soon be a memory only, as there is little left to mark the spot save a pile of rocks from the crumbling walls. These



THE LASALLE HOMESTEAD OF 1666.

ruins are seen a short distance west of the "New Inland Cut," of the Montreal Water-works, and just at the foot of the "Fraser Hill," an elm-embowered rise in the road, on the top of which resides Miss Fraser, the daughter and only surviving member of the family of John Fraser, a remarkable man of the old school. It is to him I am much indebted for many things of interest on this Lower

Road, as his writings are very prolific—of facts which might have been lost but for him.

I'm going to say it some place, and had as well say it here as anywhere, that the Province of Quebec owes it to the tourist to look after its old landmarks better than it does. The inquisitive Yankee is ever hunting up the old, and he spends enough money in Canada to have the "old" kept up, and not allowed to fall into ruins, as many an historic house has been allowed to fall. The La Salle house was a landmark of great interest—it lies in ruins. Chateau Bigot, near Quebec was the Mecca of many a hunter after the old historicities—but part of two walls of it remain. A few years more and grass will grow over the spots where once they stood, especially so if fence material continues scarce in their localities, and the owners of them continue to be economically devoid of all sentiment for the "old." The Province should buy and preserve the old landmarks, and not allow them to be lost, else when all are gone the aforesaid "Inquisitive" may seek elsewhere the things which he will go all sorts of distances and spend various kinds of money, which he so willingly parts with, if he can see the "old." If you who make the laws lack sentiment, then preserve the landmarks as an investment, as the tourists' money will pour in as long as there is anything to see.

This old house—La Salle's—the first built in Lachine or vicinity, occupied by three men of more than national interest—Champlain, La Salle, and Cuillerier,—has been allowed to fall into ruins, and the almost sacred stones used

to keep the chickens out of the front yard of the house adjoining. The history of La Salle is worthy of a volume rather than a passing notice. He once lived at the corner of St. Paul—No. 498—and St. Peter streets, where is seen a tablet. From this house he went to live in Lachine. It is said that the name “Lachine” came from an exclamation of La Salle. When he beheld the widening of the St. Lawrence into Lake St. Louis, he cried out: “La Chine!” thinking he had found China—The Chine—or La Chine. From here his intrepid longing for discovery carried him to the far west, where, as the first white man, he saw the Mississippi River. Read his life. It's worth while.

Beyond and to the right, just before coming to the long Canadian Pacific bridge that crosses the river, we see

The Novitiate of the Oblate Fathers.

where are 35 young men preparing for the priesthood.

The Canadian Pacific Bridge,

under which we shortly pass, is nearly a mile long, and very high above the water. About 300 yards further on, toward the town proper stands

The Old Windmill,

which, like the La Salle homestead, is one of the sights of this Lower Road. It is fast going to decay. The long arms have fallen away and the wooden covering of the stones is dropping off. Mrs. Flemming, a kind-faced old lady, lives in the small house that stands by the

roadside in front of the old mill, the story of which is interesting. The father of her husband wanted to erect it, but a claim was made that no one had a right to build a grinding mill save those who had the original charter for



OLD WINDMILL.

the Island. He fought it through many Courts, claiming that the charter rights covered only water rights, but that the air of heaven was free. He won his case, built the mill and ground the first oatmeal in the country. He

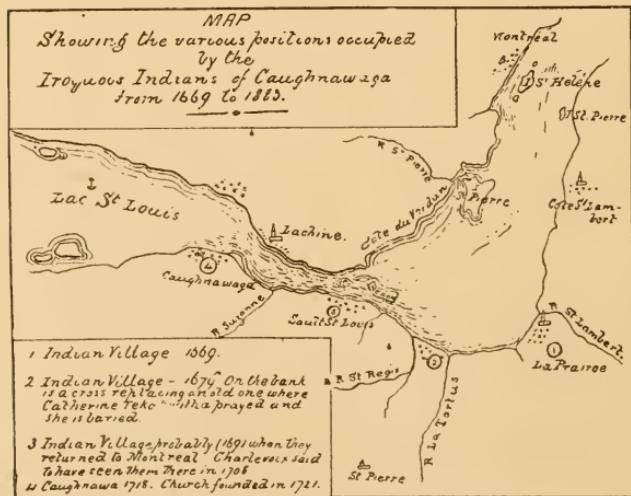
died, leaving the mill to his son, who ran it for years, and he, too, passed away, leaving the inheritance to the original winds, and they for years have ground and ground, but their grist is the mill itself.

Lachine.

We are now in the old town, miles long, but very narrow. Directly across the river is seen the Indian town of

Coughnawaga,

the Reservation of these people extending for miles up and down the river.



This Lower Road over which we have just passed was in the early days known as

The King's Highway,

and was the only means of reaching Lachine. Here have marched up and down in the long ago the men who carved out a nation. Ere

long there will be nothing left to connect that long ago with the present. Egypt, the uncivilized (?) spent the wealth of thirty dynasties to carry down the long corridors of time the fact that they once existed, while we of this later day, vandally tear down every vestige of the old, commercializing the very stones that marked the spots made sacred by the men who founded a new world. For shame—Canada, save the landmarks!

We reach the canal, and, while the drawbridge is open, we sit and look to the right and see the vast works of the Dominion Bridge Company, to the left, in the canal basin, we see for the first time two great whaleback steamers. Had often read of them, but this was our first sight of these mammoth grain and coal carriers. We cross the bridge when closed and drive up along the road or street that skirts the water front in places, and always near it.

Lake St. Louis,

is the widening of the St. Lawrence river, beginning at Lachine, and extending up the river. It is said to cover 200 square miles, and has many pretty islands, the principal ones in sight are the three, Le Dorval.

A beautiful view of the lake is had from

Lake View House,

just near the Grand Trunk Railway station and wharf of the Ottawa River Navigation Company, where the steamer "Sovereign" starts up the Ottawa. This well-known house was undergoing repairs the day we were in

town—when completed it will be a fine hostelry. Rumor says it is to be run by one of the best known in his line in Montreal. Be that as it may, here is the best lake view to be had. I tried to get the history of this old house—one of the historic houses of Lachine, but did not succeed. You may look for it in the second edition.

Post Office.

Lachine has the best post-office building I have ever seen in so small a town. In Canada the Government erects office buildings in far smaller towns than we do. This fine stone structure would do credit to a city. It stands near the old wharf, and not far from where the Grand Trunk Railway formerly ran to a ferry wharf, from which the cars were carried across the lake in boats, to a point above Caughnawaga.

It is here where are held many yacht regattas. There is a boat club here, with a large membership from Montreal. Of Lake St. Louis I will speak later, as the Colonel and I were shortly to go to St. Anne's, at the head of the lake—up there where the Ottawa river enters the St. Lawrence.

The Canal.

The Lachine Canal begins here and runs nine miles to the Montreal Harbor. Boats can go down the rapids, but coming up must come by the canal, which is wide and deep enough for large river and lake steamships. Ships can run by night as well as by day as it is now lighted the whole way by electric lights.

Lachine was once the summer residence of many Montrealers, but since the opening up, by the Canadian Pacific, of the beautiful Laurentides, they have quite deserted this little city—which notwithstanding is growing into a prosperous suburb, owing to the great manufacturing interests here.

Here is a large Roman Catholic church, but the one of more interest to the tourist is the old chapel, in the rear—surrounded by little white monuments to the long ago dead. A stone tablet at the left of the chapel door, tells of the shipwreck of all but one of a family of eleven. Of all one son was left, whose love prompted this tablet.

The Upper Road.

We return to Montreal by the upper road—all along which there are many pretty views. Being high the canal, river and intervening country presents a fine scene—with the city in front, and all along the far away horizon loom the mountain ranges—some of them nearly one hundred miles away. We pass the

Blue Bonnet Village,

with the houses nearly all gone. This was a famous stopping place for the troops in 1837 and '38, during Rebellion times. We pass

Kensington,

a suburb that promises much as a western extension of the city. It is high and very well located. We pass the Penner Farm, once noted for its cider. Beyond this farm we turn abruptly to the left into Cote St. Luke. We

shortly cross the Windsor branch of the C.P.R., and on the left, on the hill, pass the

Mackay Institute,

for the Deaf and Dumb. Cote St. Antoine road, of former mention, ends here. This road on which we are passing is the western limit of Westmount. To the right we pass the Cote St. Luke Church—the old Monklands, formerly the residence of Canada's Governors, now called Villa Marie, and several massive buildings—the Nuns' Seminary for young ladies. The burned ruins of the Ste. Marie Convent are seen again on a far hill. We shortly turn to the right, pass, on the left, the junction of the "Around the Mountain" trolley line with that of the one running out to Cartierville, go on east to the suburb of Cote des Neiges with a magnificent view of country all along toward the north to the Rivier la Prairie, or Back River. This view is worth coming far to see. It is one of the finest of any save that from the Mountain itself. We see far down in the distance the town of St. Laurent with its great double-towered church and schools. On the left we pass the Montreal Hunt Club House and fine grounds, and the Notre Dame College, and on the right the tree embowered house, once the country home of the M.A.A.A., of frequent mention. Here we turn to the left and are in the village of Cote de Neiges. Up the road on which we find ourselves, once passed Amherst's army, to take the city from the French in 1760. Passing a church we come to the junction of the Cote St. Catherine road. The view of the country from here is a poem—which I cannot write. See it yourself.

Passing many pretty homes along the Cote St. Catherine road, we enter Outremont—"Beyond the Mountain"—to the left is the old Deas house, now the municipal hall—the scene of many a civic fight—as Sam says, "Thim are fighters in this municipality." To the right is being erected a fine school building on which stands boldly out the well-known name, "Strathcona." "There to the right is the site of the

Old Lime Kiln,

where during the winter of the Ship Fever Scare a poor family lived—the people around carrying food to them and leaving it outside as though feeding lepers—the family having escaped from the pest ship, everybody was afraid of them."

There on that rise to the left is the cabin of the Accommodation, the second steamer in America, and the first one that ever ran on the St. Lawrence. She made her first trip from Montreal to Quebec, Nov. 3 and 4, 1809. Built by John Molson—whose name is one of the great ones of Montreal. This old relic stands there rotting away. It was brought up from the river, for a little summer house. We are now back in Fletcher's field, facing Mount Royal, and go on down Park Avenue, of which I wrote on the over the mountain trip. This is a long trip, but one of the most delightful of all about Montreal. So many tourists visit a city, walk around, hunting for things to look at, grow tired and go away with a poor opinion of a beautiful city full of interest, instead of getting into a carriage and seeing it in ease and comfort, and at an actual

saving of money, for in a single day, or two at furthest, one can be shown, by a driving guide, more than can be found alone in a month, if at all. Why, Sam has shown to me more in the two days we were out than I had found in two months. In fact he took me to places I could not have found alone—and why not? The cabman knows what to see, and how to see it to the best advantage. Yes, by all means drive, and save money, time, and besides get to see what you came to see—the city's sights.

Up the Ottawa.

If all that the tourist don't see were put into book form, he'd have a big library of large volumes when he gets home. He comes to a city, and with the best intentions in the world starts in to see it all. He asks all sorts of questions, of all sorts of people who don't know any more of the real things worth seeing than he does, for they usually live in the place, and, of course, know nothing about it. He spends the day hunting, and comes in at night feeling that he has gotten in during the "closed season," as he hasn't found much, and what he did find he didn't find out what he was looking at. He is tired and shortly leaves town, and when asked about the city, tells of a few churches and big buildings he saw and that's the end. His listeners at home come to the conclusion that there is little to see, and next year seek out sights elsewhere. For this reason I have hunted out the things really worth

while to see, or places to visit, and am trying to tell you of them in a way that you may see them most enjoyably.

I have often amused myself asking tourists: "Have you seen this or that sight?" "No, is that in Montreal?—Why, I hadn't heard of it before. I must see it!" They are always desirous of seeing things for that is what they came for. This is especially true of one of the best trips one can take about Montreal and one of the least known among the really enjoyable "out of towns." I refer to

THE OTTAWA RIVER TRIP.

"Have you been up the Ottawa?" I asked one day of a tourist. "No, but we are going up, we have heard it is a beautiful city."

"I don't mean the Capital, I refer to the river."

"What, is there an Ottawa River, too?"

"Say, look here, Stranger, where do you hale from?"

"I live in Iowa!"

"Oh, in that case I'll excuse you, as I've heard about how well informed your teachers are out there, on Canada. Why, yes, the Ottawa is a great river, in many places wider than the Mississippi, in front of your State. It is, furthermore, so chuck full of beauty that it laps over in places, and if you miss seeing it, you will go back home having failed to take one of the best of Canada's prize trips."

"Well, now, you've got us interested, how will we find it?"

"Nothing easier, do you know where the

Grand Trunk Station is, at Windsor and St. James streets?"

"Why, yes, it's just across from the Queen's Hotel, where we are stopping."

"Well, at 8 o'clock you take the train on the Grand Trunk—go 9 miles out, or up, the St. Lawrence to Lachine, and step from the train right on to the

Steamer "Sovereign,"

and in a very few minutes you're off."

"Look here, my friend—you've done me a favor—*Come in and have something.*" We were standing in front of the Windsor.

I thanked him and told him I never took anything—for information. "Come in and have something!" I have wondered since what he wanted to give me—and almost regret I hadn't gone, just to see what an Iowa man called "something." Now, had he been from Kentucky, I would have—but, then, no matter.



Imagine my surprise on seeing my Iowa friend with a large party next morning at the Grand Trunk Station, ready for his Ottawa River trip.

"Well, you see, we are all here. I've been asking about this trip, and everybody tells me the same thing you did—that to miss going up to Ottawa by the river would be a big mistake, so, as we were through with Montreal, having been here a week, we thought to take the river up and see what it's like."

I'll go ahead of my story just a minute while the rest of the passengers are getting on, to

tell you that the old man, when he and his party left us at Carillon, told me in confidence that he hadn't seen anything to equal the Ottawa river for down right fine going since he left Iowa, and that he had seen a lot o' sights.

I forgot to tell you, but for that matter, I've not had time, to say that Fitz Maurice, my young London artist friend, and the Colonel were up the river with me.

I told you in our Lachine trip of

Lake St. Louis.

How that it is a widening of the St. Lawrence river or one might say of the two rivers, as by the rich yellowish brown of the Ottawa water you cannot but think much of the Lake belongs to that stream. A word as to this

Water Color.

It is the most peculiar freak of nature I've ever seen in water. The St. Lawrence is a deep, rich greenish blue, while that of the Ottawa is a brownish yellow. The latter being vegetable, and the former, mineral, they are as distinct as oil and water in a bottle. You may see them a half mile away from the steamer, where they join and the line is very distinct even at that distance. It is not until they have run side and side for miles that they begin to mingle, and were it not for the Lachine Rapids the distance would be far greater.

I told you of

Caughnawaga.*

the Indian village, directly opposite Lachine, at the south end of the C. P. R. bridge, where the railroad divides, the branch going to the Adirondacks and the main line to St. John and the East. To the right we pass a village, on the main land, and an island, both called

Dorval,†

On the island Sir George Simpson had his home when Governor of the Hudson Bay Company. It was here that he entertained the Prince of Wales, now

King Edward.

during his visit to America, in 1860. There are three of these islands. Sir George once claimed them but his family have since lost them to the original owners who will, no doubt, in turn, lose them in litigation for the large family cannot agree to a division. Two miles across the Lake, if you will look at the map, you will see Chateauguay, on the river of

*Note.—The Indians of this village are noted boatmen. In 1884, 50 of them were taken up the Nile past the Cataracts, to lead the expedition to relieve Khartoum.

†Note.—Sir George was knighted for having been the first to explore the coast of Hudson's Bay. His voyages up the Ottawa were great events. He went up in a bark canoe, sixty feet long, being rowed by trained Indian boatmen. He carried with him a great retinue.

the same name, with the large delta at the mouth. Dorval is the great yachting center of this country. Here and near by are located

The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club.

and the

Forest and Stream Club.

It is in this immediate water where is held the world-famed

Sewanhaka Races,

so called, but so far, they can hardly be called races, since the Canadian boats always lead—I guess it's because they are better acquainted with this taffy colored water than are our crews. Whatever the reason, they always beat us, and the Canadians are justly proud of it as we count ourselves fairly successful yachtsmen, having on occasion won real important races down there, near Sandy Hook. St. Louis has been known to freeze over when it gets very cold down in Arkansaw, and, in that event, this lake is the scene of many a mile a minute race with ice boats. One man told me he was sorry he hadn't known me last winter, that he would have taken me ice-boating. I'd like to have seen him do it—he wouldn't have done it the second time if I knew it. I choose my own means of going a mile a minute, and an ice boat isn't one of the means.

Pointe Claire

is the next village to the right, two miles above Dorval. It is so full of interest that



you must look it up yourself. It was one of the very early villages about Montreal, in the latter part of the 17th century. It had its fort, and church, and windmill, the three institutions which ever went hand in hand in those days.

Beaurepaire,

is further along a short distance above Pointe Claire. It was very early settled by Jean Quenet—a trader—in 1678. Jean wasn't satisfied to stay and wait for trade, and one day was caught “in the depths of the woods, trafficking skins with the distant savage tribes,” and it cost him a penalty of 2,000 livres. Here are the summer homes of Mr. McMaster, Senator Drummond, R. A. Mainwaring, and many other prominent Montrealers. It is a most picturesque suburb. We pass, on either side going up, many islands—some so small that they would hardly float a name, while others are very large, especially so is the one whose lower point is directly south of Beaurepaire, called

Ile Perrot,

possibly six miles long, and one and a half wide in places. It was so named from Perrot, a fur trader, in the old days. Its upper end is almost opposite

Ste. Anne de Bellevue,

of which I have written as a special trip, it being too full of interest to note by the way. It is here that the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railway leave the Island of

Montreal, crossing on two iron bridges. They cross to Ile Perrot, thence to the main land, below Vaudreuil, which is in sight to the west. We pass through

Two Canals

at Ste. Anne—one just before reaching there is worth a passing word. It has been dyked on either side, and the earth, dredged out, forming two embankments. It is better described as a long, narrow island, cut in two lengthwise. It was done to hold the channel, as here the water is quite swift. In front of the town is the longer canal, built and locked to get around the rapids at this point. Just above the town begins the

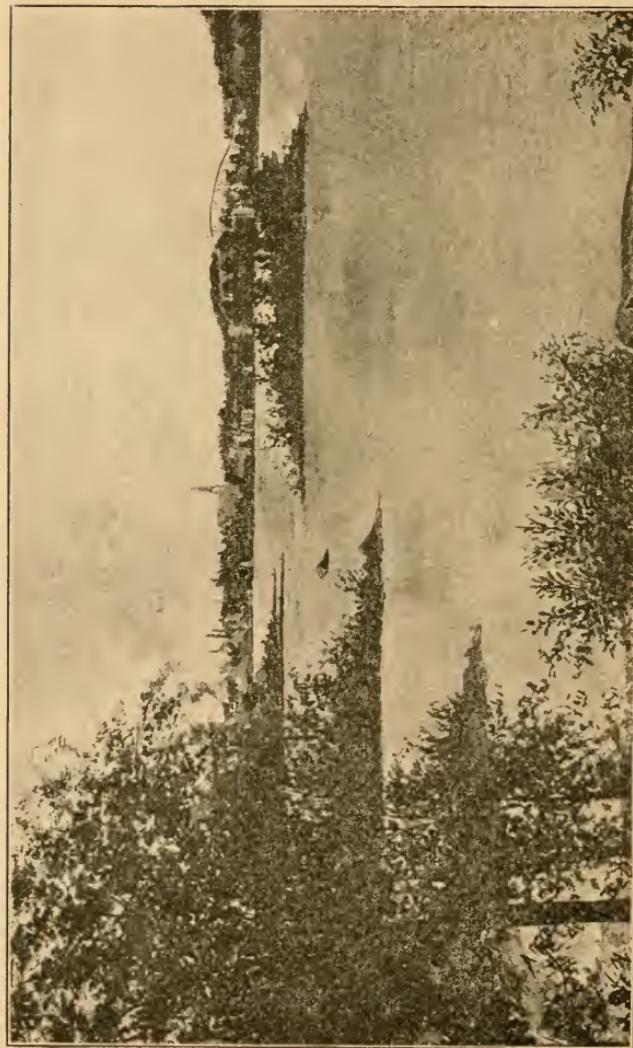
Lake of Two Mountains,

which I told you about in the Ste. Anne trip. After passing out from the canal, and a short distance above the two bridges, look back and you will see the location where was painted the beautiful water color picture (which I reproduce) by Miss Macfarlane. I was fortunate in securing the original—the picture I mean, and prize it very highly. As this lady is one of Montreal's rising artists, her work is destined to become valuable.

We see to the right the ruins of

Fort Senneville,

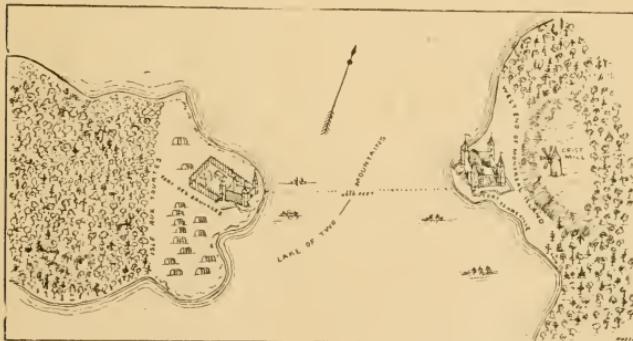
and to the left across a narrow part of the lake, 4,650 feet,



VIEW OF STE. ANNE FROM ALLAN'S ISLAND.

L'Isle des Pigeons Sauvages,

or Wild Pigeon Island, where once stood a fort, called "Fort des Sauvages." In the olden time a hospital, church and nunnery stood within the enclosure. It was an Indian mission. As we go up again we look back upon a beautiful picture. Nestling among the trees for miles along the Eastern shore of the lake, are the magnificent summer homes of the well-known Montrealers mentioned in Ste. Anne trip. The



"Fort Des Sauvages."

Fort Senneville.

enormous house of Mr. R. B. Angus, nearing completion, may be seen for many miles up the lake. It is one of the largest, if not the largest dwelling (I might well say palace) in the Dominion, near by is the beautiful home of Mr. James Morgan, of the great Colonial House on Philip Square, in Montreal, a picture of which I give. About eleven miles up the lake, we come to

Oka,

which is one of the most interesting points on the way to Carillon. It is an old

Indian Mission,

and was established in 1721, the Indians having been transferred from "Surly Clay" or Back River, where they were previously stationed. Just now there is much excitement among the Indians and they are saying lots o' things besides their prayers.

Before reaching Oka and adjoining it, on the east, we see far to the right on the mountain side a very large building. It is the Monastery of

Les Trappistes,

who have surrounding it, a great farm which they cultivate in a most scientific manner, as is seen by their orchards and vineyards, fine thoroughbred cattle and horses, and all kinds of stock. They are one of the very few orders who labor with their hands. Their cheese, Port-du-Salut, has a world wide reputation. They are also celebrated for their wine and cider. The man from Iowa says "If we should find in Northern China or Central Africa a body of men afraid to allow women to come within speaking distance—and had rules that prohibited conversation among themselves, unless the head man gave permission, worked at hard labor on one meal a day, and in that one meal no meat, eggs, butter or anything else that could be sold—well, we would be most likely to send a young theological student amongst them to ask them to change the order of things a bit."

Said the Colonel to the man from Iowa, in answer: "Somebody has to lead an austere life

to make up for the rest of the world. Most of whom do very little in the "Austere."

Oká is worthy a special trip. Many tourists get off here from the morning boat, see the Church and Seminary, visit the Trappists' Monastery, just east of Mount Calvaire, which is immediately back from the village, see on the summit, the three chapels, built in 1740, passing on the way up, four other chapels built at intervals along the steep road, and many other things of interest, then take the boat on its return at 3.25 in the afternoon. A running description necessarily but touches a few of the many things to be seen.

Como,

Is just angling up the river or Lake from Oká. It is a beautiful summer resort as are also Hudson and Hudson Heights on the same side further up, short distances. Como is the summer home of Mr. R. W. Shepherd, the general managing director of the Ottawa River Navigation Company.

Just after passing Como the Ottawa narrows down to a channel of less width than any point on the way to the Capital, but makes up by its 180 feet depth. It widens out at once after passing this point.

Pointe-aux-Anglais,

is that long point running out into the lake, there to the right. Across to the left again, we come to the boat landing for the pretty town of



A Canadian Beile.

Rigaud,

on the Rivière-à-la-Graisse. The town itself is back from the landing about one mile. Here is the

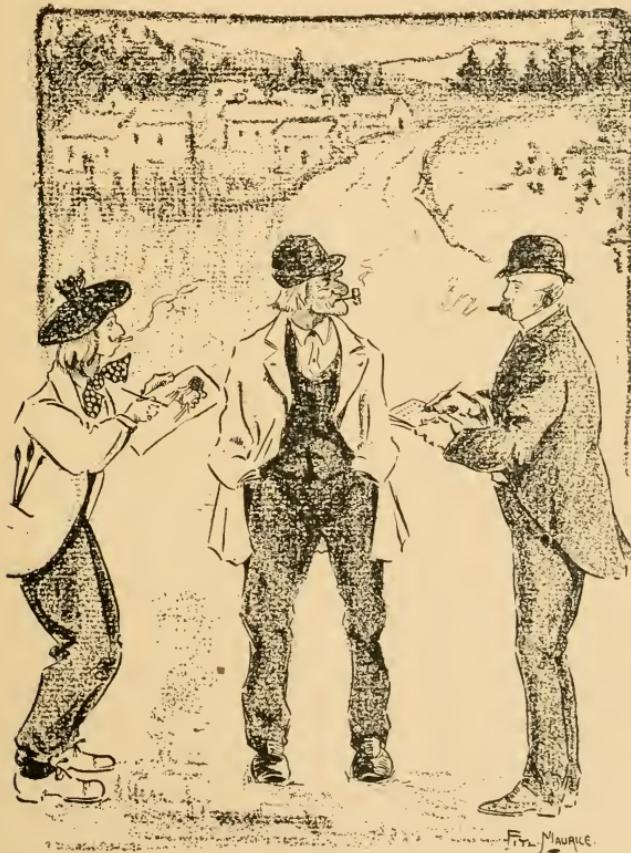
Rigaud Mountain,

with its legend. I had often heard of the "Devil's Garden," but so far have been able to keep out of it and until now didn't even know where it was located. It is right on the top plateau of this beautiful mountain, and is many acres in extent. I don't know that I can better explain it than to say that it is a level plateau, lying deeply covered with boulder stones.

The Legend of the Devil's Garden.

This legend will convey a still better conception to the minds of the farmer, at least, than any description. "Once upon a time," as legends and fairy tales begin, a giant who was also a farmer planted a great field in pumpkins, he was a real wicked farmer, and worked on Sunday. The seeds grew, the vines spread, the yellow blossoms came out in great profusion, the little pumpkins formed, and by the end of the season had so covered all the ground that there was scarcely room for the poor struggling vines. The farmer worked very hard, laying his immense crop into long straight rows so that he might get through the field. At last he was ready to gather the "fruit" of his labor. He called all the other

giants of the Northland to come to his "Pumpkin Bee." They came on Sunday, as they, too, were wicked giants. They all went to the vast field but what was their consternation on



RUBE AND FITZ GET THE STORY AND THE TELLER.

seeing that every blamed pumpkin had turned to a stone, and wasn't fit for pie. The moral of this legend is don't fail to see the field of

stone pumpkins on Rigaud Mountain, and don't go on Sunday.

At 12.20 the boat arrived at

Carillon.



Now, in pronouncing the name, don't use those two "ls," if you do you'll pass your station sure. Just say "Carion" and let it go at that. It's all right for the French to use those unused letters, as they can say things so quick, then, again, they have lots of time for it, but for the slow going, like the Colonel and me, they do seem so useless. We always leave them out, and, as a result, nobody knows what we're talking about. But, then here we are at "Carion."



MOUNT BROULLI NEAR POINT ANGLAIS.

Now, my dear reader, don't think for a moment that because I have seemed to do all the talking coming along that there was no one else on the boat. Not so. As usual I met many people of interest. One young man, in particular, who had joined our party—we got on to the card exchange, shortly after leaving Ste. Anne. Imagine my surprise on seeing on his: "Mr. Howells Frechette," but, imagine his surprise when I drew out a card of introduction to him, from his uncle, Wm. Dean Howells, the great author. The world is small,

indeed. I had not hoped to meet him until I reached Ottawa—his home.

“Carillon” means chime of bells, as here was one of the first chimes in the country. The steamer “Sovereign” does not go any further up the river, owing to the immense rapids, just above the town. A great dam has been built across the river, and in the middle of it is a chute, through which the rafts of timber are run, having first been broken up into sections which are again brought together below the rapids and towed down to Lachine and thence to Montreal and Quebec.

There is a canal passing up along the north side of the river, but it is not much used.

Big Track and Little Road.

Running between Carillon and Grenville, further up the river, is the widest track, and one of the shortest railroads on the Continent. It is the old broad-gauge five-feet and six inches wide and only 13 miles long. It is used exclusively and owned by the Ottawa River Navigation Company for carrying passengers past the many rapids between the two points. It’s a “funny” little road and its train is pulled by a locomotive that would scare a horse. I told Fitz to draw it to let you see the mate of the one that drew the Prince of Wales in 1860 when he went up to Ottawa over this river, and that little road.*

The steamer by which he and his party went was called for him “Prince of Wales.” He



*Note.—Fitz forgot, so you’ll have to draw it yourself. It’s not hard, though, as it’s very light.

went out from Montreal to Ste. Anne by train, then they got aboard, came to Carillon—thence to Grenville, where another steamer met them and they went on to the Capital. The fine steamer "Empress" now meets the train at Grenville. We went up no further than Carillon as we wished to return the same day. Young Mr. Frechette who has passed up and down the river many times said that the scenery further on is much more beautiful, especially where the Laurentian Mountains come in near view of the river. Carillon is another of the many summer resorts along the picturesque Ottawa. St. Andrews is only a short drive from Carillon. I have, as usual, given but a running sketch. Somehow to do justice to Canada's beauty I'd have to write a volume on each subject, and, often then, but barely touch the subject, for there is no place in America where there is so much of real good old time material with a setting of the picturesque as can be found up here in the Province of Quebec.

On the way back the scenery looked so different that one could almost have said it was another river. I had never before noted such a change in the two ways of viewing a river.

Fitz Draws Pictures.

Fitz Maurice was in his element. He was ever finding subjects for his pencil. If you should be wise and take the Ottawa River trip you will see on the way faces you will instantly recognize. When you get on board, some of the faces will pass before you. At Ste. Anne,

“Banana Mary.”

will look as you see her here, for they say she never changes and she seldom misses a boat.

In the case of the Ottawa each view seemed the more beautiful. A description does not always describe. In this instance you must see to appreciate all of the beauty of the two ways.

“Rube,” said the Colonel as we sat talking of the beauties of the country, while Fitz was off sketching the face of the one that had just come aboard, “the Ottawa is a great river. It was the original waterway to the northwest, and used long before the St. Lawrence. You ‘didn’t know that’? Oh, yes, long before and in less than 25 years will be used again, but in a far vaster way.”

At Lachine, on our return, a large number of people were waiting at the wharf to go aboard the “Sovereign,” for the

Shooting of the Rapids.

having come out from the city on the Grand Trunk Railway. There was the pretty southern girl, (with the “Eout” and “Abeout”—“Out” and “About”—two words she will never disguise and, I trust, she never can, for the way she says them always carries me back to one of the most delightful visits of my life, in Dixie. This one, with her father, was from North “Carleena,”) the tourist from Kentucky, and, to my surprise, there was Mears Kemp, of the great New York



firm of Lanman and Kemp, with that M. A. A. A. entertainer, Bob Aitken, who as usual, was showing the beauties of Montreal and surroundings to a pleased customer of his firm. I could overhear Mears telling Bob about just having tried to get Big John Canadian, the Caughnawaga pilot, to take him through the Rapids in a row boat, and how that it had all been arranged even up to



THE COLONEL SAYS: "DON'T TELL HOW SCARED
WE WERE THAT DAY."

the tying of ropes about the skiff in such a way as that should it upset, they could catch the ropes and be pulled through alive. All was arranged when Big John stopped short and said: "But not now, water heap too big!" and, then, Kemp stopped his recital. That's all I could hear except a remark of Bob's which near cost him a trip through the Rapids without even a rope. Just as Kemp stopped,

Bob remarked : " Well, Mear hopes after all !?"*

When all were aboard we continued our way down the river. The whole upper deck forward was crowded with the new comers, all eager for the exciting trip through the Rapids.

" I wonder what that is !"

" I wonder if there is anything in sight that is historical !"

" Oh, look !" and a hundred other exclamations, proving that all were taking their first " shoot."

The North " Caroleenians " were just behind us, and I could not forego the pleasure of acting as guide to them. Of course, pointing all remarks to the genial head of the family, whom I addressed as " Colonel," until he told me that although he was a Southerner he had no military title, and that he was nothing but a plain citizen with " M.D." attachments.

" Oh, yes, there is no direction in which you may look, no point in sight but what has its history, dating back to the early days of the 17th century."

I began, feeling myself a competent guide even though it was my first trip down the rapids. I knew, however, from much research, of maps, history and having "done" Lachine—



*Note.—Mears Kemp had had his own way too long to allow a little thing like an Indian's fear to stand in his way. He and Bob took the trip, and Big John guided the boat, the "inducement" being large enough to make him forget his fears.

almost every point of interest. We went so fast that I had to talk very rapidly.

"Where was the

Lachine Massacre?

asked the Doctor.

"Almost that whole line along the water's edge, where now the town straggles on toward the bridge before us. Look back, far across the lake to that point (indicating where the Chateauguay River enters the lake) where the 1,500 Iroquois started across, on the night of Aug. 4, 1689. They silently landed above the settlement, and as the night was very stormy, the garrison did not hear them. Every dwelling was surrounded and at a given signal the massacre began. The terrible result all know."

"The horrid savages!" exclaimed the pretty daughter.

"No, not horrid. Their provocation would have made a civilized people do the same," said I.

"Why, I never read that in history!" she said.

"No, most historians have left out poor Lo's side of it."

"There to the right, near the bridge, is Caughnawaga—the village of the praying Indians. See, to the left, through the trees, is the Old Windmill. There's the great bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway. That building to the left, just beyond the bridge, is the Monastery and College of the Oblats Fathers." We did not see anything of note until we came in sight of the two intakes of the Montreal



Water Works, just to the west of which I asked : "Do you see that stone fence in front of the house where the hill runs down to the level through those beautiful elm trees ?"

"Yes, but why do you speak of a fence ?"

"Well, that fence is the celebrated Old La-Salle homestead—all that is left of it, save those ruins just at the foot of the hill."

"What !" exclaimed the Doctor, "you don't mean that any one would take a relic so historical and use it for a fence ?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor, you know if one chance to get possession of a relic, no matter how sacred it should be, one may, by reason of possession, turn it into anything one chooses to turn it into."

"I don't mean that exactly, I could not imagine any one having so little sentiment as to do it," and the kind old Doctor seemed to really feel he had sustained a personal injury. The Southerner is full of sentiment. This is the reason of the sweet character of that people.

"I notice two 'intakes' as you call them, those canal-like waterways over there to the left crossed by those bridges. Why, two ?"

"One you will notice, is much larger than the other, well, the smaller was built first and would get clogged with ice, the other was made much wider to prevent this. The two come together a short distance beyond the bridges.

"See that long building to the left, further on below the 'intakes,' running far out into the rapids, that is the great power house for the Montreal or Lachine Electric Works,

which lights Montreal. But see we are now coming to the

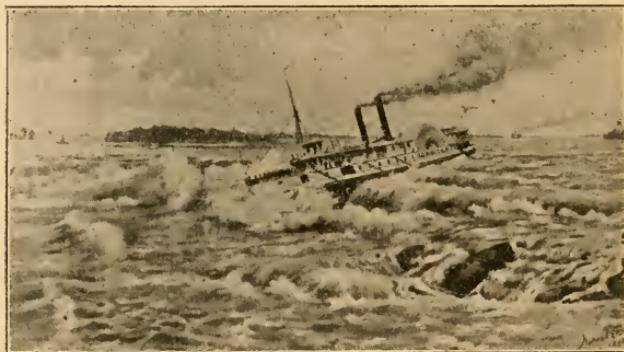
Rapids.

which you will notice is divided by those two islands. The first and smaller is

The Devil's Island,
the larger one ahead is

Ille St. Paul,

or Heron's Island—watch how the boat begins to toss and sway—and the waters whirl



STR. "SOVEREIGN" SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

into foam—and”—but here I stopped for the “Oh's” and the “Looks” and the excitement around stopped all full sentences. Everybody was standing up—some on chairs to get a better view, holding on the while to the one nearest to keep from being dislodged from the higher view point.

“Oh, papa—what if we'd hit a rock, we'd be clear thrown *cout!*” But *About* this time we had gotten through the worst of the tossing

so swiftly had we been swept along by the rushing waters—but the long swells kept the boat rolling for quite a distance down.

“I wonder how much fall the river has here?” asked the Doctor.

“46 feet between Lachine and the city and most of it at the Rapids” said I.

“Papa did you see that poor little tree right out in the middle of the stream, on that wee island, hardly big enough to hold it?”

We had all noticed and remarked it as we passed.

“How long have steamboats been running the rapids?” asked the Dr.

“The ‘Ontario,’ afterwards called the ‘Lord Sydenham,’ was the first. It was then in 1840.”

“Does the Rapids ever freeze over?”

Just here I couldn’t resist telling the Doctor and his party a little incident

On the Colonel.

How that last winter he said one day: “Rube, I see by the ‘Star’ that the Lachine Rapids are frozen over, ‘the first time since 1857.’ Now we’ve got to see that—and we’ll go out to-morrow.” I was quite as anxious to see it as the Colonel, so we went, but were surprised to find the Rapids quite clear of ice.

“Colonel,” said I “are you sure that these were the Rapids you read about?”

“Oh, yes,” said he, drawing from his pocket the “Star” of the day before—“here is the item.”

I looked at it and there was the item, sure

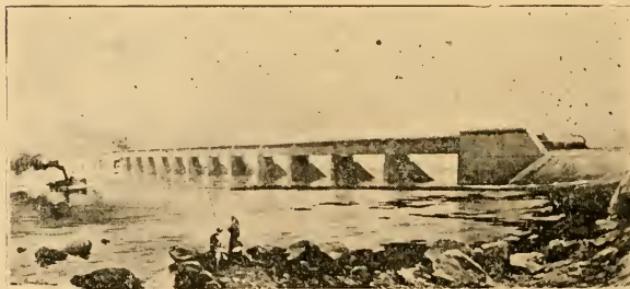
enough. "The Lachine Rapids are frozen over, the first time since 1857." I looked at the date of the paper, it was 1902, then at the column where was the item, and quietly pointed to the heading : "Things that happened thirty years ago."—Well, the Colonel was good enough to pay the expenses of the trip and I forgave him."

We are now in the bay. "See that town to the right ? That is

Laprairie,

from which to St. Johns, 36 miles south of east, ran the first railroad in Canada."

"How wide is the river here ?"



THE OLD VICTORIA BRIDGE.

"A little over four miles, possibly four and a half. It narrows down from Laprairie to Longueuil, nine miles below where it begins again to widen as it flows past Maisonneuve, Longueuil, Longue Pointe, Pointe-aux-Trembles and the end of the island of Montreal and Boucherville and Varennes, on the right bank. That long island to the left, there in front, is

Île St. Paul,

or Nuns' Island.

"Now we are coming to the great

Victoria Bridge,

at one time a wonder of the world—being when built the longest in the world. It was erected by James Hodges from designs of Alexander M. Ross and Robert Stephenson. It was opened in 1860 by the Prince of Wales now King Edward Seventh. I refer to the



NEW VICTORIA BRIDGE.

first bridge, this one was designed by the great architect, Richard A. Waite, of Buffalo, New York. The same who designed the finest office building in Canada—the offices of the Grand Trunk, on McGill street. This bridge has but recently been finished.

"That village at the south end of the bridge is St. Lambert."

"What railroad crosses it?"

"The Grand Trunk and the Delaware and

Hudson, but it was built for and is owned by the former."

"See that low lying island to the right ? That is

Moffatt's Island,

where the stone was quarried for the original city."

"That island you see ahead is

St. Helen's Island,

a recreation ground for the city—but, here, we are coming in to Montreal just in time ladies to take the

Richelieu and Ontario,

boat for Quebec." The ladies of the party went on to the Old Capital, while the Doctor remained in Montreal. Again "the world is small." The Doctor proved to be a relative of friends of the writer. Friends met in "Ole Virginia," in the eighties. This is one of the joys of travel—the coincidental meetings.

A Canadian Leonidas

When at Carillon one instinctively thinks of Adam Daulac—or Dollard des Ormeaux and his brave companions who fell defending Ville-Marie.

The Iroquois had threatened to exterminate all in the new settlement on the Island of the Mountain. Dollard, a newly arrived French officer, very young—in his early twenties—collected a band of sixteen colonists,

and with a number of Algonquins and Huron Indians (all of whom deserted, but four Algonquins and the celebrated young Huron chief Anahotaha) and rowed up the Ottawa to a point where now is Carillon.* Here was a rude palisaded fort, which they entered, having strengthened it as best they could, before the Indians by the hundreds came pouring down upon them.

For ten days and nights they fought, but were finally overcome by thirst and terrible hardships and in a concentrated rush by the Iroquois the fort was taken. Not a soul survived—but their heroic fight had saved Ville-Marie. As the Indians said long after : “ If seventeen boys could fight like that, what would a town full of men do ? ” In reading of brave Daulac—or Dollard—I was moved to write of him and his band in this crude heroic. I would that a monument might be reared to him and them. All Canada would respond, for the embryo of All Canada was saved by this noble boy and his comrades. Let it be reared by school children. A few pennies from each would not only mark the spot, but inspire in them a heroic patriotism that would resound through all time, as has the deed of Leonidas and his noble three hundred. Children of Canada build hereon a monument and rename the spot

*Note.—Rev. Father Brophy, J. Hugh Ross and other authorities give this as the site where the defense was made. This is a reasonable conclusion since the rapids, beginning at Carillon, would not permit of small boats going further up the river.

THERMOPYLAE.

Around thy rugged walls, oh grey Thermopylae,

There cluster memories of the long ago,
When at thy feet there fell brave Sons of
Greece,

Setting the mark far up thy scarred heights,
That all the world might see there carved the
deed.

Brave Sons of Greece, thy death hath been
the inspiration

—The mark for many a hero born to do.
Horatius saw thy deed and bravely stood
The lone defender of the bridge at Rome;
The Swiss who took unto his breast the spears
And saved his native land from Monarch's
heel,
Had seen thy deed and nerved his soul to
dare;

The noble band in Crimea's fearful strife
Swept down the glen 'mid cannons, awful
roar,

Swept down the glen, but ne'er returned
again,

Were by thy heroic deed so nobly done
Moved on their course, where death but mark-
ed the way.

Leonidas, the Greecian brave, had fought,
Where but to win was victory ill-gained,
Yet strife of battle nerved his arm to do,
And though he lost, still victory had won.
—Victory he won for ages yet unborn,
Who saw in him what man in war may do.

Nor in the lands beyond the rolling sea,
Were all the deeds of valor done by man,

In far off, Northland, where Outais' waters
flow,

There is a spot unmarked by carved stone,
Where deed of worth so vast in import
fraught,

That well might bear the name Thermopylea.

Here where the Long Soo's waters swiftly
flow,

Brave Daulac, with his undaunted band,
Met foes more fierce than Persia's seried host,
And meeting, fought as men ne'er fought be-
fore.

Days followed night's in each successive turn,
Days followed nights till nights would come
no more.

• • • • •
The inspiration, battle-born, of Greek to
stand,

Filled not the hearts of this intrepid band.

The long night's vigils kept, where dying com-
rades lay,

Sapped all the heart and chilled their hopes
away.

The brave Ormeausian youth to save a city
died,

He fought for love, for love he fought and
died.

Honour to him who ne'er for honour craved,
Honour to them whose death a people saved.

Rear high the stone and mark thereon the
name—

The name of "Dollard" so rich, deserving
fame.

Honour to them who with brave Dollard fell,
Carve deep their names, their names to ages
tell—

Algonquins bold and brave lone Huron, too,
Whilst others fled they stood with Daulac
true.

The rush of time shall quickly melt away—
Years seem as moments, ages but a day.
None live for time, save those who deeds have
done,
—Save those who've fought, and in the battle
won.

Heroic Dollard and his brave comrades fell,
But falling won, as fleeting time shall tell,

Tell to the world as time of Greek hath told,
Tell of his deed—a deed the world shall hold.
Brave youth, thy life was all too short on
earth,
But dying, thou hast left—great deed of
worth.



Ste. Anne de Bellevue,

This charming suburb is either at Bout de l'Isle, or Bout de l'Isle is at this charming suburb. I have not quite determined and forgot to ask, but I think either is correct as Ste. Anne is the end of the Island and so is "Bout de l'Isle."

I would like to translate that for you, but translation often mars. Now, when I tell you the real sound of these French words, run together as they usually run words together up here when they are in a hurry to go to dinner, you must not think there is any significance in them, or that there is anything apropos when applied to any part of the Island of Montreal, for there is not, even though I've heard a great many say there was, but you know "a great many" say many things before prayer time. But then as to those French words. Every time I hear them said, I think the speaker is saying :

"Boodle Ile."

and my mind naturally calls up the wraith of poor old Jakey Sharp, who only ran a small shop around the corner when compared to the business done on the block, these days.

But, then, as to Ste. Anne, no tourist or casual visitor should come to Montreal with-

out spending here a day at least and weeks if possible, for in a radius of a very few miles there is more of interest than you can find in any spot about the city. You know how it is, you often get circulars from some interested landlord, which tell you of his wonderful place—the only “wonder” is that he could get so far from the facts, as you find, on going, that he has done. I don’t pay any attention to the circulars. I find out from those who had been there, or go, see for myself. This is why when that live-up-to-date landlord, Mr. Emery Lalonde, sent me a circular about Ste. Anne in general, and the Clarendon Hotel in particular, I simply threw it aside, but when I asked an acquaintance about the place, he said with much emphasis: “‘Ste. Anne de Bellevue?’ why bless you man, that is our greatest suburb and if you go away from Montreal without seeing it you will make a mistake.” That settled it—I went down the very next day.

I feel now, in speaking of Ste. Anne, like the celebrated gentleman I met at “Surley Clay,” that I could write a 600-page book on this old spot, and yet have the courtesy to tell you of it even though you wouldn’t have the patience to read my work, for I would want you to know of the beauty of Bout de l’Isle.

But to the practical, Ste. Anne de Bellevue is twenty miles from the Windsor Station. You pass in reaching it the very garden of the Island. The wise are securing the lands all along the way, for ere long they will be of very great value. I was fortunate in meeting a friend at the station, J. B. Abbott, the son of

the late Sir John Abbott, who once owned the magnificent home, Boisbriant, now the country seat of E. S. Clouston, the manager of the Montreal Bank. To Mr. Abbot's kindness I am indebted for a most delightful afternoon. He drove me out a fine roadway, leading along the Lake of Two Mountains, which begins not far up the Ottawa river and runs to the right toward Riviere des Prairies or Back River in one direction and to the west up the Ottawa and around Oka point, five or six miles away in the other.

All along the eastern border of the lake and between the road on which we were passing are seen many homes of Montreal's best citizens. Here, and extending up three miles along lake and river are the country places of such well-known men as E. S. Clouston, Senator L. J. Forget, R. B. Angus, James Morgan, James A. Gillespie, Charles Meredith, R. Fred. Paterson, Forbes Angus, J. B. Allan, J. B. Abbott, A. E. Abbott, John J. Grant, R. T. Heneker, M. J. F. Quinn, K.C.

We reach the cosey home of Mr. Abbott, one and a half miles from the station. It sits high to the right back from the road overlooking the country for many miles. Directly opposite and on a part of the original grant to

Baisbriant,

long the country seat of Sir John Abbott, is, the park-like home of Mr. E. S. Clouston. I have rarely seen more beautiful

grounds, varied by rolling and level stretches. It extends from the main road to the east and is bordered on the west by the aforementioned Lake of Two Mountains. The grass lawns are like velvet, and as you go down the well kept drive-way you catch ever and anon glimpses through the trees, of the lake beyond. It is on this property where are still seen the ruins of

Fort Senneville,

built a short while before 1700. The outlines are well marked and, in some places the walls are almost the original height (12 feet). It was 66 feet square facing directly south. At the southern side once stood a house about 20 feet wide, one and a half stories, and extending the full width across. At each of the four corners and outside, but adjoining, was a tower or lookout. Mr. Clouston has the grass within the old walls kept smoothly cut and is doing all that is possible to keep the walls in their present shape.

The Windmill,

on the hill behind his house, he has roofed over, making a fine observatory, while the inside he has converted into a museum of Indian relics. If the landmarks of New France were in the hands of such men of sentiment as Mr. Clouston, they would long remain to connect the then with the now.

I cannot go into detail of the beauties of this northern road, but had to go back to the

village, the principal street of which skirts the Ottawa, passing under the two railroad bridges down through the old town. We pass on the way to the Clarendon Hotel the

The House of Tom Moore,

or, rather, where he stopped when here in 1804. It is of stone, and the walls are very thick, you find the door open, step inside, as no one is in sight, and feel a thrill of joy to think you had entered the door through which had passed one you had worshipped since childhood. You knock and two women answer with blank smiles : "Is this the house where the great Irish poet Tom Moore once lived ?" I ask. "Sapon!".

"No, no,—it can't be, I was told that this was the Moore house,—it coudn't have been Mr. Sapon ! Moore—Tom Moore—Thomas Moore, poet, boat song poet." I was getting desperate. It was no use—no use at all she still maintained that it was "Sapon's" house. Ah, I'll try again a new tack. I'll try dates, so I ask : "Who was the great poet who resided in this dwelling in the year A. D. 1804 ?"

"Sapon ! Sapon !! " with much emphasis.

"Ah, my dear ladies, I beg youh pahdon, I see I was mistaken, but tell me, pray, if Sapon lived here then, who lives here now ?"

A light seemed to flash upon the other woman and she said :

"We, we," I was sure then that I had selected the wrong house, and went on to the Clarendon, and told Lalonde all about my mistake but was surprised to have him say that I

had gone to the right house, "Why," said I "the women said, "Sapon," lived there in 1804." He only smiled as he led the way in to dinner.

I do so often get the wrong information up here. It's so discouraging when I try so hard to give you all the facts.

I was right. It *was* the Moore House, and I'm going to give you the picture so that you will know it, and not be driven off by any of the descendants of Old Man Sapon, who may claim to be residing there. I'm also going to give you the famous boat song, composed by Moore during his residence in Ste. Anne. He wrote the "Woodpecker" while staying at Lachine, shortly after. It is a rare joy to even look upon the objects once looked upon by that sweet poet. "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"

This is but a hurried glance, and I have told but few of the many things to be seen in this beautiful resort which each year is becoming more and more known to our people. I cannot but wish that it were better known. For the benefit of those who are looking for a charming place to spend a few weeks, I would say that board there is so very reasonable that one might pay one's fare from New York and save money, over some of our dull seashores near the city. I'm not "booming" Ste. Anne, but doing a favor to my countrymen, in saying what I do. It is the Thousand Islands or the Adirondacks without the expense.

ENVIRONS OF STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE AT TIME TOM MOORE WAS THERE.

RAPIDS.

FORT SENNEVILLE.

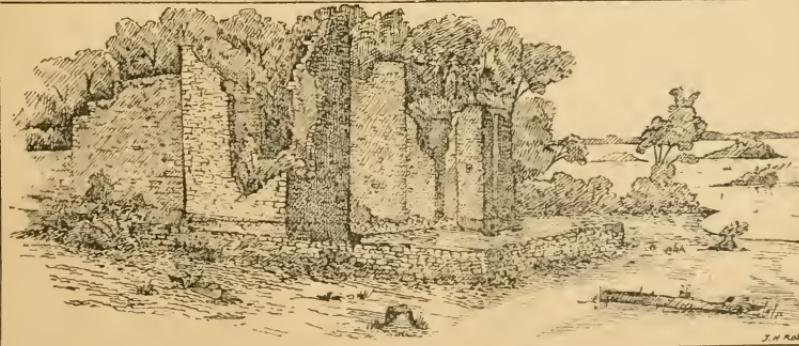
OLD WINDMILL.

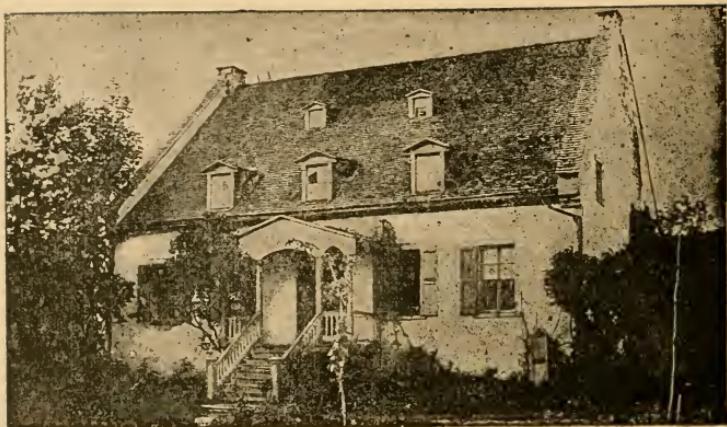


FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars
keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's
past!

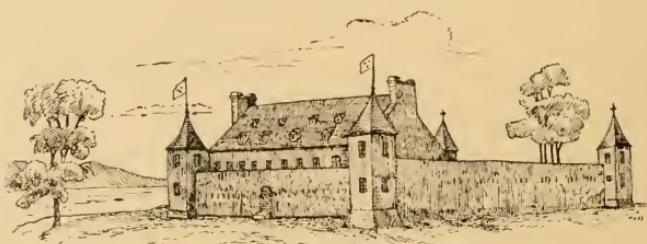
Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to
curl!
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's
past!

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring
airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's
past!





THE MOORE HOUSE.



FORT SENNEVILLE.

Cartierville.

Cartierville had nothing of interest to see, but it had the appearance of being a historic town. There are not many houses but some of them look like almost anything might have happened in and about them. I went into a hotel, asked of the landlord if there was anything historic lying round town. "Dunno—I no speaka ze Angla—my wife speaka. I call ze vife." He called "ze vife," who was but little better. "Has anything of historic interest ever occurred in Cartierville?" I asked. "What tam she's happen, dis veek?" "No, no, was there ever, *war—battle—fight*, anything, here?" "Oh, I zee, I zee—'fight'—wee, wee. Zare vaz ze afful fight les veek. My man got ze bottle of ze beer broke over ze hed; but zee man who brake ze bottle vaz zent to ze hospital—you go zee ze man, he dels you ze histories of ze Cartierville fite!"

I finally found J. D. St. Pierre, the lumber dealer and live business man of the town. He was very kind. He showed me the old stone house, on the principal corner of the town, where the Imperial officers were quartered in 1837. The troops crossed on the old wooden bridge over to *Bord a Plouffe*, at the other end of the bridge, just across the river, from which point they marched up to St. Eustache, eight miles north, where occurred one of the battles of '37.

Further up the Back River, but near, begin the magnificent summer homes of some of

The Inner Circle
of Montreal's "400." They extend all along

and facing the river, which is very picturesque at this point. Here are Hugh Paton, James C. King, Thos. Sonne, R.A.B. Hart, H. B. McDougall, B. McLennan, the Ogilvies, J. Gillespie, Angus R. Hooper, Dr. Charles McEachran, Dr. Jas. Bell, and T. D. Bell.

Rube Meets a Party of Nuns and Children.

Somehow I often fall into pleasures unexpectedly. One day, while passing St. Laurent the car stopped at a street, near a large school and convent, and a great church, to the right only a short distance back of the mountain. A number of nuns, with perhaps fifty little girls, from the school, quickly filled the car. I was soon in my element, talking with the children. They were remarkably bright, and filled full of the picnic they were going to have down there at Back River. The Nuns were very kind to them, and in no way tried to curb their innocent pleasure. They talked to me freely, for children quickly know who loves them. As we flew along, I got from many of them sweet little life stories. One poor little girl had lost a hand, and told me how that a bad boy had pushed her down and a passing car had run over it, and yet she was the happiest of the lot. I could not but note the sweet, gentle care the Nuns showed towards them. I have never seen those children since; but the real joy of that short while with them is a sweet memory.

Three Grocery Stores and a Post Office.

It was not worth the time, but we went out anyhow in hopes that we might find it so. I

refer to a place called "Back River," because that is not its name, which is spelled "Sault-au-Recollet," and pronounced "Sur-ek-Clay," and sounds like "Surley Clay," if you say it too quick. I was reminded that day that it is often a surprise to go hunting about for things worth seeing, to meet men with no sentiment whatever. We asked of a man standing at the station, after leaving the car: "Is there anything of interest to see in this town?" "Oh, yes, this is quite a place. It has three grocery stores and a post-office," which reminds me that when we came to the post-office I asked the postmaster, who sat reading a paper in front of his door, "What church is that across the street?" "Dat? (pointing) why, dat iz ours!" We thanked him for the information and went over to see it. It is so like the great St. Anne de Beaupre, on the St. Lawrence below Quebec, that it might have been modelled after it. This one was built in 1851. We met a very large pompous and important-looking clerical man in the yard, of whom we made inquiry as to the things of interest to be found. He said it was an historic old town, and that he had written a 600 page book about it, and asked if I had read the book. I had to admit that I had not, at which he turned and left us. I tried to explain that I would begin at once to learn French, that I might be able to read his book, but he walked on. I had *not* read it and that was offence enough. As we were coming away, we saw a doctor's sign, and stopped to find Dr. M. Pelletier. Now see how much of the out-of-the ordinary one may run across by not being

afraid to talk to any man one may wish to approach. We learned that this country doctor came of a line of physicians running back to 1776, when the first one came over from France. Never since that time has there been a break in this family. There has been in each generation a doctor. "See that tree?" asked the Doctor, pointing to a large cottonwood, standing in the yard of his house. "Well that was planted by my grandfather in 1801. One of us has lived here ever since."

ALBERT EDWARD (PRINCE OF WALES.)

As I go about the city or on my excursions into the country, I am very often reminded of "when the Prince was here." The "Prince" ever means the present King, who, as I write lies uncrowned by hand of man, but in the hearts of his loyal subjects no crowned king was ever more loved than he. To-day, (June 26, 1902) was set apart for his coronation. The whole world had waited that great event as no event in history had ever been awaited. The British Empire is at peace; the Boer War has recently been settled and terms granted that never before were granted to a defeated people, changing enemies into loyal subjects; the Empire by reason of that war has been cemented into a bond of more than that of political union—that of heart friendship; prosperity reigns throughout the Mother Country and her Provinces; and never before was coronation held under skies so propitious as that of to-day promised, but the hand that rules mightier Empires willed otherwise, and,

to-day, a stricken people watch with bated breath for news from the sick chamber of their loved King.

The manifested sympathy of the people of Canada when our beloved McKinley lay stricken unto death, was so heartfelt that it proved that we are but one people, and that in affection no lines divide us, and now that their ruler's life hangs in the balance, I feel a deep sympathy that words cannot express—a



THE PRINCE—1860.

sympathy never before felt for the ruler of another nation. Yea, we are but one in heart, though lines political separate us.

When King was Prince.

In the summer of 1860, when Prince Edward was a boy of 19, he visited America. He left England July 9th, and reached St. John, N.B., on the 23rd of that month. His way from there to Montreal, which he reached on Saturday, August 25th, was one series of

grand ovations, but how one so young could have kept health and spirits under the fire of addresses, in season and out, that he had to endure is to me the most remarkable feature of that long tour—but, then, as the ones who made the addresses, in many cases never did anything else of note, during their lives, the Prince did well to allow that one honor.

I do not mean to rewrite his tour, but casually mention instances here and there of his stay in Montreal.

He occupied, during his stay, the house of Hon. John Rose, the Commissioner of Public Works. This house is now the home of Mrs. W. W. Ogilvie, and is situated at the head of Simpson street, extending through to Redpath. It was then as now a beautiful park-like home, at the foot of the mountain. The vast ball room built expressly for the occasion, was situated in the block between Peel and Stanley streets, and running from St. Catherine to Sherbrooke. The main entrance was where Burnsides now runs through—this part of the city being then in the country. The ball room covered 82,000 square feet—nearly two acres of ground.

I wonder if any of the ladies are living in Montreal, now, who were, on that occasion, honored by the Prince. Here are the names of those with whom he danced: "Miss De-lisle, Miss Servante, Lady Milne, Miss Napier, Mrs. King, Miss E. Smith, Miss Tyne, Mrs. F. Brown, Miss Leach, Miss Fisher, of Halifax; Miss Sicotte, Miss De Rocheblave, Mrs. C. Freer, Miss Laura Johnson, Miss Betson, Miss Napier, (a second time) Miss King, Mrs.

Forsyth, Miss Sophia Stewart and the Hon.
Mrs. J. S. Macdonald.

He opened the

Crystal Palace

and the great

Victoria Bridge,

on the same day he arrived, Saturday, Aug. 25th, 1860—the Palace in the forenoon and the Bridge in the afternoon.

I have already spoken of his visit to Sir George Simpson, on the Island of Dorval, in Lake St. Louis, above Lachine, and of his journey up the Ottawa River.

Wherever he went he carried with him as the boy the same genial air that has marked his character up through life to the throne.

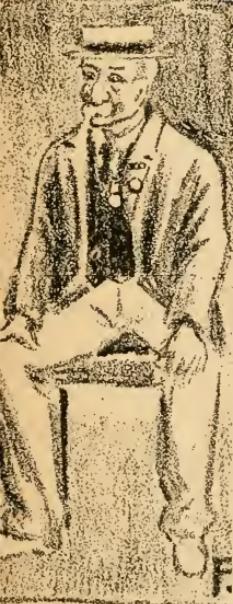
There is always a charm about

The Boy Life of Great Men.

“When he was boy,” often begins an anecdote of much interest. I met one day a man in Dominion Square selling papers. I engaged him in conversation and found he was the son of a great father—great in his line. He built Brock’s Monument—at Queenston, Ontario; he also built the two wings of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa—had charge of the construction; when comparatively young he remodelled Buckingham Palace, and late in life constructed the bridge at Quincy, Ill., across the Mississippi River, where he met his death. “While he was at work on Buckingham Palace,” said this son of his

father, "I used often to go down of a morning with him. I was then about six or seven years old. One morning I carried with me a prettily dressed doll. When we reached the Palace, Prince Albert Consort was there, looking at the work when we came. Little Prince Edward was with him.

Prince Wanted the Doll.



Father and Prince Albert went into the building, leaving Edward and me together. We were nearly the same age, I being a few months the elder. The minute we were alone, and the Prince saw my doll he made one reach for it, I hung on—as I was much attached to it, or had been till he got hold of it. I was no match for him, and made up for weakness in arm by strength of lungs. Father and the Prince Consort came running out, thinking the front wall had fallen on me, by the noise I was making, and asked the cause of it all! 'He's got my pretty doll—and won't give it to me,' said I, between howls. The Prince who was one of the loveliest characters I ever saw, said to me, soothingly 'Come, my little man, take this and buy a new doll, and let Eddie have the old one,' and, at that, he put into my hand a gold sovereign. I was again happy. On the way home father bought me another doll—but he didn't use all the sovereign!"

This poor paper seller, without any of his father's ability, has had a hard struggle in life. He has tried many things but failed in them all, and now ekes out, as best he can, an existence. He wears a medal for Fenian raid (1866) service.

Saguenay Trip.

The Crowning Trip of All!

The tourist who comes to Montreal and fails to go on to the Saguenay River, swinging round the circle from Quebec to Quebec, returns home without seeing what he will ever regret, when told of the real beauties of that trip. "Told of it?" No, no one can tell of it! We have all tried, but our story when placed along side of the real, will ever seem but a sad effort. It is now months since I saw that

Weird River,

but a feeling of contented pleasure,—if I may say it that way—comes over me whenever I think of those days up to Lake St. John and back by the Saguenay. While visiting the schools at home, telling the children of

The Beauties of Canada,

I was almost sad to note that few or none of them had ever heard of that country and river. Many had gone to Europe to visit among the lakes of Switzerland—had gone down the Rhine—had seen the "Beautiful Blue Danube," and had looked upon the snow capped Alps, but when told of the

Picturesque Saguenay,

they seemed to be hearing of a new world

scene, and to me it was a scene I had not thought existed in even a new world.

The Saguenay seems a great chasm cut through the mountains, and filled with water—many places 2,000 feet deep, and looking up



TRINITY ROCK.

again in other places you find the mountain bank rising straight up nearly 2,000 feet high. See this picture—note the trees on the mountain side and compare them to the height of those vast rocks. I tried to describe in "The

Yankee in Quebec," the strangeness of seeming distance. The boat moves in so close to the rocky walls that one feels that one might shoot with the thumb, a marble against those walls, but an attempt results in the dropping of the marble just outside the boat and one even fails to throw a stone far enough to reach the bank.

Rube and the Colonel off for the Saguenay.

I am about to take the trip again, the Colonel is to go with me, he could not go the other time, and if you are not busy—come, join us—and if you, too, are not pleased draw on my bank for your fare, an offer I fear not to make. Ah, here's the Colonel now. I'm to act as guide.

"Well, Colonel, are you ready?"

"Yes, and, by the way, Rube, there's a lot of my friends in town and they have all concluded to go along. They have heard of your book and of the fun you had last fall, and are wild to see the St. John and the great river."

"Good—if I can be the humble means of giving pleasure, I'm indeed happy and am repaid for writing of what I see." And that was true. I do love to be the medium of pleasure—and I know no better way than to hunt out beauty spots and send people to see them, and they may depend that I won't tell them what would be a waste of time and money to visit. I'm going, on my return to Montreal, up the St. Lawrence, and see if all that everybody says of that trip is as delightful as they tell me it is.

"Say, Rube, stop talking to yourself, and

come on. I promised to be at the boat at 6.30 to see after my friends and it's now 6 o'clock."

"Oh, don't be in such a hurry, the boat don't leave till 7. One would think you had

A Dozen School Marms,

to look after!"

"Well, there *are* nearly that many!"

I thought he was joking but bless you he was right. There were ten of them with a school superintendent and his wife to keep those jolly teachers within bounds.

I'm very timid when ladies are around. When I saw, in the distance, on the wharf, what the Colonel called "his friends," I stopped short and asked: "Say—where did you find 'em? I'm going to run!"

"I didn't find 'em—by the help of the superintendent they found me. Now, don't run too soon—they're a jolly lot—very smart, in everything but geography, history and ice, —why, they wanted to know of me to-day how far above Montreal, Canada ran, and if you could see the line from the mountain."

"Yes, and what did you say?" encouragingly.

"Well, as I didn't know myself just where it runs I non-committally pointed to a line of mountains far to the north, and said 'See that high range? Well, the line is north of that yet!' 'Oh, girls (they call each other 'girls') See, see, the Colonel says Canada runs further north than that range of mountains, and, say, Colonel,—we've been looking *every*

where for that Ice Palace, we've read of for years, where is it ?—do, tell us. Again, we're just wild to see it."

As I didn't know myself, yet didn't want to appear ignorant, I said I feared they couldn't see it now as it had been put away in cold storage, packed up with moth balls for the summer. "So sorry, we did want to see that Ice Palace so much. We have heard it was *so* beautiful when illuminated. I'm *so* disappointed, *ain't* we, girls ?" "Yes, yes, but they may have it out by the time we get back from the Saguenay, which the Colonel tells us is so great a river."

"Come, now, Rube, brace up and meet them." Just then we came in full view of the waiting 'Teachers' Institute.'

"Oh, Colonel, we were afraid you were not coming in time for the boat. Here, introduce us to your friend"—as an aside.

Rube is Introduced,

And the Colonel, without looking at any one of them began: "Ladies, let me present my friend. Rube, allow me to present you to the Misses New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Iowa, San Francisco and Chicago. And Dr. and Mrs. Boston." By this time, I felt I too, was in "Cold Storage," but the Doctor (I found out that the superintendent was called Doctor "D.S.,"—Doctor of Schools. I was delighted to know that they—Schools—at last had a doctor, some of them need one) came to my rescue and explained that he had advertised to take on a Canadian tour one

teacher from each of ten large cities, and that out of four thousand and seven applications had selected those ten who are to be known only by the names of the cities and state they represent.

“Great scheme, Doctor!” I exclaimed. “Who’d ever thought of such a thing but a Boston man!” That won the Doctor, and he was my friend at once—Nothing makes a Boston man so happy as to make him think you think he’s “It.”

All Aboard!

It was nearly 7 o’clock and we went aboard. “Oh, girls,” said Miss St. Louis, “they have regular steamboats up here. Why, we haven’t one on the river that would compare with this one. I must make a note of it.” And out came her book,— and down went the name “Carolina,” and “Captain Riverin.”

I haven’t the space to tell you a hundredth part of the questions they asked or to note their “Oh, looks!” “Isn’t that beautiful?” etc.

“Why,” said Miss Iowa, “they have towns all the way along,” as we passed Longueuil, Boucherville and Varennes, to the right, and Maisonneuve, Longue Pointe, Pointe-aux-Trembles and Bout de l’Isle, to the left, all passed before reaching the end of Montreal Island.

“And,” said I, “each one has more history connected with it than many of our great cities.”

She Wanted to take “Long Gay.”

“Oh, I wish they’d stop the boat till I could take that town,” (as we passed Longueuil)

said Miss Chicago, who seemed to have a burning desire to "take" everything in sight.

"That town," said I, "has, as far back as 1775, refused to be 'taken.' General Carrollton tried it that year, but failed. Some Americans were in charge at the time, but didn't like the society and left shortly after. That was before a friend of mine was running the social circle of the place."

We sat out on the upper deck, watching the great round moon coming up, silvering its way along, and making clear the banks on either side.

"Here's another town," said Miss Philly, as we came to

Sorel.

at 10 o'clock.

"Yes," said I, "this is where the Richelieu River empties into the St. Lawrence. It's the outlet of Lake Champlain. This place was once called William Henry, but 'William Henrys' became so numerous in town that they found it easier to change the name of the place than the people; so they called it 'Sorel' for short. It was called after William the Fourth, who, when in the navy, visited here. This town stands on the site of de Tracey's (1665) fort, and used to be the summer residence of the Governors of Canada."

When we got well into

Lake St. Peter

I noticed that Miss Washington was becoming much concerned about something, and, finally asked "Pardon me, Mr. Ruben, but tell

me, is this the Atlantic Ocean ? I didn't come prepared for an Ocean voyage."

"No, this is only a lake—lake St. Peter."

"What a strange idea of having their lakes right in the river. I never, never did see such a country anyhow ! Is it customary, Mr. Ruben, or is this the exception ?"

"You see, it's this way, Miss Washington, Canada is so full of lakes that in many instances they havn't room for them on the land, so they have just dropped them into the river wherever it happened, and this one is the one that happened in this locality."

"Well, well, but isn't it a large one though ! I must tell my class all about the phenomenon." And she made a note of it.

"How Deep is this River?"

asked Miss St. Louis.

"It is now twenty-seven and a half feet deep, but the Government intend making it thirty feet. Up to 1851, eleven feet was the limit."

"What was the date of the first steamboat passage ?"

"John Molson, who is called the father of steam navigation on the St. Lawrence, ran the "Accommodation" from Montreal to Quebec, in 1809, and here is something I warrant that even you, Doctor, had never before known. The 'Royal William,' built in Montreal (1829-1833) was the first vessel that crossed the Atlantic propelled by its own steam."

"What !" in chorus. "Why, I thought we crossed first !"

"No, ladies," said I, "when we get away from home we find a whole lot of things 'we'

didn't do. We think that we have all the Ocean trade between America and Europe, and few of us know that there are more than fifteen freight carrying steamship lines starting from Montreal, and that nine railroads centering here supply the freight. You can go back home and tell the children many things they have never before heard of."

Another chorus : "Indeed, we will for we have made a note of them!"

Rube Wants to Even Things Up.

It was now late and everybody but the Colonel and I "turned in"—we sat and smoked out a cigar before retiring.

"Colonel," I began, when all had gone. "I shall never be able to thank you enough for this opportunity."

"What opportunity?"

"Why, the opportunity of getting even with the teachers of the States. You see, they made me lose that dinner to "The Only Percy," by not having taught Canada as they should. Say, if I don't have fun with them on this trip then tell me that I havn't evened matters up!"

"Come, now, Rube, you are too resentful! Promise me this, though, that you won't be too severe with pretty Miss ——."

You see I left her name blank as when they all see this, as I mean they shall, each one will see that dash and fill in her own name, and I'll be forgiven."

Late as all retired the whole party was out shortly after four o'clock—as none of the "girls" wanted to miss anything. It was a

bright morning. The sun, you know, rises much earlier up here than at home.

I really think some of them were awake all night for Miss New Orleans asked: "Mr. Ruben, what town was that we passed at one o'clock?"

"That was

Three Rivers,

so called from the St. Maurice dividing itself up into three channels. It is just half way between Montreal and Quebec—ninety miles to either. Did you ever read Benjamin Sulte's poems? 'No,' 'Well, he has made the place famous among those who are interested in Canadian literature.'

"I didn't know that Canada had any poets," said the sour Miss —, and I hope she will remember saying it when she sees this dash.'

"I looked at my watch at 2.30, and I saw a town on the left, I wonder what it was?" queried Miss Baltimore.

"That was

Batiscan,

very picturesque, but of not much importance other than that it was named after a famous Indian chief. You might make a note of this ladies. About the only real use the Indians were in this part of Canada, was to furnish names for the towns, streets and rivers."

"I trust that this could not be said of those who furnished the rest of the names," spoke up Miss Cincinnati, who always said things to the point.

"Ah, ladies, look over there to the right—

that is the mouth of the Chaudière River. Not far back is the beautiful

Chaudiere Falls.

“The word means hot or boiling. If we had those falls, they would be known to the furthest corner of the round globe and Sunday-school picnics would be in full swing the summer through, while but little attention is given them there, but then this country is so full of beauty that a “falls” more or less don’t count.”

Just before reaching Quebec I pointed out

Wolfe’s Cove,

to the left, and Lévis to the right further along, but to see those twelve people, from the Doctor down, go wild with enthusiasm when

Old Quebec,

came in sight was worth the whole trip. I won’t stop here to tell them of the town, it took a whole book to do that, so I referred them to “The Yankee in Quebec,” and we went on. I had, however, to point out many things of interest, while going down and around to the pier—where we arrived on schedule time, 6.30.

It was arranged that a whole week should be spent in town, then the start made up the Quebec and Lake St. John railway, to visit the lakes on the way up to Roberval, and back by the Saguenay.

They Want to Know, Don’t cher know.

If I could have answered all the questions asked as the boat was rounding to the pier, I

would have been a very rare historical encyclopedia, but you never heard such a mixture of people and localities !

“ Mr. Ruben where’s Brock’s Monument ?” asked Miss Francisco.

“ We want to see Old Fort Gary !” said Miss Chicago.

“ My great grandfather was in the Lundy’s Lane fight,” proudly joined in Miss New York.

“ I must visit the old field and get a relic to take home to grandma—she’ll be *so* pleased. Ruben can you see it from here ?”

“ Where were Wolfe and Frontenac killed that day in the fight with the Sioux ?” asked Miss Iowa, who was always interested in Indians.

“ Sioux ! who ever heard of Sioux being in Quebec ! Why, they weren’t killed by Indians at all. It was in the Montcalm battle, in 1726, wasn’t it, Mr. Ruben ?” asked Miss Philly, with an air of superior knowledge. But I had, by this time, fallen over into the Colonel’s arms and was saved further risk by the boat reaching the pier.

St. Louis Hotel.



Wanted, a Home-like Hotel.

“ Ruben, we want the most homelike hotel in Quebec,—which is it ?” asked the Doctor. Of course, I told him the St. Louis, and, without further question, he ordered all hacks to that famous Old House. You should have seen Dion’s smile as he saw that women’s convention crowd, and as soon as he had a moment aside, wanted to know, “ Rube, where in creation did you find ‘em ?”

“ I didn’t find them, they are the Colonel’s

discovery, but they are very fine people and you want to treat them to the best you have." And for a whole week he and Hunt did—but that they do with everybody who stops at the "famous."

Rube and the Colonel's Busy Week.

That was the busiest week the Colonel and I had seen in Canada. I would tell you all about it, but by the volumes of notes those ten teachers carried away with them I judge that each one of them intends to write a book on Quebec, and it would be unkind of me to use their material.

Look along the margins for a few reminders of the old town: Champlain, the founder; one of the gates; Spencer Grange, the home of Quebec's great historian, Sir James M. LeMoine; Falls of Montmorenci; the little gun, and many other things, and points about which I have already told at length in "The Yankee in Quebec."

The Two Rooms in which Montcalm Died.

They may leave this out so I'll tell you how, the first day, just before dinner they came in with ten separate exclamations about having found, in a house just opposite the hotel, something very wonderful.

Miss Washington got started first: "We never knew before how many places Montcalm died in until this morning. Why, in that house across the street we were shown two separate rooms in which that great general passed away. We do wonder, Mr.



MONTCALM



WOLFE AND MONTCALM
MONUMENT.

Ruben, if there are any more rooms in town so historic."

"No, ladies, those are the only two where he breathed his last, but they are authentic, as, no doubt, you were told by the enterprising owners of the two rooms."

Finds Historic Button.

"See, here, Ruben, what Miss Francisco found, a *button cut from the coat of General Wolfe*. She only gave \$5 for it and is going to give it to the museum at home. It's authentic, too, for the poor old woman who let her have it at that price, just because her rent was due, told her so. Didn't she Miss Francisco?"

"Yes, and I was almost ashamed to take it from the poor old woman at that price, she seemed so sad to part with it." And yet Miss Francisco's face beamed over her prize—beamed so that I hadn't the heart to say a word. She seemed to have all varieties of money and wouldn't miss it. She told me she only taught school one term, and did that for the fun of it—that she didn't have to teach,—and she looked the part.

Off for the Lakes Country.

The morning we went aboard the Quebec and Lake St. John train was a perfect one. Everybody was in good spirits, and old Quebec never had more enthusiastic champions than the party that left that morning. My old friends had treated them royally and they, with one accord, voted the Ancient City the dearest, loveliest, etc., place they had ever



WOLFE

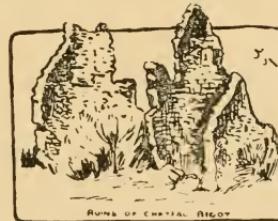


CHAMPLAIN

visited. Why, even the Dr. and Mrs. Dr. said that after Boston, Quebec came next. They all said that when they got back home they meant to call meetings just to tell everybody about the dear old Capital, and to send them all up here to see what they had seen.

Quebec is not only full of all sorts of interest, but the people make you feel that their little home circle is not all there is in the world to them. They have hearts that can extend and make a place for you too, within those hearts.

Dear Old Quebec ! and that comes from my heart, for I love her.



As we crossed the country road at Charlesbourg, Miss Cincinnati, who had a wonderful faculty for location, said : " See, girls, that's the road we took the day we drove out to

Chateau Bigot.

three miles back at the foot of the mountain over there," and she actually pointed in the exact direction.

" Rube, do you remember the day you got lost hunting the Chateau ? "

" Say we Colonel."

Again Miss Cincinnati called attention to
Indian Lorette,

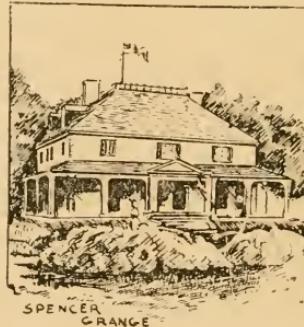
as we were passing and spoke of the jolly excursion made to it one day of our Quebec visit. That was as far as she could go, and, I had to again become guide to the party. We passed the wild, tumbling waters of the

Jacques Cartier River,

and a few miles further on came to

Lake St. Joseph,

with pleasant memories of the stay I made there at the Lakeview House—a stay, I hope



to repeat some day, for it was very delightful. It is a fishing resort, and where the lake yachting regattas are held.

We pass
St. Raymond,

the large and very pretty village hemmed in by Swiss like mountains.

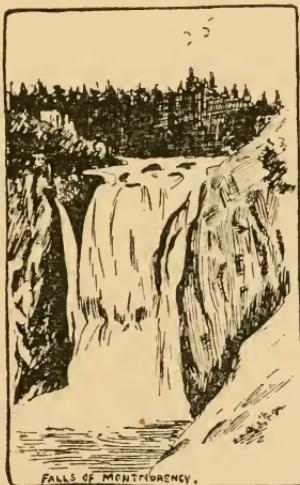
The whole party were very enthusiastic over the prospect about St. Raymond. "Ladies, do you remember the Commodore?"

“‘Remember the Commodore?’ Will we ever forget the Commodore!” came in enthusiastic chorus from the ten.

“Well,” said I, pointing, “a few miles over there is the

Tourilli Fish and Game Club,

to which many Americans belong and the Commodore is the President. Fishing all about



here is very fine.

Rivierre a Pierre,

was reached at 58 miles from Quebec. “This,” said I, “is the junction of the Great Northern Railway which runs through a fine fishing and hunting country, also many agricultural sections.”

“Yes, but, Mr. Ruben, I don’t think there is much room up here to do any agriculturing!

Why, it seems to be all lakes—but it's just what we, Yankees, like—we have enough room at home to plant beans and corn and wheat. We want to find the wild and picturesque—and if this is not the picturesque, then it's no use hunting for it," and Miss Iowa thought of her own smooth country of sameness with lots of corn ground, but with little of the picturesque.

"The trip to Grand Mère over the Northern—45 miles from Rivière à Pierre, is very delightful, especially near that fast growing town, and beyond at Shawenegan Falls, one of the most beautiful cataracts on the Continent."

And they made a note of it.

"Not far from the last station is the

Triton Club."

"Oh, I've heard President Roosevelt speak of this Club!" exclaimed Miss Washington.

"Yes, he is an honorary member of it, as is also ex-President Cleveland."

"Well, well, it sounds just like home to hear those names."

At noon, we reached

Lake Edward,

113 miles up. When Bob Rowley saw that congregation he started for the woods and left brother George to look after them. George being a ladies man, they fared well.

The "girls" on the way up had been reading my experience of last fall and prevailed on the Doctor to remain over for a day—and at noon of the day following he could hardly



get them to consent to leave, for Bob, having returned from the "woods," had gotten out his canoes and his lake steamboat, and you never saw a party of teachers so enjoy an outing as they did at Lake Edward. It was all so wild and new to them.

We left Lake Edward at noon and reached Roberval in the evening, passing on the way so many lakes and picturesque scenes that a bare mention of them would use the space I must have to tell in even a hurried way, the delights of

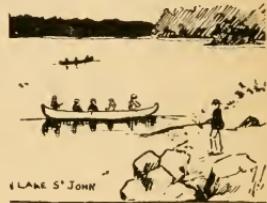
Lake St. John.

When the party of instructors came in sight of that inland sea, there was not one of them who could exclaim an "Oh!" For years—few or many—they had taught geography, and not one had ever conceived of the magnitude of this vast body of water. When I told them of the great rivers that run into it, they seemed to be hearing of a newly discovered land, with unknown lakes and rivers. Even the Doctor said he was looking upon a sheet of water whose very existence had been to him but a spot upon the map, until now.

Before reaching

Roberval,

five miles this side, I pointed to the west and, simply asked "Ouiatchouan?" Not even the Dr. knew the question, for he had not yet learned the Montagnais Indian language—so I translated it for them and asked it in English, but it took six words to do it. "Do you see the falls there?" At which they looked and beheld in the distance, the



Ouiatchouan Falls,

far higher than Niagara and nearly the height of Montmorenci, near Quebec, but with much greater volume of water.

When we reached the Roberval Hotel, I could not but note the expression on every face. They had not expected to see anything on so large a scale, I knew from their many "wonder-what-it's-likes" that they thought to see here an unpretentious hotel in a wilderness, but to find in—to them—an unheard of country, a great hotel, with every appointment of a city house, was an agreeable surprise. Then, too, the wilderness they had looked to find, was not here, but, instead a progressive town of over 1,000 inhabitants, situated amidst well cultivated surroundings.

Concert at the Roberval.

Among the teachers were a number of excellent pianists and singers, especially so Miss Cincinnati, who had studied under great European teachers. Miss Baltimore was also an artist of a high order. It was fortunate, as an impromptu concert was to be held that night in the ball room. With the addition of our party it passed off most successfully; Miss New York and Miss Washington contributing some fine recitations. I was very much delighted with the Colonel's "discovery," and told him so. "Yes, Colonel, they may not be 'up' on geography, history and ice but they know all the rest of the program."

The Doctor had planned to stay two days and as we all sat out on the great piazza, after the concert, said as much: "I cannot

have my plans changed. No, we shall leave for the Saguenay the day after to-morrow. No use, no use," as Miss Philly and Miss New Orleans, pleaded, they having heard, as had we all, that there was to be fishing excursions, golf matches, a great ball, a trip up to visit the Montagnais Indians, and, in fact, enough ahead to keep us here till—well to the end of the season for that matter. The Doctor was relentless until Miss Francisco took matters into her hands and said : "Doctor, your plans must change, we stay right here for a week ! Girls ?"

"Yes, yes," said they all when they had found a leader. "Yes, Doctor, we shall stay a week."—And we stayed, and I shall never forget that jolly

"Week of Sports at Roberval."

The part taken in the concert had at once given our party an entree, and nothing went on without the "girls."

The next day there was a fishing excursion up to the mouth of one of the rivers—the Peribonca—We went up by steamer, a beautiful morning sail across the lake.

Some of the teachers were fine whippers—"no, I don't mean that now, don't get humorous, I mean whipping—fishing by throwing the fly." Some people only know one meaning for a word—but, as I said, some of them were good fishers and landed that great land-locked salmon, called by the Indians the

Ouiananiche,

with all the skill of an expert. Oh, it was fun



to see those game fish fight ! They would bite and run off with the hook almost to the very end of the long line, then those "girls" would quickly reel in—ease away, draw first to one side, then to the other, reel in, again, and play with the now securely hooked, as a cat would play with a mouse, letting it run for a space, but ever bringing it closer—but slowly—closer each run, until after a long and most exciting fight, which every one on board stopped to watch, the gamest fish I had ever enjoyed seeing caught, was drawn into the boat, and, as it lay there in its beauty it seemed to say: "You have won, but you'll not soon forget the day you fought with the Ouannaniche!" And long towards evening on the way home they all declared, "We'll never forget this day on the lake of the Landlocked.

We had to start early next morning as we were to have a

Fish Dinner at the Island House,

away across to the eastern and furthest side of the lake from the hotel, near to where the water changes from lake to river—at

The Grand Discharge,

where the placid lake turns into the scathing, rushing, wildly picturesque Saguenay river, which plunges along for 60 miles at times with the speed of a railway train until it reaches far away Chicoutimi, where it moves majestically on toward the sea.

A large number of people had come in on the train the evening before, and of the number were friends of Miss Francisco. As I have so often noted, the world is very small



—Miss F. had felt that she of all the ten was least likely to see a familiar face and yet was the first to meet with friends from *home*.

Professor and Mrs. Ross, the noted elocutionist, and his young bride on their wedding tour. They joined our party for the dinner, and on the way over, the Professor recited some fine selections. Miss Francisco told us that he was the most celebrated on the coast.

The day was a perfect one, and the dinner voted by all most enjoyable.

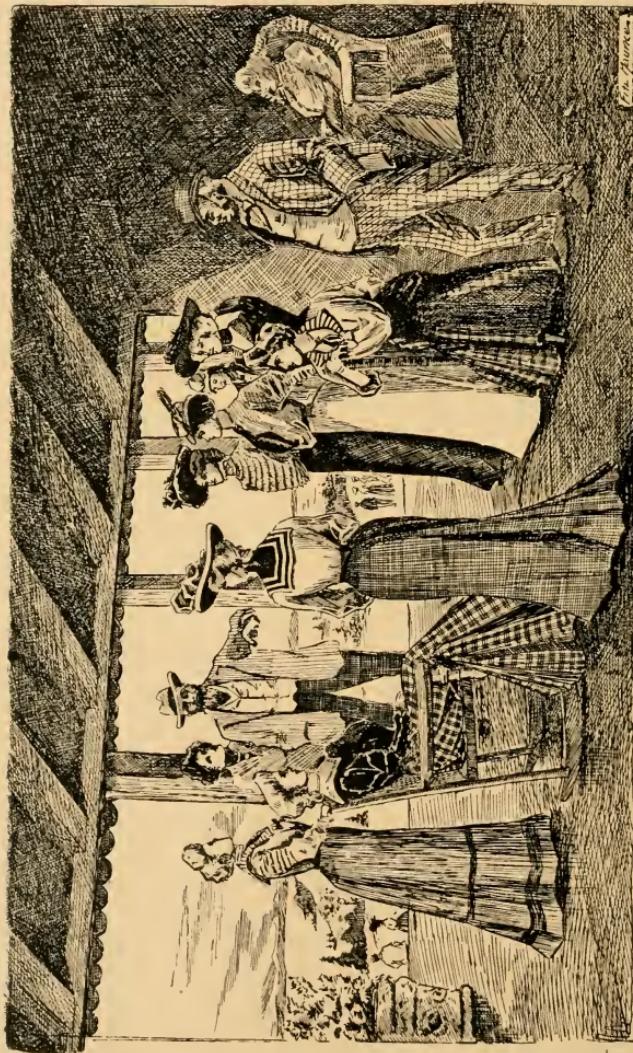
That night was held the ball for which great preparation had been made. It was a pleasing success. The next day was the golf match; the following the trip in carriages to visit the Indians in their camp or village; the fifth day we drove to the Falls and saw the great pulp mills run by the power from the water.

One morning as we sat out on the piazza, to watch the sun rise on the lake, there came over me a great desire to ask questions of those teachers. One, naturally, feels that teachers ought to know everything—and yet—well, I've met some who didn't.

“How far north are we, and where would this line pass in Europe?” I asked as a beginning. Not one could tell the parallel—and only Miss Philly would risk a guess at the other half of the question.

“Well, I think it must be about through the most northern part of Norway,” she guessed.

“I can make a better guess than that—I can guess what school you are connected



THE PROFESSOR DISCOURSES ON FOSSILS.

with in Philadelphia," and to her surprise I did.

"Oh, Mr. Ruben, how in the world did you know?"

"I've met the Principal of your School," said I.

"Yes, but what has that to do with it?"

"Well, he made about the same guess as you have, and I conclude that it is characteristic of your School. This is further south than the most southern part of England."

"What?" from twelve of them, the Dr. included, who in his surprise forgot himself. "I would not have believed it myself if I had not looked. Why, this is not far north. You have gotten the impression that Canada and the North Pole are synonymous. Now when you get home tell your pupils just how different Canada is situated to what you had always thought it to be, and tell them too what a charming country it is."

"Indeed, we will!" and even Miss Iowa joined in the promise.

The Professor Talks on Fossils.

"I have noted a vast change in the personnel of our schools of late years!" remarked the Professor when the question was started. "Not many years ago some old fossil would have charge of the school board, and although most heartily disliked, would arbitrarily run things to please himself—none would like him, but all would fear him and he would hang on—on the principle that :

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts
Are dry as summers dust
Burn to the socket."

"But that day is past, new life, new blood thrills through the arteries of our school system and the fossils are left stranded in their own shells, not because perchance they are old—many are old when young, whilst others are young at 80. No, not because they are old, but because they are fossils. Fossils of men with the milk of human kindness soured and curdled in their hearts toward all who think not as they think. No charity for opinions not their own. These are men soured toward the world, shrivelled in body as well as in soul, men who rule by rod of iron, not by love, for they have no love in their hearts. These men used oft to wonder why the public would not respond when actual school needs were pressing, but when they stepped down and out and a man of broad lines, a man of heart as well as intellect, stepped into their place, why, then, the public were quick to grant all needed improvements and progress was the order. No, the day of the fossil is past, and men of quick responsive minds, with hearts of love for children are at the wheel, now guiding."

I wondered if the Professor was never going to get through, talking about fossils. I could only catch at parts of what he was saying, but Dr. Boston and the teachers seemed to enjoy it greatly for they certainly were all young and progressive, in mind, at least. Miss — said for years her city was held back by a fossil, but he finally shrivelled up and blew away and ever since, progress has been the order, new schools were built, new

laws made to fit the requirements, all of which, she said, had been held back by the fossil who had formerly run the schools.

They Leave Roberval.

When the time came to leave the Roberval, there wasn't one of us who wanted to come away. Even the Doctor could have been easily persuaded to stay a week longer, but we simply had to cut short our most delightful visit. There were few, of all the young people at the house, but were down to the station to see the "girls" off. My, the friends they had made in that short week! Everybody seemed really to feel sad at their departure. And "Everybody" included some most charming people, not only from Canada and the States, but from Europe, since the fame of this, as an all-round fishing and pleasure resort, has gone far and wide, and each year the circle widens, as to visit and enjoy the pleasures of Roberval, means another advocate of the place.

After the scores of "goodbyes" were said and then repeated a number of times, the train left for

Chicoutimi,

which is 64 miles, nearly due east from Roberval.

All the way along there was nothing talked about but "the fun we had at Roberval," or wasn't "this" or "that" person or family "just too nice!"

"Colonel," said I, when we went off to the smoking room for a quiet cigar, "I'll wager you anything you name that some of the

‘girls’ will not teach very long,” but the Colonel wouldn’t name any wager as he, too, had seen those quiet little nooks occupied by a single “girl,” and—well the other wasn’t a girl—“single,” or otherwise. I would be happy to have it turn out so as they are most deserving, even if they don’t know geography, history or ice.

I asked the Doctor how it was possible to have chosen ten so charming people, and he said: “You take the young ladies of to-day who are teaching in the public schools of America, and you will find them as a class a most charming lot of girls.” He, too, called ‘em “girls,”—“You see,” he continued, “our standard is so high that it takes the brightest we can find to fill the positions,” and the Doctor ought to know.

We reached Chicoutimi at night and remained until morning. There are fairly good hotels in the place. If we had had a “Roberval” to stop at we would have remained over, as there is much to see at this town. As it was, everybody was up and out at four o’clock and as the tide would not permit of the boat starting until later than usual, we all went up to see the

Magnificent View,

above the town where the railroad crosses the Chicoutimi River, over a bridge 60 feet above the water. This is a remarkable river. It is one series of falls. Within 17 miles it drops 486 feet by seven distinct plunges and one continuous series of rapids between.

It is worth while to see the great

Seething Saguenay River,

at a point four miles west of the town. One place you can look down from the railroad 300 feet to the river below, then up and down as far as you can see, is the placid water to the east and the boiling, tumbling waters of the rapids above. Across the river to the north are great palisades, higher than those of the Hudson, and nestling on the top, down toward and almost opposite Chicoutimi, is seen the pretty little village of Ste. Anne, with its ever present parish church. The railroad, before reaching Chicoutimi runs down grade 80 feet to the mile.

While viewing the grand surroundings and drinking in the beauties of the scene, Miss Iowa, whose rural ear had caught the sound of bird notes, said to me, "Why, Ruben, listen, the air is filled with the songs of the robin and the twittering of the sparrows. I didn't know that these birds came so far north!"

"No, Miss Iowa, you did not know it, and you are like many another, you are finding that the 'far north' is very much like the rest of the world after all, only that it has added beauties."

The whistle of the boat indicates that by the time we can get to the wharf and aboard, the captain will be ready to touch the bell for the start through

**The Wierdest, Most Picturesque Scenery
on the Continent.**

As we were leaving the wharf Miss Cincin-



nati, who was ever asking the meaning of names Indian, wanted to know if "Chicoutimi" took six English words to express it.

"Well, now," I answered, "you count and I'll say them: 'It-is-deep-this-far-up.'"

"Yes, exactly six. No wonder the Indians have to say so few words. My, my, Ruben, imagine the amount of talking a woman's sewing society could do if they could only talk Indian!" I'd never thought of that before. "Yes, or the 'Caudle lectures' they might deliver to tired, sleepy man," said I.

"Who usually needs them," she retorted.

"As woman unwise thinks!" I defended. "Indeed, and who is the arbiter of wisdom?" she smilingly questioned.

Just here I called her attention to the high bluffs on the river bank, as I found my own were not sufficiently high to cope with her. She was too ready in her wit.

I was happy to know that she represented my own state. I never once caught her unaware, nor had her ask a question that should have been known by a child in the sixth grade.

Yes, "Chicoutimi" means "It-is-deep-this-far-up." Above the town, a short distance, a boat could hardly go much less a steamer.

All the "girls" gathered on the front deck and each one seemed to regret that she could not talk "Indian" a while, just to be able to do justice to that

Marvelous River.

I had to tell them what had been said of it by other voyageurs, this somewhat relieved their minds.

Prof. Roberts said of it : "The Saguenay can hardly be called a river. It is rather a stupendous chasm cleft by earthquake right through the Laurentian hills."

A writer in the London "Times" calls it "Nature's Sarcophagus. Compared to it the Dead Sea is blooming, and the Lethe or the Styx must have been purling brooks, compared with this savage river!"

"But even those writers fail to do it justice," said Miss New Orleans.

"The Indians," said I, "called it Pitchitanichetz."

"And I don't blame them for it." "What does that word mean, Mr. Ruben ?" asked Miss New York.

"The-river-that-is-pitch-dark-and-deep."

"Eight ! my, that's the longest yet."

"Too long for so short a river !" said Miss Philly, who was at once fined and sent below.

Even Miss New York had to admit that the Hudson River was a

Purling Brook in Comparison,

and that the palisades would be mere mole hills if placed along side of some of the vast piles of rock that reached heavenward, shear up from the river's edge.

When we came to the first stop the "girls" asked, "Mr. Ruben, what's the Indian name of this ?"

"Hesknewaska !"

“ What’s the answer ?”

“ This-is-where-the-laugh-comes-in !”

“ Yes, but what’s the answer ?” urged the Colonel’s “ pretty ” one.

“ I gave it—and had you only laughed you’d have had it—This is

Ha ! Ha ! Bay.”

“ Oh, say Rube, that’s too much like the river—very deep and dark, but too weird to be allowed,” said the Colonel, not liking it that I had joked his favorite teacher.

A number of smaller bays are seen along the eleven miles between Chicoutimi and Ha ! Ha ! Bay ! The oddest of all names is “ La Descente des Femmes,”—when I pointed out this bay and told the “ girls ” the name, a number of them who know French looked over the side of the boat and said : ‘ Excuse us !’ with the emphasis on the ‘ us.’

Just below Ha ! Ha ! Bay !, the river narrows down very much until it is not over double the width of the East River, at the Brooklyn Bridge. This intensifies the beauty of the rockbound banks of the mighty stream. Beyond is a great rock—where, again, the river widens, so smooth that one might think it had been polished as for a picture. It is called

Le Tableau.

But all these rugged banks and great rocks seen along the sides dwindle into mere hills when compared to the mighty mountains of rock that loom up in the distance to the right or southern bank. They are

Trinity and Eternity.

Their very names denote awful grandeur. They are nearly 2,000 feet high. Even Miss Francisco, used as she was to mountains, stood in wonderment in presence of Trinity as the boat veered in, seeming almost to touch the bank, yet far away in fact. When last I came past this rock I foolishly tried to throw a stone over what seemed but a few yards distance. That was months ago and I've not throwed a stone since, save with the left hand. This time I let the "new" ones try to wrench their arms, but none of them could reach the wall, try as they might. The deceptive distance is most phenomenal. A statue is seen far up on a rocky shelf. Miss New York, who saw fun in the midst of the grandest surroundings, wanted to know of the Captain: "I wonder, Captain, would the lady of the mountain, flirt?" as she moved her handkerchief.

"Oh, no, mamselle, ze lady of ze mountain no Yankee!" Miss New York was no match for the good natured Captain. It will be many a day before she hears the last of her attempted pleasantry.

A mile further on, across a bay like indenture which is, in fact, the mouth of a stream, we came to Cape Eternity, almost as high as Trinity, but less bold and picturesque, and yet very impressive, as the boat floats past it.

From these two mountain capes the river is most picturesque as it winds in and around, making new combinations of scenes as we go on toward

Tadousac.

This is on the north bank of the Saguenay and, at its entrance into the St. Lawrence.



This is a place of much interest. The boat stayed long enough for us to drive up into the town. We visited the salmon hatchery, went through the old church, built in 1750, on the site of the original bark church, which dated from 1639, one of the earliest on the St. Lawrence. Here are the Indian mocassin and boot makers, quite worthy a visit. There is a fine hotel at Tadousac.

From Tadousac we went far across the wide St. Lawrence Bay to

Riviere-du-Loup.

Here again was a parley between the Doctor and the "girls."

The Doctor said his plans were such that he *must* go on, but, again, Miss Francisco quietly remarked : "It's 'ten to one' we stop of at Rivière-du-Loup and go down to

Cacouna,

the Newport of Canada. Girls?"

The Doctor lost—as was usual—with the girls ! Once let them find that they are within a few miles of a place so noted for real fun as Cacouna and votes don't count unless they are on their side, and in this case the vote was unanimous. "Why," said Miss Francisco, "Frank S. owns that hotel at Cacouna, and Frank was so nice to us at Quebec that we've just got to see his place, besides Frank Norman is landlord this year and they say he has few equals for making his guests forget every care in the round of pleasures he thinks out for them. Yes, Doctor, we're going to stop off," and stop we did.

While the baggage was being taken off, I went into the station and telephoned to up town :

“Hello, Central ! Give me

Colonel Tom Crockett,

“No—Crockett. C-r-o-c-k-e-t-t—Crockett !”

“Oh, we, we,—ah, here iz ze Colonel.”

“Hello, Colonel !—Do you recognize my voice ?”

“No—oh, it’s Rube ! Where are you, eh ? What, ‘down at the pier ?’ ‘Cacouna’ ? No, you’re not, you’re coming up here, I’m going to take that

Temiscouata Trip

I’ve so often told you about, and which you have so often promised to take with me. Come up—no excuse—and we’ll go down tomorrow—What ! ‘School teachers ?’ ‘ten of them ?’ Oh, let the Colonel look after them till they get to Cacouna, and I’ll stand good that Norman will see that time don’t drag on their hands. I’ll wait at the office.” At that he shut off the ’phone leaving me no alternative but to tell the Colonel that I was going to stop at this town. I waited till the “girls” were all off, then went up town.

Colonel Crockett Takes Rube over the Temiscouata.

I could no more touch on that grand outing through this wonderful fishing resort in summer and hunting grounds of winter, in one little book than I could fly, and I’m not going to try in this short space. In fact, I don’t be-

lieve I could do so in a whole book. The lover of sports who don't visit this country of beautiful lakes and wild wooded hunting grounds will come and go from Canada without seeing the

Paradise of Sports.

I just knew the "girls" wouldn't believe a word I said about fishing unless I brought proof, so I had this photograph taken of *one* day's catch—and Colonel Crockett didn't catch 'em all either. See those three big ones? Well, I hooked all three of them.

"From the Colonel?" "Hooked 'em from the Colonel'? Now, don't get smart. No, I caught 'em, fished for them and drew them from the original water." (I don't like to tell about fishing, it does take so much explanation.)*

This is positive proof that *any* body can fish in the Temiscouata country. I just didn't care a fig whether the Doctor and the "girls" got tired and left me or not, so, Colonel Tom and I stayed up there, going from lake to lake, for a whole week, and hardly then saw a little bit of the country. When we got back and Colonel Tom drove me down to Cacouna, five miles, I was surprised to have them all say:—Doctor Boston included—"Why, Rube, what was your hurry?" They had had a re-

*Note.—After all, Lapointe failed to half-tone this photograph, and I won't allow him to "lyin' cut" it, so you'll have to take my word for that fish story, and, which, if you knew how easy it was to catch them down there, you would easily believe.

gular Roberval time over again, and the "girls" were as popular as ever. My,—I never had seen a lot of girls who could beat them for a downright good time wherever they went! They couldn't say enough nice things of Norman. "Why," said Miss New York, "he can beat any landlord I ever saw for thinking 'what to do next.'" Then I said "I told you so!" and felt real proud to think that I knew a good one when I saw him.

Everything must end, and with regret everybody saw the last of this year's stay at Norman's, and everybody promised to send everybody else up to the great St. Lawrence Hall, at Cacouna for this and next year—then by that time they won't have to be *scut*.

We take the boat to cross over to

Murray Bay,

where is one of the finest summer resorts on the river. The Richelieu Company have here a magnificent hotel, just completed, the Manoir Richelieu. It stands near the wharf, on a commanding bluff. It is in its every appointment a model of the perfect summer hotel. Murray Bay has many fine cottages. One the home of Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and many other notables have chosen this ideal spot, where they pass the hot summer months of each year.

We leave Murray Bay, and find ourselves next morning again in Quebec. I could not but note the real joy on every face when we came in sight of the Old Capital. Everybody had been up for over an hour to see the

Sunrise on the St. Lawrence.

The great red ball came up, throwing its long rays out toward our steamer, whose wake of waves broke into a thousand particles the sheen of light. The shores of island and mainland grew from dark to bright, as the sun rose higher and higher, casting shadows all along the Isle of Orleans as we came ploughing our way up the broad river.

To come again to Quebec was as though coming to a loved home, after a long, happy sojourn amid scenes of beauty. It was restful and sweet, and everyone seemed to feel drawn toward it as though it were really Home.

The "girls" were surprised to find that their friends knew of all their doings since we had left Quebec.

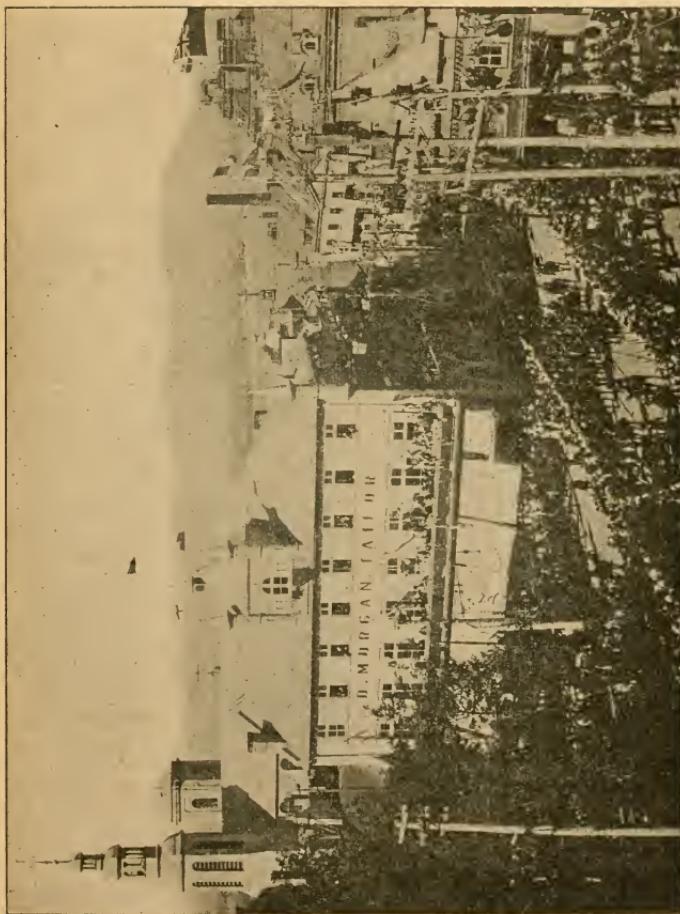
"Why, who would think that the newspapers were so enterprising up here ! I didn't know before I came, that they had papers in Canada so up-to-date," said Miss Philly, who seemed to think that her city had the monopoly in that line. A sarcastic reporter, who heard this remark said : "And I didn't know that some of *your* papers were up-to-date in anything except obituary poetry, vide :

‘Affliction sore long time he bore,
Faysicians were in vain, etc.’ ”

That was cruel, but he was a new-comer and had to be pardoned.

Prisoners Like Quebec.

"Wasn't General Winfield Scott once in Quebec ?" asked Miss Baltimore.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK PASSING THE UNION BUILDING.

"Yes, he was here during the 1812 war. He was here as a prisoner, but Quebec, even as far back as 1812, had a way of treating prisoners so well that they *fought* to be held."

Then I took them down to Dave Morgan's and showed them the old Union Building, now his (Dave's) great emporium of the correct in men's dress—and Dave took us all through the old halls, upstairs, and pointed out the rooms where Scott had wandered through as the nation's guest (?).

I was amused at Miss New York when she saw Morgan's store. I heard her say to Miss Chicago : "I don't believe Bell could beat these styles."

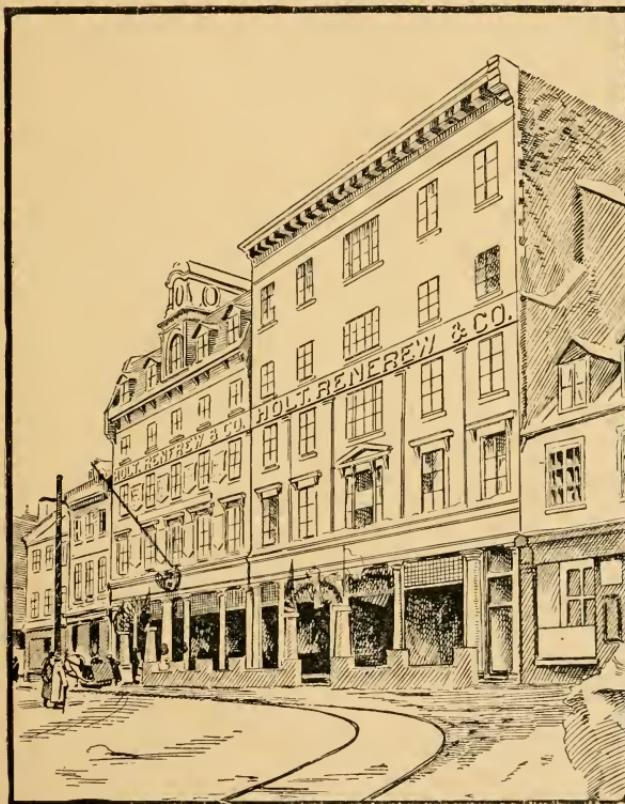
I showed them a picture of this old hall, taken at the time the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York were here.

It was very warm while we were in Quebec, so, in order to bring back the thought of cold weather if nothing more, I showed the "girls" the picture of Holt Renfrew & Company's great fur house, on Buade street, near the Basilica, taken during the "Week of Sports." "See those blocks of ice at the edge of the sidewalk, and the ice pillars!"

"Oh my, it's a pleasure to see ice even though but in a picture. Say, girls, this is that fur house we have heard so much about, let's go round and see it," and Miss Francisco led the way, as she usually did. When they got there I thought they'd never leave. A woman is in her element when she can "shop." They said they had never seen so many fine furs in one place before—and I believed them.

Coats of arms.

The "girls" became such Quebecers that every one after leaving Holt's, went in next door to J. F. Dobbins, and got a Quebec coat-



of-arms and a lot of other things jewellery to take home as souvenirs.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

Then I had to take them all down to St. Stanislas street, to visit the Old Curiosity Shop. I'll

never forget the look on Gale's face as the "girls" filed in to the Shop that day—nor will I forget the surprise of the "girls" as they saw the thousands of curiosities scattered around. I thought Miss Francisco would buy out the place "to take home and give to the museum," and tell how that "They came from Old Quebec."

Again we bid good-bye to friends and city and left for Montreal, where we arrived next morning at 6.30.

This may seem a long description of a trip, but there are trips, then there are other trips; *this* one to the Saguenay is one of the others, and to do it even a passing justice would require far more than I have given it. To those who come to Montreal and fail to go on that weird river, I can only say—don't.

HOSPITALS.

The Doctor and the "girls" remained another week in Montreal. The Colonel and I showed them about. The Doctor's wife manifested great interest in the subject of the hospitals—and she casually told me that she had once been a nurse in Boston. She was greatly surprised to find here such an excellent system—and she said (the evening of the day I showed her around among them, while the Colonel was showing the "girls" among the schools and colleges) that the system was really excellent. She told the Doctor of

The Montreal General Hospital
situated on Dorchester street, near its eastern

end. She had found out that it dated from away back to 1815, when immigrants were coming in to the country in great numbers and needed assistance—and how that the Ladies' Benevolent Society assisted them and set going the plan that resulted in the great hospital seen to-day. She had found that nearly two hundred were looked after in the hospital every day, and between seven and eight hundred outside patients on the list of calls, and that the hospital is supported by the benevolence alone of the people and that all creeds are welcome.

Hotel Dieu.

I took her next to Hotel-Dieu, out Park avenue to Pine Avenue, on which it is situated.

“Yes, Mrs. Boston, this is the oldest of all.” Then, I told her the part taken in it by that remarkable woman, Mlle Mance, of whom I have told you in another part,—also of the interest taken in the present hospital by that great physician, Sir Wm. H. Hingston.

Royal Victoria Hospital

was next visited. This, Mrs. Boston pronounced one of the finest and best arranged hospitals she had ever seen and was greatly pleased to hear how that two men of heart and means—Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen—had built it. “Why, Ruben,” she said in her enthusiasm, “Montreal has men whose works are so genuinely good that all the world should know them !”

“Well, my dear Mrs. Boston, I mean to try, in my little way, to tell all the world of these

men, for, as you say, they should be known, as an inspiration to others. These men do real good. They may not grind down their poor workmen in order to acquire millions to give libraries to cities that don't want them, but they give where gifts are of benefit. Yes, Montreal has men of real worth."

Notre Dame Hospital,

on Notre Dame street, near the C.P.R. bridge, was next visited, then we were driven out to the

Grey Nunnery,

on Dorchester street, running to St. Catherine, beyond Guy street. We also went out Dorchester to

The Western Hospital.

But of these I have before spoken.

"Mr. Ruben," said Mrs. Boston, "I really am delighted with Montreal. I had known the city in a vague way. I thought of it only as a commercial town, and that is the way it is generally known, but to-day has showed me the other side of the city, and that side is good—all good, and I shall ever think of it, not as a commercial, but benevolent Montreal."

While Mrs. Boston was speaking of the hospitals, the "girls" came in. Miss Iowa asked :

"Did you visit the Civil Hospital?"

"They were all civil?"

"No, I mean the one we are hearing so much about?"

"Oh, I see, you mean the *Civic Hospital*?"

"Yes, yes, that is it. Did you visit it?"

"No," said I, "owing to lack of time we didn't see it." I didn't tell her that we lacked a generation of time.

"Mr. Ruben," said Miss New Orleans, one day when I was showing the "girls" around old Ville-Marie section, "if I remember,

The Two Lemoynes,

Jean-Baptiste and Pierre, who founded our city, came from Canada, and, I believe, from Montreal. Am I correct?"

"Yes, and I can show you within a block of where we stand the site of their birthplace," and, to her great delight, I took her to the spot just east of Place Royale, on St. Paul street. She made a note of it, and told me what I had not known before, that these men, for nearly fifty years, were governors of her State. First one, then, the other of the brothers. Miss Chicago spoke up and said "Yes, and some of the men who founded cities in our country came from here too—Marquette, Du Luth, Cadillac. The two former had cities named for them, while Detroit, Michigan was founded by the latter." It seemed a real pleasure to Miss Chicago to be able to show, that if she didn't know Canada, she did know our own history. When I pointed out to her where Cadillac's house stood, at the corner of St. Lambert Hill and Notre Dame—and the site of Du Luth's, not far away, near Place d'Armes, she, too, made a note of it. It was now my turn to be proud, and I had them go down to the Bonsecours Market, where I said proud-like: "Here, on this site, is where Sir John Johnson held peace conferences with those noted Indian

warriors, Tecumseh and Brant." Then, I told them how that Tecumseh and I had lived at various times in Clark County, Ohio, a good many years, but not very many miles, apart—and how that one of my ancestors had attended a peace conference in Springfield, Ohio, at which Tecumseh was the great chief. "The Indians came in," said my ancestor, "in great numbers—we made them lay their arms outside the council grounds, but Tecumseh refused to lay down his tomahawk and carried it in with him. We protested. He claimed: 'This, my pipe—I keep my pipe,' at which he filled a bowl arranged ingeniously, lighted the tobacco and began smoking through the handle which was the stem of the pipe. We still protested, when he deliberately arose, and, with all the power of his strong arm, threw it far outside the line, then, as deliberately sat down again and said 'There is my pipe, get it ?'" There is a just pride in being even remotely connected with one who had, even so remotely, to do with a brave man—and Tecumseh though a savage was a brave man and a great warrior.

It was now Miss Phily's turn, and she said: "I guess I have a little to say in this town too. Ben Franklin lived here some where."

"Yes," said I, "he was at the Old Château de Ramezay, as was also one of your great men, Charles Carroll," I said, directing the last half of my remark to Miss Baltimore—"And," I continued, "for that matter all of us might trace to Montreal men of note; for, Miss New York, John Jacob Astor and Washington Irving lived here. Doctor, General Montgomery, I believe you of Boston, make a claim for

him—and, and who claims Benedict Arnold ? Don't all speak at once—What, no one claims him ?" " No, but we do claim the honor of honoring Major André," said Miss New York, proudly. I found that she had been from Tarrytown, on the Hudson, where Field had erected a monument to the Major.

Speaking of the Old Museum de Ramezay.

The Château is under the supervision of some of the best people in the city, and the rare collection of the old in pictures, medals, implements of peace and war, books, parchments, and, in fact, everything that goes to make it unique in Canada, will interest the antiquarian for hours and days.

Officers.

PATRON.—His Excellency the Governor-General.

PRESIDENT.—Hon. Mr. Justice Baby.

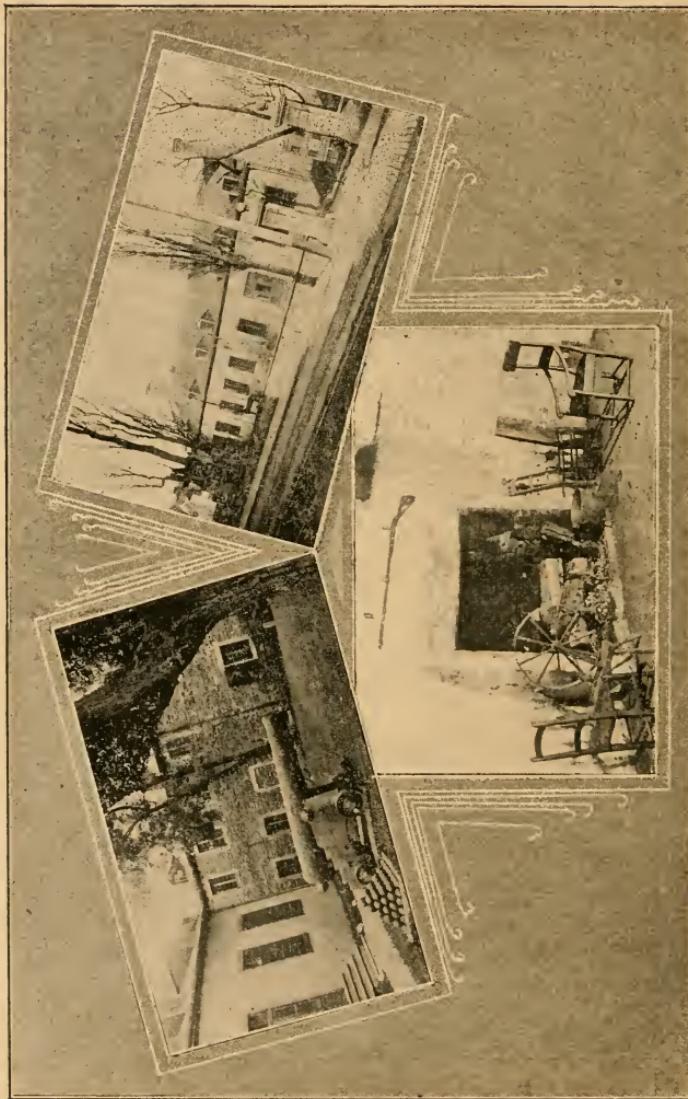
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CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY.

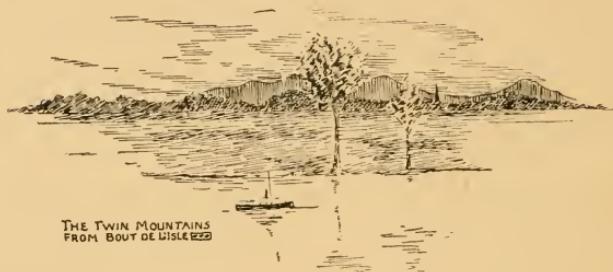
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“Mr. Ruben, you promised to show us where La Salle lived—the discoverer of our great river,” said Miss St. Louis. “Yes,” joined in Miss Iowa, “father told me to be sure to see that.” Then, I had to take them all down to the corner of St. Peter and St. Paul street, and show them the site of La Salle’s town house.

They all declared that when they returned home they would feel that they now had a mission in life—and that mission was to teach Canada as it is, and to dispel from the minds of all our people that which they have long known

“CANADA AS IT ISN’T.”

End the End is Not Yet,



for the simple reason that there is an “end” just discovered. It is the east end, the real and only

Bout de L’Isle.

When I was at Ste. Anne, they called that Bout de l’Isle, and I talked about it as though it were the “real and only,” but Fitz said, one day, when I asked if he knew of any place I had not seen, “Yes, we’ve not been down to Bout de l’Isle yet.”

“You mean up and I’ve been there ?”

“No,” said he, “and it’s down, not up. It is at the very east end of the Island !”

“Yes, and how do you get there ?”

“I don’t know, but I saw a sign: ‘Take any car going east and go on until you get to La-salle street.’ At this street, the sign said, you come to the

Montreal Terminal Railway,

get into a car and stay on until you get there."

"Well, that's easy—let's go at once." Fitz got his sketch book and we started.

At Lasalle street, I asked "whose road is this?" but the man with the tickets said: "you see, Mr. Rowley inside, there, he is the **Superintendant**." I saw Mr. Rowley, "inside there," gave him my card and, as is my custom, ran square into another coincidence.

"Do you know my brother, Robert, of Lake Edward?" Say, read 'The Yankee in Quebec,' and find about 'steen pages of the fun I had at Bob Rowley's great fishing and hunting resort last fall.

"Do I know Bob? Will I ever *forget* Bob and the 'Week of Sports' he gave me! Never, I couldn't."

Well, John Rowley, and I were acquainted at once, and he told me about the Terminal, and how that our own well known Colonel Jas. McNaught is of this Company. This fact alone not only warrants the success of the road but it speaks volumes for the road itself, for if there is a New York man who knows a good property, and how to develop it, that man is the Colonel.

Mr. D. Murphy, of Ottawa, is the President; Mr. H. H. Melville, of Boston, Vice-President, and Mr. J. P. Mullarkey, of Montreal, is the up-to-date Managing Director, and with Mr. John Rowley as Superintendent, this Montreal Terminal is going to be one of the greatest enterprises of the Island. It now runs to Bout de l'Isle,



with a branch to "The Chapel," and with its nine miles shortly to be laid down in the city, and its line across the bridge, to be built at Bout de l'Isle, and thence to Joliette, it will be one of the finest trolley systems in the Dominion.

To have missed this important feature of Montreal, would have been to have missed not only a most delightful outing, but a fact without which the book would have been incomplete—not that it is complete—to tell all of interest in Montreal would take a whole library). But I mustn't stand here talking about it for Fitz is waiting. "Don't be in a hurry, now, Fitz, I must tell about the towns on this line—we'll get there in time for dinner at Bureau's, so don't rush." We start at Lasalle street, in

Maisonneuve.

in which are located a large sugar factory, wall paper factories and many others.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company

have recently acquired several hundreds of acres on which are to be erected the largest car-building and workshops in America. Thousands of men will be employed. The immense shops of this company at Delorimier avenue will still be maintained. This railroad is becoming one of the greatest in the world. It is yearly reaching out into new territory, opening up the North-West, giving to vast wheat lands an outlet to the markets, also making accessible the hundreds of square miles of coalfields



in that territory. Great credit is due to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and to Sir William Van Horne for these vast strides of progress. We in the States have no conception of what is being done up here, where work is silently going on, building up a Dominion that is destined to become a brotherly rival to our progressive land,

Next we come to

Longue Pointe.

It is here that occurred the great fire at the lunatic asylum, a few years since, at which so many inmates were burned to death. The asylum has since been rebuilt and greatly enlarged.

Two miles further is the manufacturing town of

Pointe-aux-Trembles,

Literal meaning of which is "Trembling point," from a legendary earthquake. The French Protestant College is here located.

A short distance beyond, we see a spur of the road running off to the left. It runs out to the Shrine, or

The Chapel,

which has been the object of special attention of His Holiness the Pope. It is a duplication of Notre Dame de Lourdes—and, like the great Ste. Anne de Beaupré, on the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, is the objective point for thousands of pilgrims during the summer.

Just before reaching the terminus of the road we come to



Bout de L'Isle Park.

the most complete, and, aside from Mount Royal, the largest park in the city. The next stop is the last, at the very end—Bout de l'Isle, where we find one of the happiest crowds of merry-makers we have yet found in any of the suburbs.

If I should put in all the sketches Fitz caught that afternoon, this would be another "Sketch Book." I wanted the Twin Mountains, Beloeil and St. Bruno, seen far across the St. Lawrence, over the town of Varennes. Fitz took it, then went over to get those jolly singers from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who were enlivening the happy crowd with music and song. The one facing east was a real artist.

When we were ready to return that evening, after one of Bureau's excellent dinners,—Mr. Rowley, who had in the meantime come down from the city, said: "Rube, you must not fail to come to the 'La Presse' picnic to-morrow."

" 'Picnic'? 'La Presse'? I fail to grasp!"

"Why, don't you know that every Monday during July and August that the great newspaper 'La Presse,' gives a picnic at Bout de l'Isle Park?"

"No." "Well you and Mr. Fitz Maurice come down Monday morning and you will see a sight worth a long journey!"



THE PIC-NIC.



“DON’T LOOSE ME, RUBE.”

Well, Fitz and I were there. I wish I could give you even a faint notion of that picnic!—Twenty long cars packed with happy, singing, flag flying children, all “goin’ to ther picnic!”

Say—if you are not busy, come—go out with Fitz and me—‘no room’? Well, crowd in, stand up—any way to get there—it will pay you for the day. At the Park it was just like opening the door and letting fly two thousand caged birds. Oh, how happy they were! They danced, and sang and played ball, gathered flowers, climbed all over good natured Bourgeau and ate the six hundred pounds of bread and the barrels of candy which that Prince of Good Mayors—Cochrane—had furnished, as this was Mayor’s Day.

To see Bourgeau, Rodier and Bourdon distri-



bute those barrels of candy, like as to feeding two thousand chickens, was a sight ! No scrambling—no piling on top, but each one taking what was his or her share, so gently, was as much a treat as though we, too, were children getting our share.

Just as an aside: If those children could vote, Cochrane would have a life lease on that office. Then, to think that the children of Montreal can have the fun every Monday. Each section of the city getting its turn. No wonder I can't get through telling about this up-to-date or a little head city, now really, eh ? Every one went home singing the praises of the kind hearts that plan and carry out these children's picnics.

Don't fail to see *Bout de l'Isle*, for *Bout de l'Isle* is the end of the Island, as this sketch is of the book

THE END.



Addenda.

"Rube," asked the Colonel, "Why didn't you finish when you ended?"

"Then there wouldn't have been any more to say—and I'm like some other people. I do like to have the 'last word'—and in this case, I couldn't have the last word until the word came. You know when down among the schools, I offered prizes for the best letter on Canada and I wanted to give the names of

The Prize Winners.

And even now only two places came in time to get in this edition—Montclair, New Jersey and Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. John Hugh Ross, the most expert expert I could possibly find, has gone carefully through the 125 letters from Montclair, and the 76 letters from Principal McAndrew's School, of Brooklyn. He found some of the letters so full of correct data on Canada that he could scarcely believe they had been written by children of the United States. He was fair, as he knew none of the writers. I promised one prize to each of the schools I examined, and also promised to print the winning letter, but in Montclair, three were so nearly equal in merit that I must give three prizes, and to the Brooklyn School, two prizes. Then again, there were so many good letters—and these five only won by so slight a margin or

fraction of a margin that it would not be fair to print any one letter as a sample of the best.

Here are the names of the three Montclair children: Norman Ward, aged eleven; Margaret Boyle, aged twelve; and Bertha Champ, aged fourteen years. The two Brooklyn children were Chester Griffin and John G. Fangeman. They did not give their ages. The writing, composition and information given was really marvelous for children so young, and it quite compensated me the loss of that dinner to see how great had been the improvement since the day I had examined those schools. Especially is this true of Brooklyn, where the knowledge of Canada was not very high. Presto, change. While they knew but little then, the letters written me show that they have paid me the high compliment of studying Canada even to the minutia. Montclair, as I have said before knew much of this country, but the letters show that they now know far more. Yes, I am delighted with the letters and will have them bound into books, to keep as reminders of that tour.

Geography.

In that tour I found one great error in the use of the geographies. Why, I saw books that contained things cut out years ago. They were so far behind the times that I was surprised that men whose business it was to keep up with this age, could choose books so old. I wrote how the Colonel had advised Parliament to get out a geography that would tell what Canada has.

That was in print before I saw the

New Elementary Geography—gotten out by F. E. Grafton and Sons, of Montreal. I'm glad I saw it in time, as now I can tell Parliament that it need not get out a new work, as this covers all points in Canada so thoroughly that even Parliament couldn't improve on it. It is by far the best I have seen, and should be in every school that wants to really know Canada as it is.

Rube Finds Fault.

"Rube, now that you have seen much of Montreal have you any fault to find with it?"

"Colonel, I'm not a fault-finder; but if I were, I'd say it was a grievous one to pay so small wages as in many instances are paid here. Why, I know of girls who have to walk—can't afford to ride—two miles, and are paid but \$1.25 per week, by rich firms—some of whom go religiously to church and pray for the the poor heathen *at a distance*, when the 'poor heathen' is a hundred times better off than some of their own employees. It is not right, it is downright wicked. I like money, but I hope never to love it so much that I cannot be fair to my fellow beings."

"I wonder Rube that some of the good papers don't take up such things. They would do far more good than to be quarrelling over creeds or 'the right way to be good.'"

"Yes, Colonel, this is a grave subject. The young are often driven to crime by those whose money is given to build churches to lessen crime. I tell you, Colonel, in that great hereafter, every dollar ground from the poor will have to be paid back with appalling interest.

But I don't dare get on this subject, Colonel. I fear I may say too much ; for I do feel deeply for those who have to struggle for the pittance too often paid them by those who live not only in comfort, but prodigal extravagance, by reason of the money held back from the worker, simply because the necessity of the worker compels him to allow it."

How to Go to New York.

One day, shortly after my return from the "School trip," the Colonel asked: "Rube, how did you go to New York from here?" I was so surprised at the simplicity of the question that I could only look at the Colonel and smile. "How did I go to New York from Montreal ?" Why ask such a question when you know as well as I that the New York Central has a line running between the two points ?"

"Well, Rube, you make so many odd and unaccountable moves that it's hard to tell how you'd get from any one point to another. I know as well as you, that it's the only road to take when you can get it; but I didn't know that you would have thought of it."

"Thank you for your good opinion; but I know the 'ways and means,' as well as the other fellow, and he always takes the N.Y.C. whenever he wants to get any place in proper style and comfort. The trip through the Adirondacks is worth the whole fare. Speaking of fare, that's the only objection to the road,

they made me pay. Wouldn't even give me preachers' rates."

"*You* get preachers' rates! That's good!"

I sometimes think the Colonel and I are too well acquainted.

"Rube, did you, as usual, meet a lot of celebrities on the way down?"

"Well, no, not a lot of them; but several, There was the genial Mayor of Inverness, out



JEAN GERARDY.

in the Townships. He and his daughter were going to New York to take steamer for Europe, as the St. Lawrence was not yet open for business. Then I met one of Mathews' Celebrities, Jean Gerardy, who had just been taking part in a Montreal concert. You know of him. He is one of the greatest of cello players—as well as a good fellow to travel with. You know I always said, the pleasure of travel is the people you meet, and to travel as one can over this road is the perfection of going."

He Didn't.

On page 253 I say that Richard A. Waite designed the new Victoria Bridge. I was given the wrong information. It was designed by the Engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, Mr. Joseph Hobson, the man who designed and built the great iron tubular tunnel at Port Huron, which as a fine piece of engineering skill was even greater than the bridge. This tunnel is over 6,000 feet long, and with its approaches, is about three miles in length. It is an iron tube, 20 feet in diameter. The iron work of the bridge was made by the Detroit Bridge and Iron Works. It is a pin constructed truss bridge.

The tourist should not fail to be driven across the Victoria Bridge. The view back over the City and Mountain is very fine indeed.

The Mountain.

The "Mountain" I have often mentioned, but have not described. It is a long, oval, abrupt at the east and running gradually west to the level. It is back from the river some over a mile. It is three miles long and about two miles wide. Its three highest points are 600, 730 and 739 feet.

Build a Monument to the Heroes.

On the "Ottawa River Trip," I speak of Carillon as being the point at which Dollard made the heroic fight against the Indians. Since writing that sketch I have had the good fortune to get in communication with Father

John C. Brophy, of St. John Seminary, Brighton, Mass. He has made a long study of this question, having searched out all the data pertaining to it. This search not only covered data to be found in Canada, but extended to the archives in London, and his conclusions put concisely are these : "The reasons which convince me that the battle of Dollard Des Ormeaux was waged at the place on the Ottawa River, now called Carillon, may be summarized as follows : The battle ground (1) was one day's journey by canoe from Ste. Anne de Bellevue, (2) at the foot of the Rapids, no portage having been made, (3) at the rendezvous of the Iroquois, naturally after the last rapids had been run. These details fit Carillon and Carillon only. The exact spot where the old fort stood, cannot be determined at present. I hope to discover among the first maps made of the river, this spot. The main point to determine, however, was the place, and I am fully convinced that Carillon is where was fought the battle that saved Ville Marie."

Again I urge, children of Canada build for this youth a monument. Already the children of my own country say they too want to help to build it. All who love heroism may help.

Rube's Artists.

When the "girls" were here, Miss Cincinnati asked one day : "Mr. Ruben, who is going to illustrate your book?"

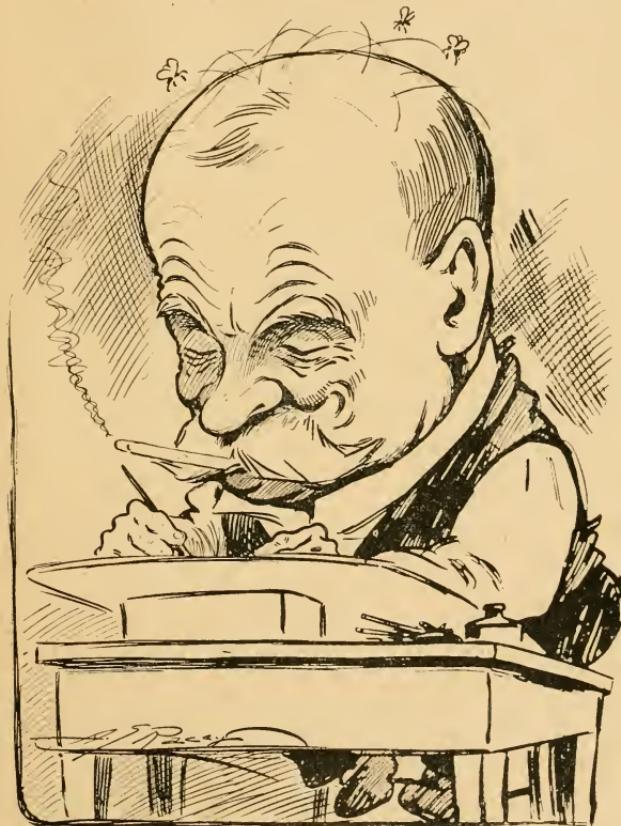
"Ask, rather, who isn't!"

"Why are there so many artists?" Then I told her of the various ones who were at work on it :

Mr. Henri Julien.

"There's Henri Julien, one of the best black and white artists in the country, and by the way, a man whose life story would fill a book.

He was born in Paris, came to America when a child. In 1866, he was in the Fenian Raid; in 1870, or thereabouts, was one of the Mounted Police who brought under subjection the In-



HENRI JULIEN.

(By A. G. Racey.)

dians of the North-West. In 1885, he was in the Riel Rebellion, ostensibly as an artist, but did his part in putting it down. He knew Riel well, even before that time. His wonder-

ful riding, which he learned on the plains, made of him a fast friend of William Cody ("Buffalo Bill"). He has always taken an interest in military affairs, and is a life member of the noted De Salaberry Guards. He is the champion barbott fisher of Canada, and friend of the celebrated author and fisher, E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec. He is, moreover, a violinist of much ability, and an actor as well as artist. It is his artistic worth, however, that has gained for him his fame. He has been offered a fabulous salary to go to New York, also an offer from Australia; but he loves Canada too well to be tempted. I might go on and tell how that he refused a nomination for member of Parliament and many other honors; but he is modest and may not want me to tell you too much!"

"Well, he certainly is a versatile genius," said Miss Francisco.

Mr. A. G. Racey.

"Next, Mr. A. G. Racey, who—" "Illustrated 'The Yankee in Quebec' for you," broke in Miss Cincinnati — "And," added Miss New York, "has made both sides of the sea laugh over his 'Englishman In Canada,' which, by the way, has done more toward taking out of the minds of the world the notion of 'Cold Canada,' than anything ever printed.

"Some one sent me a copy of those cartoons, and I don't know why, but it changed my whole notion of this country. If the Government should send out a million copies of those cartoons it would do more good than all

the prosy volumes they could print. People think of Canada as cold and bleak—those car-



A. G. RACEY.

(By R. G. Mathews.)

toons would laugh away that thought and the world would soon think of Canada as we find it—a country full of resource, and enjoyable beauty.”

Mr. R. G. Mathews.

“Then there’s R. G. Mathews, one of the coming artists of Canada. He is probably one of the best in his line—and his line is in ‘Celebrities.’ He has characteristically pic-

tured more noted actors and musicians than any artist in Montreal. His forthcoming book of 'Celebrities' is awaited with much interest. I predict that the time will come when 'R.G.M.' on a picture will ensure that picture being



R. G. MATHEWS.

(By H. Julien.)

hung among the choice collections of this country."

"Mr. Ruben, you surprise me," said Miss Philadelphia. "You are continually telling us about artists, singers and men of worth in many lines. Why, Canada isn't at all what I

thought it was. It is different in every way!
Are any more of your artists Canadians?"

Mr. John Hugh Ross.

"'More,'? why, if my book proves of worth, I must thank John Hugh Ross for it, and he is another Canadian."

"How odd!" said Miss New York. "Do you know that we have a John Hugh Ross. He is the artist who made 'The Wild Flowers of



JOHN HUGH ROSS.

America,' the finest work ever done in any country in that line." "Yes," said all the girls, "That is the most perfect book of flowers!"

"Well, ladies," said I, "it's too bad to take away from 'us,' this artist of whom you are so proud; but I must do it. John Hugh Ross, the man who did that great work, is not a Yankee, but a Montreal man, and the one who has so greatly helped me in making my maps and pointing out to me what is really worth seeing in this city."

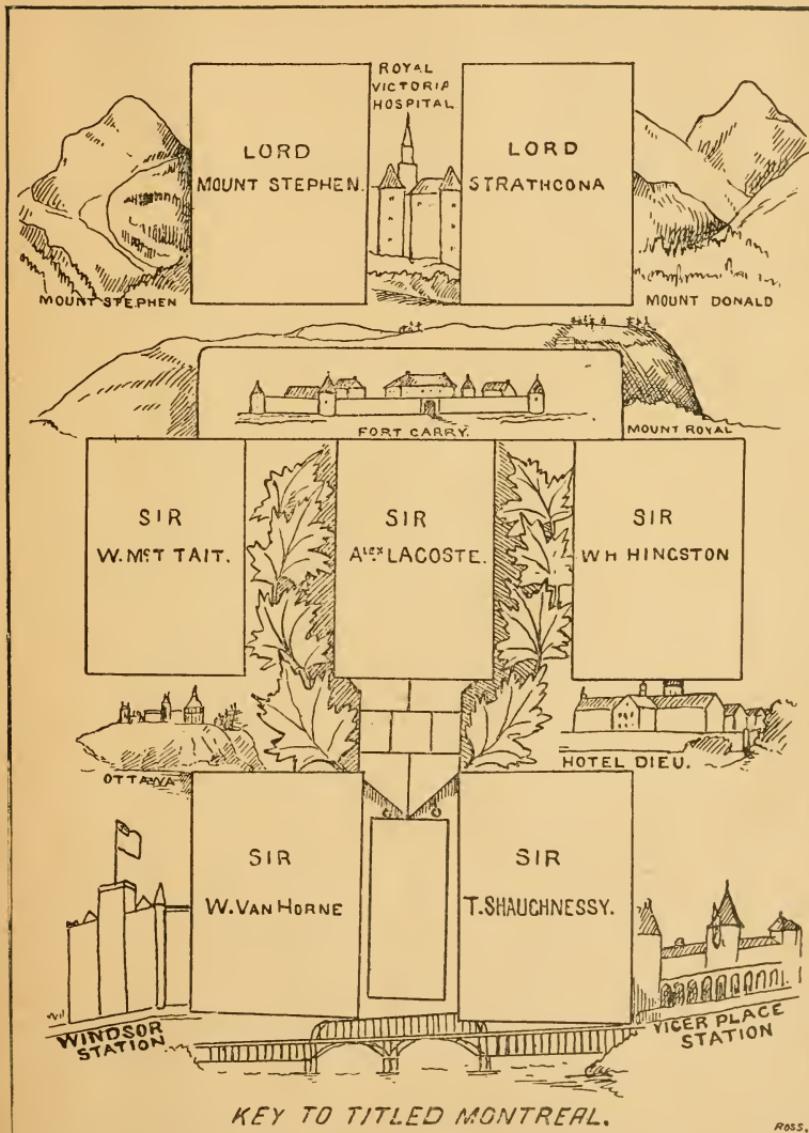
"Oh, that can't be—everybody at home thinks he is one of our artists."

"Everybody at home' must at once lose him, for he is a Canadian." But they could hardly be convenced—as they had long thought of him as "ours."

"Do you remember, ladies, the book that we saw at the Chateau de Ramezay, showing the pictures of the old residences and buildings of Montreal ? Well, that was the work of this same artist. In that work he has saved for time the 'old' of Montreal, which would have been lost but for him. The accuracy of this man is marvelous. His home, at 613 Cadieux street, is a very museum of valuable data. I never wanted for a rare bit of information, but he could find it for me. He is a designer as well as an artist. Here is the key to the background of the picture for

Titled *Montreal*,

which he designed. It is an illustrated story without words. At the top you see Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen. To the left of the latter is Mount Stephen, a peak in the Rocky Mountains, named for him. To the right of Lord Strathcona, is Mount Donald, named for him. Between the two is the Royal Victoria Hospital, the gift of the two. Beneath is seen Mount Royal, which is part of the title chosen by Sir Donald A. Smith, when he was made a peer—"Strathcona and Mount Royal"—cut into the mountain, is old Fort Garry, at Winnipeg, with which Lord Strathcona was so long connected.



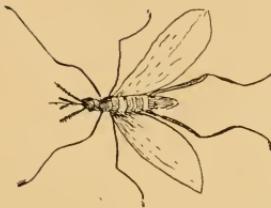
“Sir Tait and Sir Lacoste are of the Law—beneath them is the seat of law in the Dominion—the Parliament Building at Ottawa. Sir Wm. Hingston has long been connected with the great Hotel Dieu Hospital—see that building beneath his picture. Sir Van Horne and Sir Shaughnessy are at the head of the railways of Canada—to the left of the former is seen Windsor Station—to the right of the latter is Place Viger Station, and beneath the two is the great bridge at Lachine. Typical throughout. Here is another specimen of his versatility. A party of us went out on a fishing and camping excursion. The first night out we camped on a stream, and fish was not everything we found in that locality. The man from Jersey said it made him think of his dear old home. We sang songs till late in the night. We sang the Canadian Boat Song. The next morning the man from Jersey said he had dreamed that song all night long, had dreamed, not so much the words, but the notes. When I asked Ross to illustrate that dream he gave me this, and the man from Jersey said, ‘Ah, how true to life!’ Yes, ladies, we would gladly claim so versatile a genius.”

“The great popularity of ‘The Wild Flowers of America’ may be known when I tell you that as many as ten million sets were sold.”

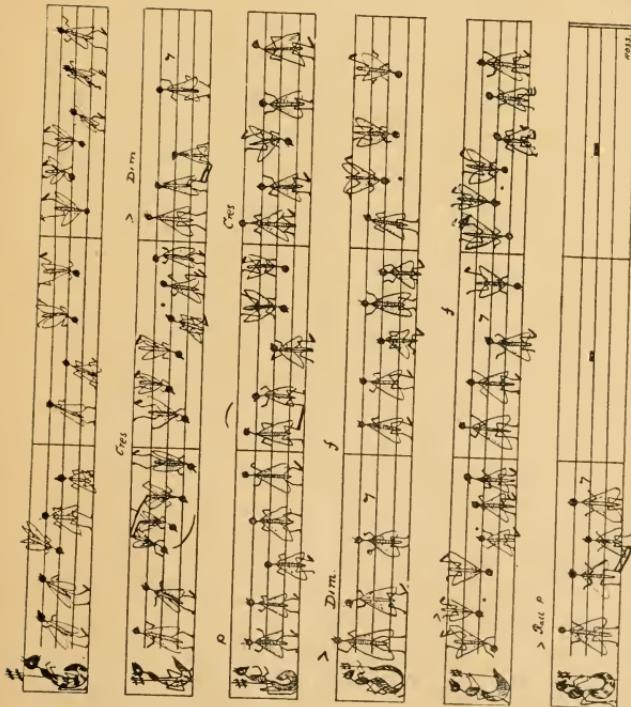
Mr. George M. Leonard.

“Have you no Yankees at all on your list?” asked Miss Baltimore.

“One, only, and he is a native of your city, George M. Leonard.”



PROFESSOR CULICIDÆ
PORTRAIT BY L. H. WARD
THE PROFESSOR WILL HOLD ELE-
VING CONCERTS UNTIL OCTOBER 1ST,
HE WILL THIS EVENING RENDER
THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG
ASSISTED BY THE MAN FROM NEW JERSEY
AND A LARIGÉ CHORUS.



“That’s another familiar name,” said Miss New York, “but I won’t claim him, lest you say he, too, is a Canadian. There was one of that name on the New York Press. I used often to see his pictures, and quite enjoyed his originality.”

“This time you are right. He is the same artist you remember as on the Press.”



GEORGE M. LEONARD.

“Where is he now; come up to Canada?”

“No, he is in Hackensack.”

“Hackensack what?” (Miss Iowa asked this, the rest all knew.)

“Why, the only. There is but one Hackensack, in all the world, and it is in New Jersey, and there young Leonard has his studio. He is not only an illustrator, but does good work in oil and water colors.”

MR. JAMES FITZMAURICE.

"Mr. Ruben," asked Miss Chicago, "who is the 'Fitz' you are always giving us?" She somehow ran to slang—regardless!

"He is a clever young English artist, who has been in the far West for a number of years—Jas. FitzMaurice, is his full name; but he has earned the right to be called 'Fitz,' by which he is known from here to Vancouver. He is like Julien in that the wild life of the prairie



JAMES FITZMAURICE.

has for him a great fascination. He came to Canada through Lord Aberdeen, and for a long time lived and roughed it on his (Aberdeen's) ranch in British Columbia. To hear him tell of the charm of ranch life is almost enough to make one throw aside pencil and go away and break (or get broken) the wild broncho. I found him by accident, and soon learned his ability as a ready sketcher. When you see his work you will get to know of some of the trips you failed to take."

"How does he sketch?" asked Miss New Orleans, who had made great, but fruitless effort, to carry away Canada in her sketch book. "We go out on a trip, I see what I want and say: 'Fitz, I want that'—and next day he gives it to me—so much like what I saw that I can instantly recognize the place or person—and that, too, from memory only. He seldom takes a note,—carries it all in memory—oh, I tell you, Fitz is clever."

"He must be!" replied the wanted-to-be-artist, "Why, I can't even now tell what I've sketched. Can't tell whether it's a Canadian habitant or one of our levee darkies I was trying to draw; and yet I was looking at the objects in point all the while. A whole book full of things and people that might be taken for anything in the world but for the things I was looking at."

"No use to try, Miss, unless one have talent—then one don't have to try, it's natural—and when one is natural then one is a genius. Fitz don't have to try."

"Fitz has recently been added to the staff of The Moon"—"Oh, girls, how nice, he's going to be the 'Man in the Moon'"—and Miss Iowa seemed real happy because she said that 'Fitz' seemed 'one of us,' 'Cause he's western,'—I had to tell her that this particular Moon wasn't the other Moon. This one is that great satirical weekly that is bound to make a regular Life success here in Canada. It's a new Moon, but a very full Moon—full of just what Canada has long needed in a weekly. You may know how wise is the management from

the fact that already it has taken two of my artists, Racey and Fitz Maurice."

The "girls," seemed delighted with the prospect of seeing the work of "Mr. Ruben's artists." I wonder what they will say of Mr. Ruben's opinion on what they knew of the "history, geography and ice" of Canada. To be real fair to them, however, I will say that by the time they left the Dominion, they knew far more than when they came. There is nothing that will so quickly and materially change wrong notions as travel, and few countries there be about which more change of notions is needed than Canada. So, dear "girls" of all the schools of the United States, come to Canada—and get your wrong notions righted. To be convinced that you will enjoy the "righting," you need but to read of the fun had by the "Doctor's Ten," while seeing a part of it with

THE WANDERING YANKEE.



THERE ARE OTHERS.



If, dear reader, you have found any pleasure in my wanderings, I would be delighted to have you go with the Colonel and me on those happy go lucky trips we took in and about Quebec, of which I have told in "The Yankee in Quebec." Some of the great men of the world have said they were pleased with my story of the Old Capital. Roosevelt, Lord Dufferin, Lord Strathcona, Senator Proctor and many others have written personal letters of commendation, while the Prince and Princess of Wales, through Sir Arthur Bigge, have kindly mentioned the book, and the pleasure it gave them.

And, while speaking of books, "My Friend Bill," has been commended almost extravagantly. One magazine ("The Book World") said of it :—"It is as pure in tone as Holmes' Breakfast Table Series, and as tender as the choicest parts of Charles Dickens' writings. It is the best book of light fiction we have ever read."

Wm. Jennings Bryan, in the "Commoner," says : "My Friend Bill" is a great story with a purpose."

An editor of a great daily, speaking of it, said : "There is a vein of genuine humor running through the book, and with all it is so full of sweet homely touches that we feel it should be in the hands of every young man in the land. It would be to them an inspiration. The book is so fascinating, it is hard to lay it aside when once it is begun. A child could enjoy it—while a member of our family, eighty-four years old, has already read it twice through. We would feel that we had done the world a favor if we could say that which would make readers for 'My Friend Bill.'"

But what to me is more pleasing than the letters of the great, are the ones written me by those whose lot in life has not been so rosy. To have them write : "Your story has made my life happier," is far sweeter than high commendation of it, as a literary production.

Should you not be able to find "The Yankee in Quebec" or "My Friend Bill" at your booksellers, they may be had from the Emerson Press, of 120 Liberty street, New York, and 132 Peel street, Montreal.

"The Yankee in Quebec," 262 pages, illustrated : by mail, paper bound, 55 cents; cloth, 80 cents.

"My Friend Bill," 340 pages, illustrated : by mail, in cloth, \$1.10

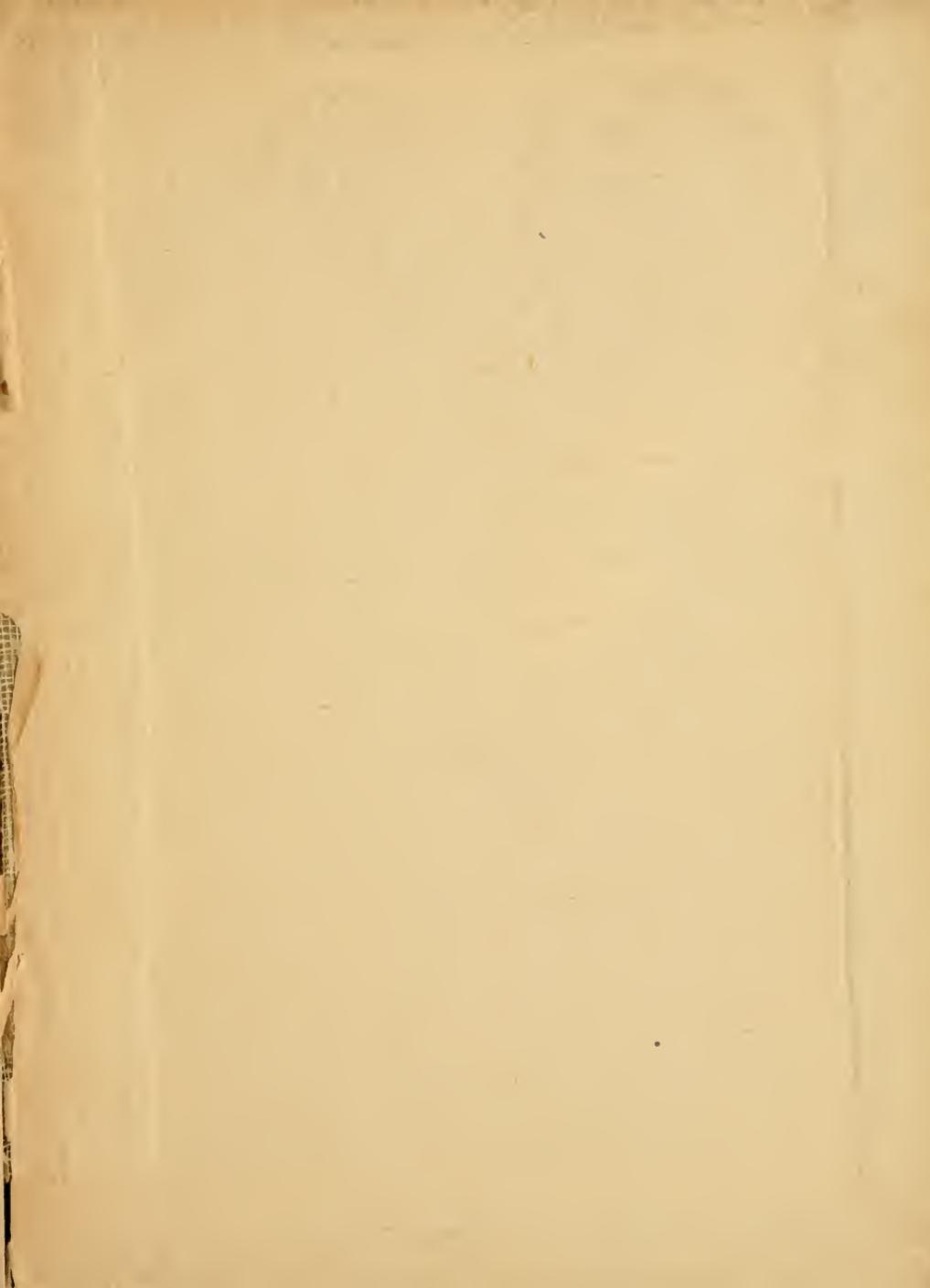
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